Jan. 24, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

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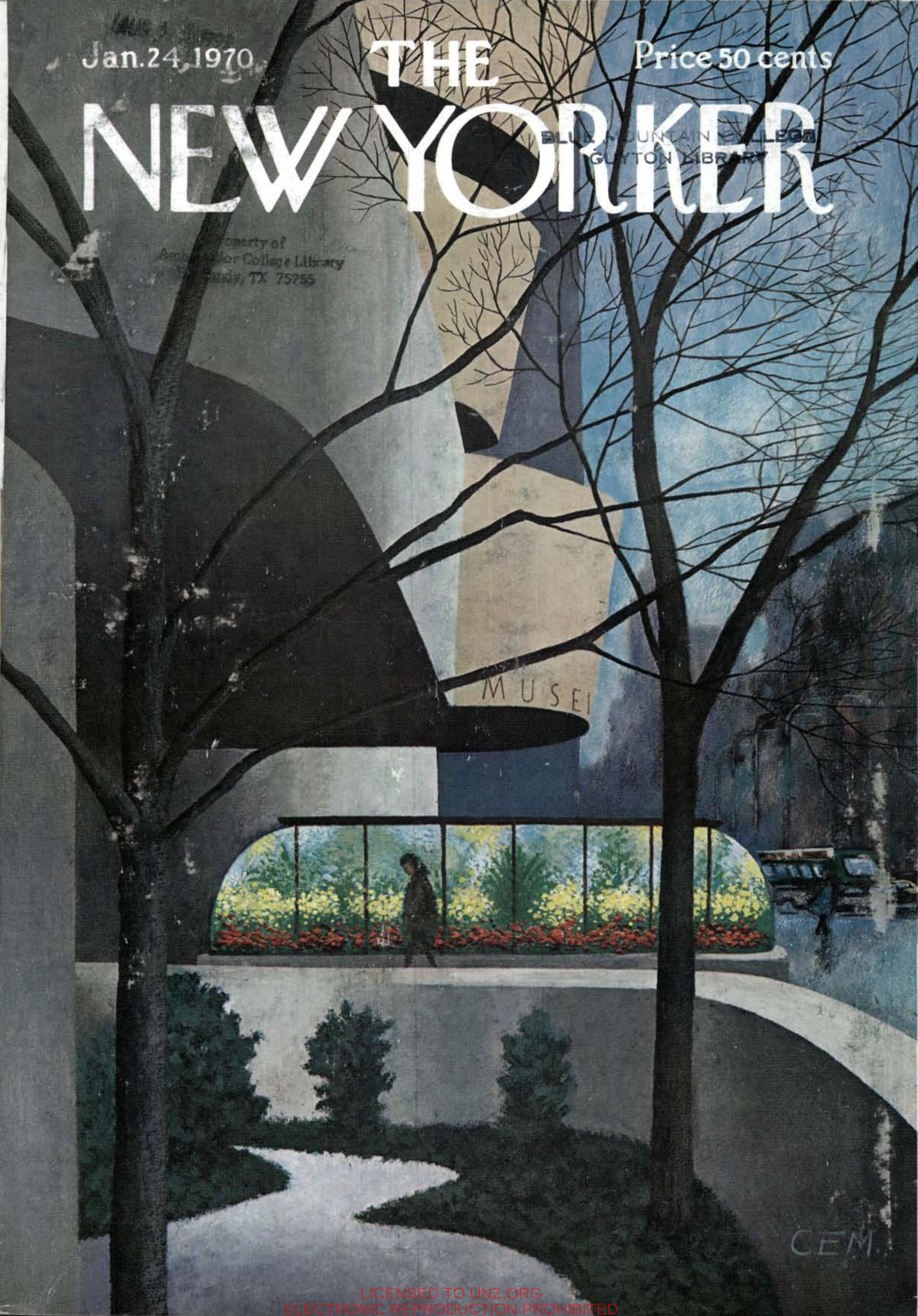

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RCA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Brightower—Robert Lansing, Geraldine Brooks, and Paul McGrath in a play by Dore Schary. Directed by Mel Weiser. Previews through Tuesday, Jan. 27. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 28. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Jan. 21, and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Butterflies Are Free—A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with sure-fire jokes and the merest pinch of life. Well acted by Keir Dullea, Blythe Danner, and Eileen Heckart. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Five on the Black Hand Side—A play by Charlie L. Russell. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 31.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Front Page—A rambunctious melodrama by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, full of wisecracks that can still make us laugh after forty years. The fine cast includes Robert Alda (replacing Robert Ryan), Bert Convy, and Harold J. Kennedy, who directed. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Harangues—A pair of one-acters, with prologue and interlude, by Joseph A. Walker. The plays, about racial anguish, are fierce and tragic, but there *is* humor in them, and the production, by the Negro Ensemble Company, is, as usual, continuously fascinating. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Memory Bank—Martin Duberman's well-written but only sporadically effective brace of one-act plays. The first is about a biographer who conducts a taped interview with a dignified but fuzzy-brained old man, and the second about a fierce quarrel between two brothers at the National Monument at Gettysburg. The acting is generally competent, and Fred Voelpel's settings are splendid. (Tambellini's Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Paris Is Out!—Molly Picon and Sam Levene in a comedy by Richard Seff. Directed by Paul Aaron. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Private Lives—A very successful revival of Noël Coward's sleight-of-hand comedy about four people, three marriages, and a divorce that refuses to take. With Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford, directed by Stephen Porter. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A brilliant revival of **Camino Real**, the 1953 play by Tennessee Williams. The exceptionally fine cast includes Jessica Tandy, Al Pacino, Jean Pierre Aumont, Philip Bosco, and Victor Buono. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Seven Days of Mourning—A self-designated fable about a poor, bedevilled Jewish family forbidden to mourn an idiot girl who has committed suicide, and about the exorcism of their demons by an insistent little fellow who calls himself "the Doctor." The situation is grim, and the references are Talmudic and special, but there is much more humor in the play than you might expect. Seymour Simckes is the dramatist. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1.)

Slave Ship—LeRoi Jones' graphic and horrifying demonstration of life aboard a slaver. (Theatre-in-the-Church, 137 W. 4th St. 473-7980. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Summertree—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Transfers—A trio of one-act plays by Conrad Bromberg, with Ron Leibman and Patricia Roe. Herman Shumlin directed. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 21. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 22, at 7:15. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Watercolor & Criss-Crossing—Two one-act plays by Philip Magdalany, presented by The Playwrights Unit. Preview Wednesday matinée, Jan. 21. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 7:30, and will run through Saturday, Jan. 31. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30.

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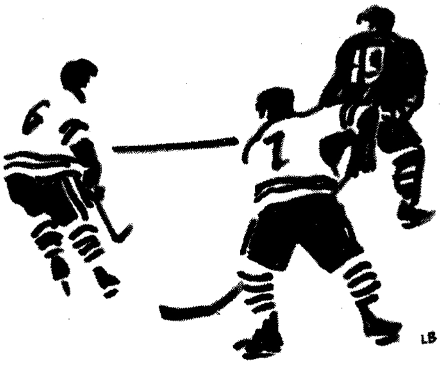
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**ADAPTATION** and **NEXT:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN:** A play, by Lonne Elder III, about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. With Richard Mason. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FORTY CARATS:** Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, this trifle offers an occasion for June Allyson, Tom Poston, and a number of other actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE:** Yaphet Kotto in a pageant-like play loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 7.) ... **PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM:** A comedy by Woody Allen, starring Bob Denver and decorated with girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Coco—A musical by Alan Jay Lerner and André Previn, with sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. It purports to be about the great Gabrielle Chanel of Paris and turns out to be about the great Katharine Hepburn of Hartford. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Salvation—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4:30.)

Stomp—A rock musical (or something) devised and performed by a group of young renegades from Texas. The boys and girls are engaging, and some of their songs sound fine, but whatever ideas they have are all but drowned in "effects." Considerable audience participation is expected. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **DAMES AT SEA:** Another takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, this one about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** —Thanks, Stephen said. I can't wear them if they are grey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Paul Lipson in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With a new cast, headed by Phyllis Diller. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Keith Michell plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) ... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8:15: "Valse-Fantaisie," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Firebird."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Prodigal Son," and "Stravinsky Symphony."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 23, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Allegro Brillante," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:15: "Prodigal Son," "Illuminations," "Fantasies," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 25, at 1:15: "Swan Lake" and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 25, at 7:15: "Trois Valses Romantiques," "La Source," "The Cage," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Bugaku," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Episodes," "Reveries," and "La Valse."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8:15: "La Sonnambula," "Glinka—Valse," "Night" (première), and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 30, at 8:15: "Reveries," "Apollo," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Reveries," "Night," and "Firebird." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. A rock group called the Fifth Avenue Band is on the bill. Singer-guitarist John Sebastian will join the show on Friday, Jan. 23. Performances at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

La Bohème, 2019 Broadway, at 69th St. (TR 4-9801)—A misnamed box whose mainspring is its music (the rest is *comme ci, comme ça*). Elvin Jones can drum the night away. He does so—with Joe Farrell on reeds and Wilbur Little on bass—in alternation with the Pete Yellin quartet. Dancing. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

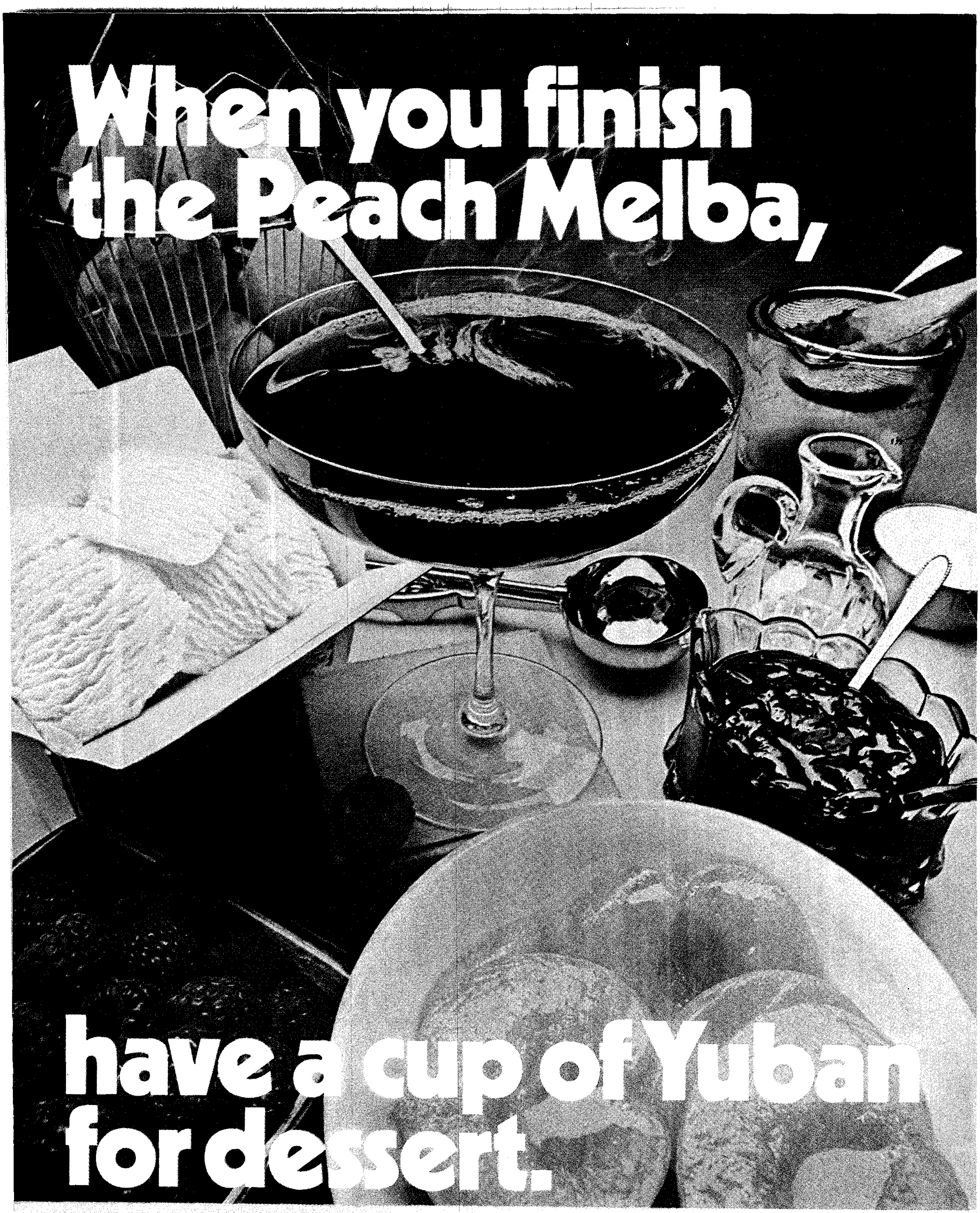
Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The Brew Moore quartet plays hardily enough. Fridays through Sundays, singer Anita O'Day joins them and—one surmises—loves every minute of it. The music begins at about nine-thirty. Closed Mondays. Light Italian dishes are served.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—A forthright kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Eddie Hubble, Eddie Locke, and Joe Muranyi. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the audience knows pretty much where it's at. A foursome known as Tony Williams Lifetime plays most nights from nine to four. On


When you finish the Peach Melba,
have a cup of Yuban for dessert.

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So go on. Indulge. It'll cost you a little more, but remember.
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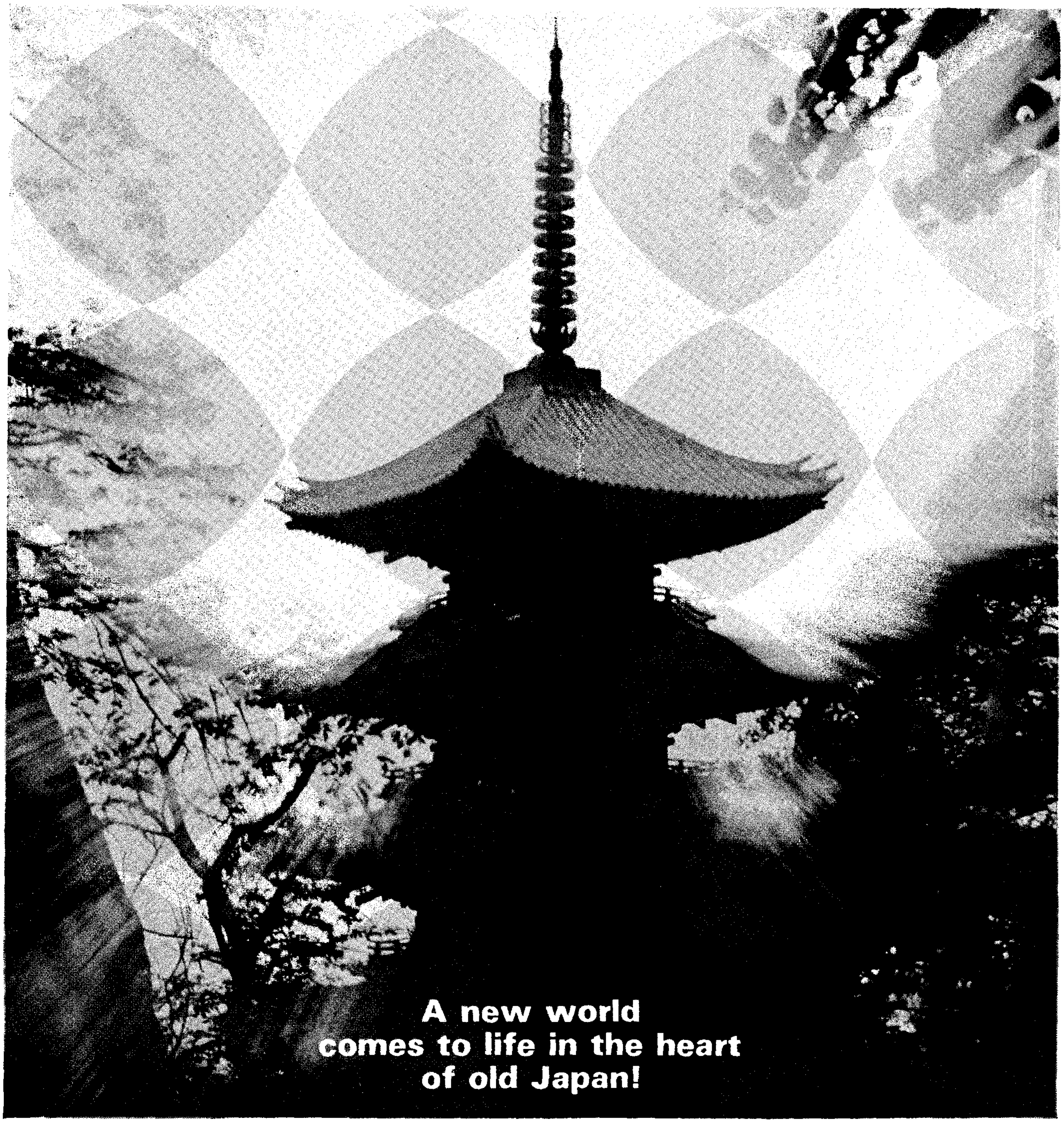


On March 15, 1970, the largest world's fair ever held will open in the lovely Senri hills just 20 minutes from the heart of modern Osaka. For six glorious months you'll be able to explore the past, present and future at the first world exposition ever held in the Orient. More than 70 nations will have pavilions devoted to unique displays of their arts and sciences. And each will stage a lavish show on its own National Day. Belgium, for example, will re-enact a 15th-century festival, complete with medieval costumes, archery and music. Other entertainment will range from Trinidad Steel Bands to the Bolshoi Opera. If you're a science buff you'll be able to take simulated trips to the bottom of the sea, back in time to the age of the dinosaurs and out in space to the Milky Way. If you tend towards gastronomy, EXPO'70 is your dish. Almost every national pavilion will have a restaurant specializing in its native cooking. And in addition, there will be 145 public dining facilities ranging from gondola snack bars to gourmet restaurants. Another happy thought. Osaka is set in the middle of Japan's historic Kansai district, the home of her culture for more than a thousand years. Within an hour's drive from your hotel are the shrines and palaces of Kyoto, the art treasures of Nara and the watercolor beauties of the Inland Sea. Even Tokyo is only an hour away by air. And the rest of the Orient is a morning's flight from Osaka after you've seen the splendors of EXPO'70. For all the exciting details, see your travel agent or American Express—Exclusive General Agent for EXPO'70 admission tickets in the U.S. There will be only one EXPO'70 in our lifetime. Can you afford to miss it, and Japan?

EXPO'70
the year of Japan

"Progress and harmony for mankind"

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tuesday, Jan. 27, the Kenny Burrell quartet takes over. Closed Mondays.

Tony Parenti's Club, 227 W. 52nd St. (JU 2-8370)—As it was in the beginning, farther east on the same street—catch-as-catch-can surroundings and basic early jazz. The makers are Mr. Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Dill Jones, Freddie Moore, and Graham Stewart. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs, you can drink or dine while listening to the Billy Taylor trio. On Mondays, the regulars are off and new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs: On Fridays and Saturdays, Nina Simone will be playing and singing. (Shows from ten on Fridays and from nine-thirty on Saturdays.)

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box with a bent for jazz. Fridays and Saturdays, the place is turned over to the Thelonious Monk quartet. Sunday, Jan. 25, from five to eleven, there will be a jazz concert by pianist Dollar Brand and the Robyn Kenyatta quartet. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, ponderous chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the diners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten until three or four.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates attempted to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a *tout-petit* dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of rock records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Odd-shaped cubbyholes and a lethargic kind of carrousel—the rest is sound and light. On Sundays, as well as Wednesdays through Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. The music is both live and canned. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—Calmness and an absence of obtrusive gadgetry make for smooth-running evenings. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort. Dancing to records from eleven until three or four. No music Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—A discothèque with a view, on the fifteenth floor of the Allied Chemical Tower. Dancing to music both live and nonlive, Mondays through Fridays from ten to three. Light suppers are served. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes even the Danube. Between record sets, the Witnesses, an Ulsterite outfit, entertain. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—A down-to-earth club whose youthful patrons seem more interested in music and dancing than in ogling other people's threads. The live sounds of the Dream Company alternate with high-powered records. On Tuesday, Jan. 27, other musicians will move in. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The celebrated old conference room—a room for improvement these last few years—*is* improving under the care of Billy Reed, its new and experienced *hôtelier*. The music (George Cort's band) runs from eight-thirty until three. No action on Sundays.... **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays.... **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): What was good enough for our founding fathers is still good enough here—the foxtrot, the two-step, et al. No others need apply. Eight until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at three-thirty, Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve, and Thursdays from two until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A quick look, and not a discouraging one, at Las Vegas. Music and song and stuff, but the point of it all is Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace. His earthy eruptions take place every night, beginning at nine on Saturdays and a trifle later the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—On Tuesday, Jan. 27, Joan Rivers resumes work on her term-paper thesis that married life is a fête worse than death. She is preceded by Warde Donovan, who manages to sound as Hamlet's ghost would singing contemporary ballads. No activity before nine-thirty, and none at all on Sundays and Mondays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Visiting hours on the Eastern seaboard—but of the Mediterranean, where Israeli lion and Grecian lamb lie down together, and other nations follow suit. The lion (and humorist) is Avram Grobard. The music, which is practically perpetual, is also wily—and winning—Oriental, except when an inappropriately electronic foursome takes the floor. Home cooking, often Israeli. Dancing, too. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," the incumbent mixed-triples revue (three boys, three girls), is quite aware of what has gang agley in the world, and half the time it is able to express its feelings in the matter wisely and even wittily. The cast is without any sort of guile. At nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

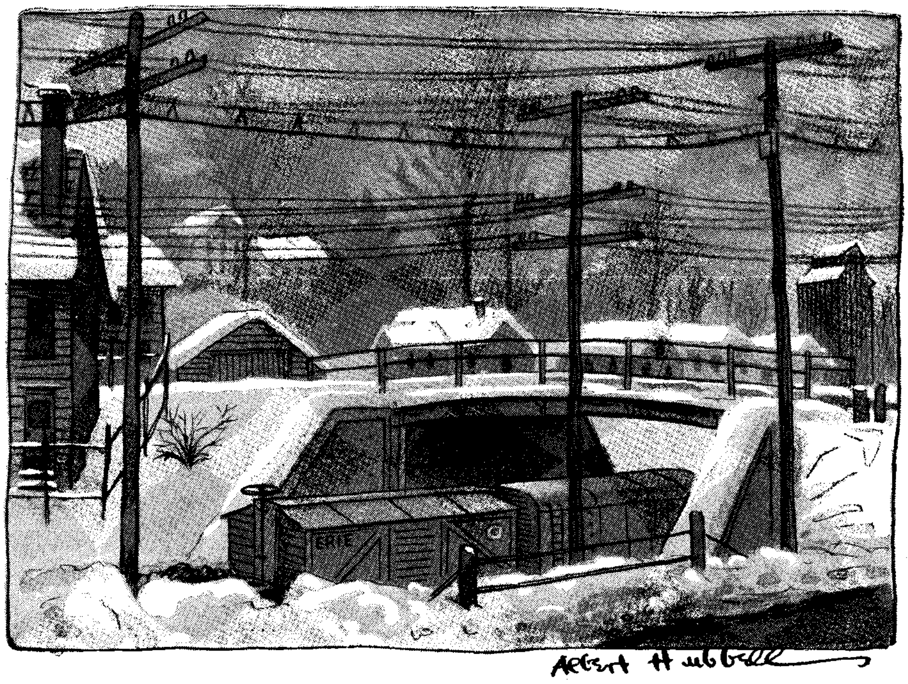
BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, like the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the architecture is beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel*, loud and clear, from six until one. Dance music for all hands. Closed Sundays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—It's showtime for sure in the Royal Box when, during dinner and supper, Buddy Greco's voice starts improving the breed of American pop tunes, but Morty Gunty's one-liners, which often read like hundred-liners, can be rather a stage wait. No complaint, though, is possible about the Lee Evans orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Rafael de Cordova and his Ballet Español are willing to lay down their lives, and their multiplicity of feet, for God, for country, and for flamenco at least twice every night of the week.... ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, like-



wise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Pepe Preiego) and voice (Antonio Maya). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—As of Wednesday, Jan. 21, the old music hall will stop being a Rock garden, for Little Anthony and the Imperials depart that night. Next evening brings on, among other things, Dick Jensen, a newly foaled *vox pop*. . . . ¶ In the lounge, the music and the listeners are sort of home-on-the-range, out at that big ranch in Nevada.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Gisele MacKenzie, a Montrealer more Scotch than *habitant*, finishes her stint of dinner and supper song recitals in the Persian Room on Tuesday, Jan. 27. On the following evening, bluff and hearty Gordon MacRae checks in, at ten-fifteen, for some vocal work. He will thereafter show up at both dinner and supper. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will continue to purvey not exactly subdued glee. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **Plaza 9—and All That Jazz** resides a jump-for-the-pure-joy-of-it outfit, the Newport Jazz All-Stars. They are George Wein, Red Norvo, Ruby Braff, Barney Kessel, Larry Ridley, and Lenny McBrowne. On Tuesday, Jan. 27, Oscar Peterson's trio will succeed them. Most of the music here is solely for eyes and ears; dancing occurs only when Marty Napoleon's rollicking trio is in motion. Dinner is sufficient, supper is fragmentary. Events begin at eight; Mondays are dark. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to ten-thirty, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—every evening but Sunday. . . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano, eight to one, except Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Morgana King, bearer of many a torch, concludes her series of dinner and supper songs on Saturday, Jan. 24. On Monday, Jan. 26, the New Direction, which is a group activity involving plinking, plunking, and singing, comes aboard. So does Norm Crosby, a humorist dealing in quantity rather than quality. The dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt Grill, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The return to real life of Eddie Condon, running a posse christened the Jazz All-Stars—a succinct way of describing Roy Eldridge, Kai Winding, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Jim Hall, Budd Johnson, Buddy Morrow, Milt Hinton, Ross Tompkins, and Mousie Alexander. At the same time, the return to real life of Peanuts Hucko, whose men-at-arms are Dave McKenna, Jack Lesberg, and Cliff Leeman. All in all, deeds worth doing. Dancing as well. The hours are seven to one (two on Saturdays). Closed Sundays and Mondays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Daniele Dorice, the noticeably *jolie alouette* who sings in the Maisonette during dinner and supper, takes her leave (French Canadian, naturally) on Wednesday, Jan. 28, so that Robert Kole and Ernest Param, who last season did their homemade two-man musical comedy here, can bring it home to roost. Quintero's Latin scholars and Hal Turner's new, and first-rate, band will continue to do all the other honors. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, the next-door woodland glade, Ernest Schoen's violin and Jules Kuti's piano discourse peacefully from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Mabel Mercer, getting her wisdom teeth into the best-ever ballads about the best-ever emotion (the one that makes the world go round), is properly assisted by the piano of Jimmy Lyon. Closed Sundays. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The set is right out of "Treasure Island," but the crew is calypso, not Long John Silver, and the native rum and edibles are not served on a dead man's chest. No singers Sundays. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): College reunion, continual, coeducational, and convivial. The bar is straight and narrow; the dining room is as broad as it is long, and frequently filled by the music of a duo, led by Joel Shulman, which is in service every night but Sunday. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian mixture as before—Tibor Rakossy for officer of the watch, Béla Babai's band for serenader, and Budapest for remembrance. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The Manhattan *pied-à-terre* of Rita Dimitri, the perpetual-motion *grande vedette*, which serves also as her *pied-à-piano*, from the top of which she is apt to sing at nine-thirty most nights and again at midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **A Quiet Little Table in the Corner,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). Part of the ground swell is Muriel Roberts, whose muted jazz piano and voice carry on from cocktails until nine-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays; part is Scott Reed, whose voice and milder piano carry on from nine-thirty until three, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti is the name of the cuisine, right enough, but the vocal outpouring, which often involves not only the entire staff but the entire audience, runs from Neapolitan opera to the Donnybrook fairgrounds. Closed Mondays. . . . **Grenadier,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Lynn Richards is in firm command of the piano in the bar. When matching lyrics occur to her, she lays them on, too. Nine until two, but not on Sundays or Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Château Henri IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Feudal life as it always was—knights and their ladies dining at their leisure in the refectory; a bit of jousting in the outer court, or bar. George Cardini and his faithful violin, Herman Arminski and his faithful piano all begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. Everything is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and postprandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . . **Salum Sanctorum,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **Iperbole,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's newest concept of Imperial Rome is architecturally Mod on the surface, but the architects in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by Mimmo's Roman voice and guitar, from seven until one every night. . . . **Thursday's,** 334 E. 73rd St. (628-8670): One of those new neighborhood (or *fashionable-neighborhood*) pubs, all dark woodwork and glittery lights and comfort. The inner nourishment is widely varied; the aural nourishment (this in the bar) is the piano of Buddy Barnes—complex but rejoicing—from nine until reveille every night but Sunday. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **Sherry-Netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **Rembrandt Room,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): George Feyer, a musician to whom the Ring means not Bayreuth but Vienna, plays indigenous piano from eight-thirty until half past

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one. No music Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Dinner and supper to the tune of Ray Hartley's piano, whose felicities would be hard to top. Six to midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A fairly ornate mulberry bush, around which, regular as clockwork and eager as little beavers, a posse of musicians goes from seven until a late bedtime. Closed Sundays. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL**, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Wayne Sanders, whose piano makes Christmas cheer everlasting, is on duty (after a lifetime at the late Goldie's New York) from five to eleven every night but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY**, 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): *Faubourg* existence, and a well-fed one, in an Old, Old World. The favorite tipple of the musicians, who are led by Elemer Horvath, is Romany Rye. They sound off from seven-thirty until three, night after night. . . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): State occasion, Joe Miles is as quiet as the night before Christmas when he tends piano, which he does from nine until twelve-thirty, except Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Pat Adams—Lyrical abstractions; through Feb. 7. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Olle Baertling—Metal free-form sculptures; through Feb. 28. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eugene Berman—Early works (1929-49) by this important romanticist; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Fifty paintings from the years 1915 through 1917; through Feb. 7. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Edward Corbett—Abstract landscapes; through Thursday, Jan. 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tony DeLap—Bright-colored geometric sculptures by a West Coast artist; through Feb. 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leonard DeLonga—Sculptures in steel; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Lois Dodd—Mostly Maine landscapes; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Weekdays, 11:30 to 5:30; open Friday and Saturday evenings, 7:30 to 9:30.)

Enrico Donati—Recent paintings by a widely known Abstractionist who emphasizes texture; through Feb. 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lynne Drexler—Landscapes in high-keyed colors; starting Tuesday, Jan. 27. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Guy Pène du Bois (1884-1958)—Paintings and drawings by an artist known for his studies of American types; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Adolph Garza—Realistic paintings of shoes and feet; through Feb. 3. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St.)

Cleve Gray—Abstract paintings and painted papier-mâché forms; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Colin Greenly—Geometrical constructions in aluminum and glass or Plexiglas; through Thursday, Jan. 29. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

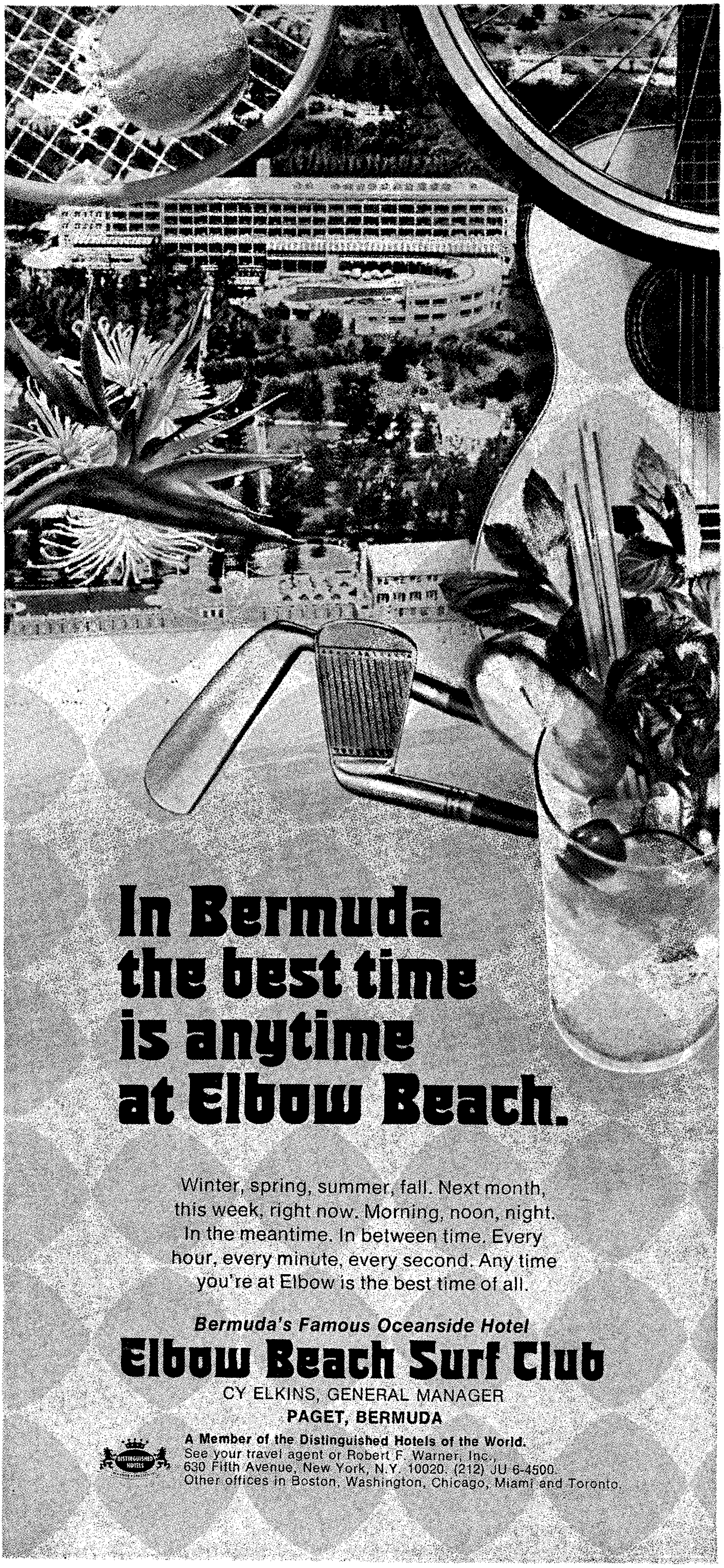
James Hendricks—Realistic paintings of the moon, based on photographs; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—A dozen paintings; through Wednesday, Jan. 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hon Chi-Fun—Symbolic compositions using Chinese techniques and imagery; through Feb. 7. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Jasper Johns—Drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Knaths—Paintings done between 1950 and



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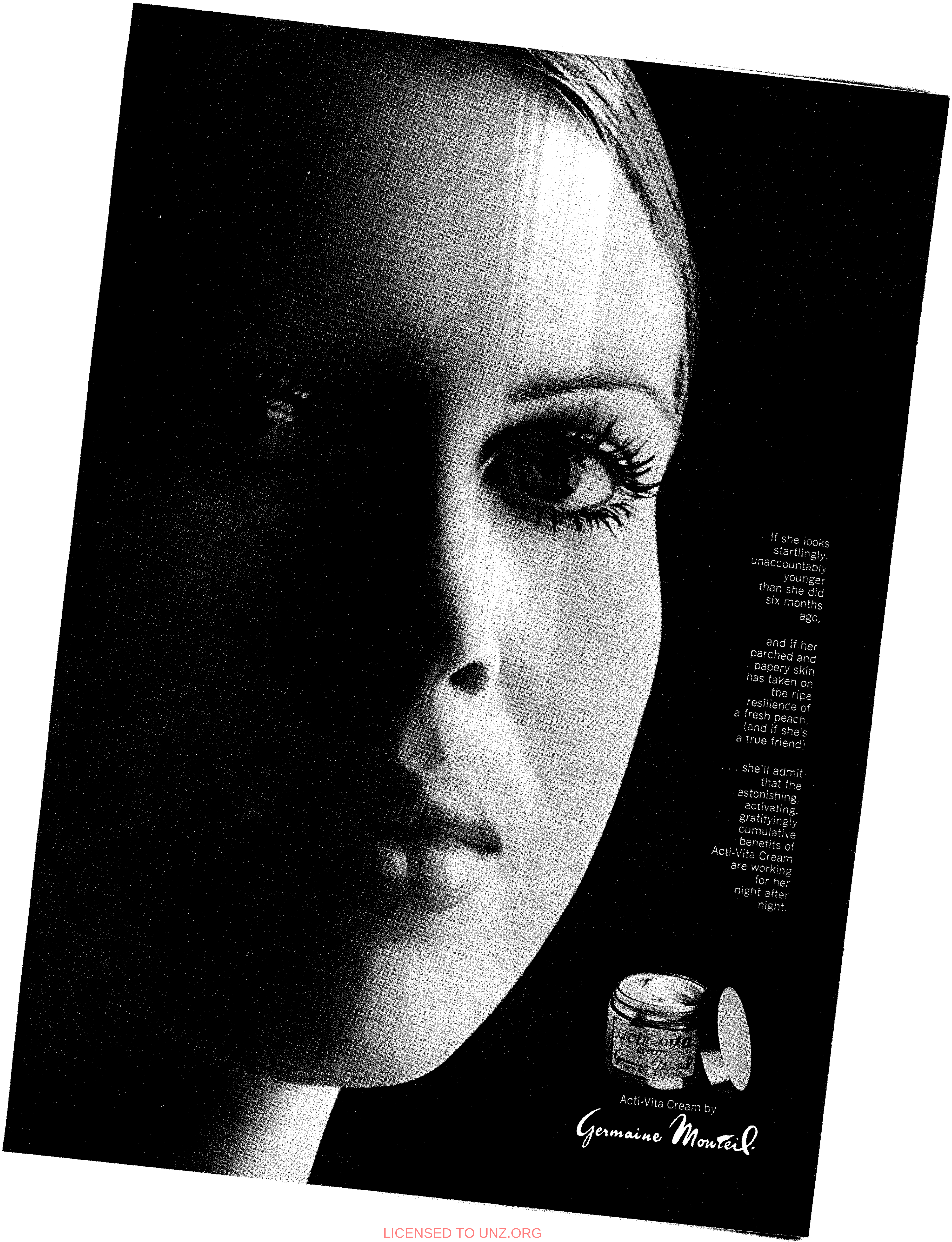

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1960; through Feb. 2. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Rodger A. Mack—A first one-man show of Abstract bronzes; through Saturday, Jan. 24. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Antoni H. Milkowski—Modular sculptures; through Thursday, Jan. 29. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Honorio Morales—Shaped canvases; through Feb. 5. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Natkin—Lyrical abstractions emphasizing color; through Thursday, Jan. 29. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Raymond Parker—Large color-area paintings; starting Saturday, Jan. 24. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Man Ray—Paintings by one of the original Dadaist-Surrealists; through Feb. 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reinhoud—Metal sculptures of gnomelike figures; through Feb. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Seymour Remenick—Landscapes, seascapes, and still-lifes; through Feb. 7. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Ruscha—Paintings, some of objects and some spelling out words; through Feb. 14. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Syd Solomon—Abstract paintings; starting Tuesday, Jan. 27. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Frank Stella—Shaped canvases and other paintings; through Feb. 7. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—Paintings, collages, and drawings; through Thursday, Jan. 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Paul Williams—Kinetic light works with playful effects; through Feb. 14. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **cisneros**, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St.: A comprehensive collection of graphics by prominent Latin-American artists, among them Tamayo, Cuevas, Siqueiros, Lam, Matta, and Noé; through Feb. 7. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **frumkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by three young artists—Fernando Maza, Naoto Nakagawa, and David Smyth; through Saturday, Jan. 31. . . . **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Forty French Impressionist paintings and forty nineteenth- and twentieth-century American still-lifes; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: Works in string and rope, dating from 1913, by (for instance) Duchamp, Johns, Miró, Arp, Oldenburg, and Rauschenberg; through Saturday, Jan. 31. . . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: A showing of folk art inaugurates the new American section of the gallery; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **kornblee**, 58 E. 79th St.: Graphics and drawings; starting Saturday, Jan. 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **marlborough-gerson**, 41 E. 57th St.: A benefit exhibition of German Expressionist paintings from the Morton D. May collection; through Feb. 7. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Works by modern masters, including Picasso, Miró, Léger, and Braque; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **saidenberg**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Recent drawings by Picasso, together with drawings by González, Gris, Klee, and Léger; through Saturday, Jan. 24.

Sculpture—At the **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: Pieces by such Americans and Europeans as Duchamp-Villon, Laurens, Louise Bourgeois, Moore, Newman, Rosenthal, and Tony Smith; through Saturday, Jan. 31. . . . **sculptors guild**, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Works by the members; through Feb. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—More than four hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings by forty-three Americans chosen by the curator of the Department of Contemporary Art as having determined the direction of art in the past thirty years; through Feb. 8. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Thirty sculptures and constructions in wire and wood, some free-moving or electrified, plus drawings, prints, illustrated books, and jewelry, by Alexander Calder; through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Environmental situations constructed by five artists and a group of research artists working with electronic technology; through March 1. Weather permitting, the Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., will be open free on Monday, Jan. 26, and Monday, Feb. 2, from 6 to 9, so that visitors may take part in the outdoor section of the exhibit. . . . ¶ Photographs by Eugène Atget (1856-1927); through March 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty sculptures and twenty-three drawings by Constantin Brancusi (1876-1957); through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and forty-three painters, more than half of them under thirty-five, represented by one work each in this thirty-eighth Whitney Annual; through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Geometric abstractions and shaped canvases by Alvin D. Loving, Jr., a Detroit artist who has been shown in Afro-American exhibitions; through Sunday, Jan. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A loan show of drawings by selected members of the Hudson River School, among them Church, Cole, Durand, and Kensett; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A hundred and seventy small bronzes and carvings of "Animal Style" art—the art of the nomads from the steppes of Asia that penetrated Europe between the sixth and eighth centuries and appeared eventually in the art of America's Northwest Coast Indians; through March 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese painted enamels, mostly from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth; through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—The fourth in a series of exhibits presenting the processes by which contemporary works are created; through Sunday, Jan. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Books and manuscripts from Oxford University's Bodleian Library, illustrating the history of that ancient storehouse and the generosity of its benefactors; through Feb. 7. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Works and installations, from 1957 to the present, by Dan Flavin, an artist known for his fluorescent light arrangements; through March 1. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Terpsichore's Progress" (umm—that would be the Muse of Dancing), a show of prints tracing the evolution of dance from social pastime to theatrical art; through Feb. 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Two hundred objects, mostly from Africa, including ivory figures and fetishes; through Feb. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Two hundred master prints by more than a hundred leading printmakers of the past five centuries; starting Tuesday, Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Oscar Bluemner (1876-1938), prominent American colorist; through March 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A gallimaufry of items collected by the Society in the last dec-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ade. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—From the Berg Collection: Drawings, pen-and-ink sketches, and marginalia by some forty writers, Thackeray in the main; through May 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings, by six artists, based on photographs and photographic reproductions; through Feb. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 21: "Madame Butterfly," with Raina Kabaivanska, Marcia Baldwin, Ion Buzea, John Reardon, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 22: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, William Dooley, Sándor Kónya, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 23: "Die Zauberflöte," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Edda Moser, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, Jerome Hines, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 24: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Clarice Carson, Richard Tucker, William Walker, Cesare Siepi, and Gene Boucher. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 24: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan 26: "Madame Butterfly," with Raina Kabaivanska, Marcia Baldwin, Enrico DiGiuseppe, John Reardon, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 27: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, and Frank Guarrera; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Dominic Cossa, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 28: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Lucia Popp, Christa Ludwig, Mildred Miller, Walter Berry, and Nicolai Gedda. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 29: "Die Zauberflöte," with Judith Raskin, Edda Moser, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, Jerome Hines, and Walter Berry. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 30: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, and Frank Guarrera; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Dominic Cossa, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 31: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, William Dooley, Sándor Kónya, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 31: "La Bohème," with Gabriella Tucci, Clarice Carson, Nicolai Gedda, Cesare Siepi, and Gene Boucher. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Scenes from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" on Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 23, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 26, at 7:30 (all with Eileen Farrell, soprano, and Jess Thomas, tenor); and a varied program on Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 30, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 2, at 7:30 (no soloists).

London Symphony Orchestra—André Previn conducting, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 22-24, at 8:30.)

Washington National Symphony—Howard Mitchell conducting, with Daniel Heifetz, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 3.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting, with Evelyn Lear, soprano, and Arnold Voketaitis, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting two English operas—Gustav Holst's "At the Boar's Head" and Ralph Vaughan Williams' "Riders to the Sea"—in concert form, with Jean Sanders, mezzo-soprano; William Lewis, tenor; Emile Renan, bass-baritone; Guus Hoekman, bass; and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Society will hold a preview of this program at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-2434), on Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2:30.

Ensemble Musicale de Buenos Aires—Pedro Ignacio Calderon conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Master Virtuosi of New York—Gene Forrell conducting, with Ruth Glasser, cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Orchestra, Chorus, and Concert Chorale—David Diamond and Robert Hickok directing. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Bach Aria Group—Gustav Meier directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Joanna Simon, alto; Mallory Walker, tenor; Leslie Guinn, bass; Harry Glickman, violin; and the Orchestra of America. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in the last in a series of concerts with a symphony orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

Anneliese Rothenberger—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8:30, in Schubert's "Die Winterreise." . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30, a lieder recital.)

Beaux Arts Trio—With Robert White, tenor. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 23, at 8:40.)

***Sviatoslav Richter**—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)*

Ma Si-hon and Tung Kwong-kwong—Violin and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Waverly Consort—A program of vocal and instrumental music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Jerome Lowenthal—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—Nicanor Zabaleta, harp. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 3. Tickets at the box office on the afternoon of the concert.)

Contemporary Music Society—A program of new music from the University of Connecticut, performed by the New England String Quartet, with Carole Farley, soprano. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 8:30. For tickets, call TR 3-1250.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

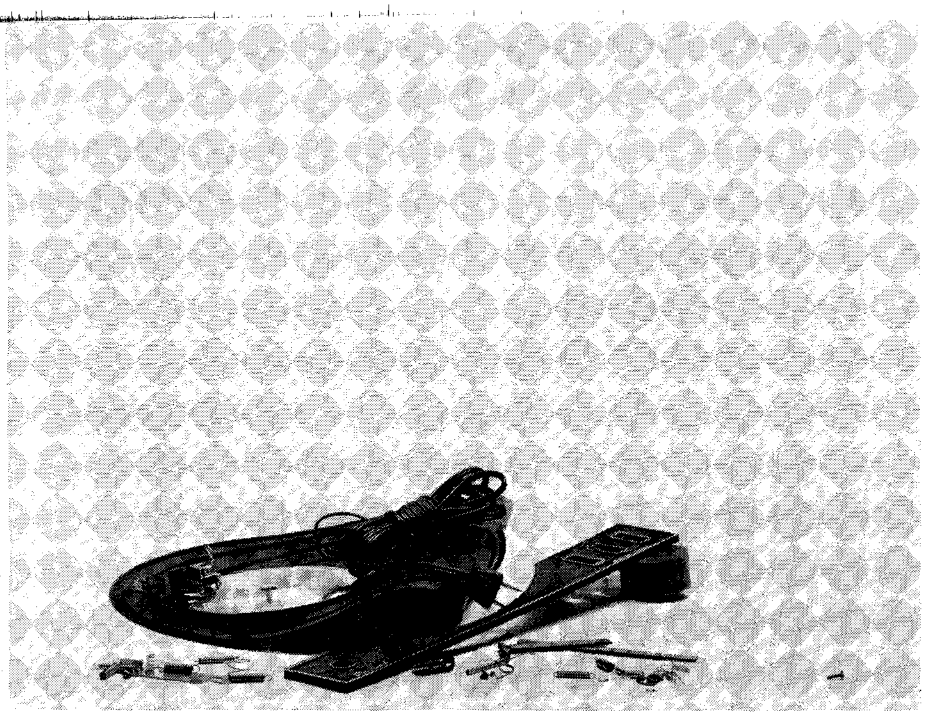
Anton Kuerti—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Janos Starker and Zuzana Ruzickova—Mr. Starker, viola da gamba and cello, and Miss Ruzickova, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Christoph Eschenbach—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Henry Schuman—Oboe. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Note—The Drolc Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 1, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday,



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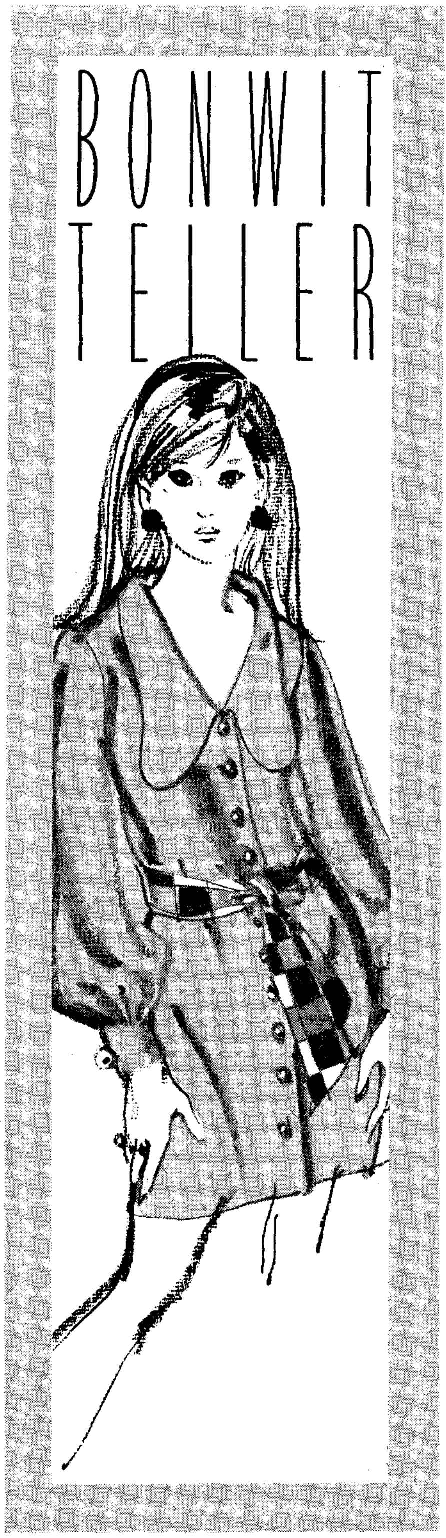

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Jan. 26, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Quicksilver Messenger Service, Country Joe and the Fish, and Eric Mercury—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23-24, at 8 and 11:30.

Benny Powell Sextet—A repeat performance of a program called "Story of Jazz." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 5:30.)

Winter Festival for Peace—Harry Belafonte; Blood, Sweat, and Tears; Dave Brubeck (with McHenry Boatwright); Judy Collins; Richie Havens; the cast of "Hair;" Jimi Hendrix and His Band of Gypsies; Mother Earth; Peter, Paul & Mary; and the Rascals. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Mountain and Jack Bruce & Friends—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, at 8 and 11:30.

Gershon Kingsley's First Moog Quartet—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Jan. 24, at 8: Knicks vs. San Diego. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 27, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 29, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8: Knicks vs. Chicago.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Jan. 24, at 1:35: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 25, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Los Angeles.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:05; through Saturday, March 7. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 24.

Tennis—Roy Emerson, Fred Stolle, Ken Rosewall, Andres Gimeno, Rod Laver, and Pancho Gonzales. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Jan. 21, and Friday, Jan. 23, both at 7:30.)

Track Meet—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 30, at 7.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, March 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **metropolitan opera studio**: "The Barber of Seville," in English. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Jan. 25, at 2. Children under five not admitted.). . . **little orchestra society**: Thomas Scherman conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.)

Stage Shows—By **bil baird marionettes**: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays and Fridays at 3:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . **salvatore guida**: "A Very Special Clown." Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.). . . **rose lynch productions**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . **rod young's puppet theatre**: "Creative Puppetry." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Jan. 24, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Marionette Exhibition—A troupe of over forty Bil Baird puppets dating from the nineteen-thirties to the present; through April 6. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Eclipse Chase: Yucatán to Nantucket." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Lecture—"The Enmity Between Generations and Its Probable Ethnological Causes," by Konrad Lorenz. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Winter Antiques Show—The highlight of this year's show will be a special exhibit of American furniture, paintings, and *objets d'art* of the nineteenth century on loan from the Metropolitan Museum. A benefit exhibition. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Friday, Jan. 23, through Sunday, Feb. 1. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

National Boat Show—The annual nine-day regatta. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, Jan. 24 and 31, from 10 to 10; Sundays, Jan. 25 and Feb. 1, from 1 to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 26-30, from noon to 10.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Jan. 21, at 2: English and Continental silver, from many sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 23, at 2: Japanese *netsuke*, from a Florida estate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 24, at 2: Eighteenth-century French and other Continental furniture, decorations, rugs, and tapestries; from various collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 28-29, at 2: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Bierstadt, Hopper, Hassam, and Remington; from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 24.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Jan. 21 at 2 and 5:30: "Madame Dubarry" (1919), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Pola Negri and Emil Jannings. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 2 and 5:30: "The Talk of the Town" (1942), with Cary Grant and Jean Arthur. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 8: "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here" (1969), directed by Abraham Polonsky, with Robert Redford and Katharine Ross. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 2 and 5:30: "The More the Merrier" (1943), with Jean Arthur and Joel McCrea. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 11:30: "Le Million" (1930), in French, directed by René Clair; no English titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 3 and 5:30: "I Remember Mama" (1948), with Irene Dunne and Barbara Bel Geddes. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Shane" (1953), with Alan Ladd and Jean Arthur. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 2 and 5:30: "Vigil in the Night" (1940), with Carole Lombard and Brian Aherne. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 2: "The Greatest Story Ever Told" (1965), with Max von Sydow. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 2 and 5:30: "M" (1931), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1945), in French, directed by Robert Bresson. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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AIRWAYS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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RKO PALACE
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tom funk

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29		

Accident (1967)—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a chic, nasty melodrama in an academic setting. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Jan. 28.)

All These Women (1964)—Ingmar Bergman's first color film, a so-so comedy, set in the twenties, about a master cellist, his biographer, and his many women. With Jarl Kulle and the usual Bergman harem. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 21.)

Anne of the Thousand Days—Richard Burton as a mild Henry VIII, who lets himself be pushed around by Anne Boleyn (Genevieve Bujold). Well written, well acted, but rather wan. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's masterpiece, and one of the most influential of all modern films. A study of a successful businessman who compromises on everything and is too shallow even to be truly lonely. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Jan. 29.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—Dyan Cannon (who has the smallest nose since Jane Wyman) and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage in this lively, deft comedy by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, who wrote last year's "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!" and who may just be the best new comedy team in Hollywood. With Natalie Wood and Robert Culp. Mazursky directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Cactus Flower—A movie derived from the kind of Broadway play that drives us to the movies. Full of those unnaturally fast commercial quips that one might, in a state of extreme exhaustion, find fairly funny. With Walter Matthau as the dentist, Ingrid Bergman as his assistant, and Goldie Hawn as his mistress—talking, talking, talking. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. Not top-drawer Chaplin, but still pleasant. With Merna Kennedy. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Coming Apart—A psychiatrist (Rip Torn) who has taken the name Glassman cracks up, and you get to see it all reflected in a mirror. This sex-exploitation movie is (briefly) funny, until it begins to take its theme seriously. Then it becomes a lot of whimpering and screaming and shattered glass. Milton Moses Ginsberg wrote and directed. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Jan. 28.)

Downhill Racer—How Robert Redford wins the Olympic downhill race. The story is thin but the ski footage is exciting, and the film has a lot of zip. Michael Ritchie, who, at six feet six, is the tallest new young American director, has some talent, besides. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663; through Jan. 24.)

Duet for Cannibals—Susan Sontag made this chamber film in Sweden. It's about an older couple and the games they play with a young couple, but the people have little character, and as the games don't seem to have rules or stakes, it's all rather dry. Adriana Asti acts mysterious and neurotic, and the other actors look as if they're trying to find something to do. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Jan. 27.)

Easy Rider—Dennis Hopper's important first piece of direction—a moving, simply stated film. Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper play two motorcycle riders, journeying east across America from an easy calm into the eye of the country's storm. Jack Nicholson gives a wonderful performance as a humorous Southern liberal. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; through Jan. 27.)

El (1955)—A careless, cheaply made variation on the old theme of jealousy, but written and directed by Luis Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity. Arturo de Cordova is the mad Othello who takes needle and thread to his wife. In Spanish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 21.)

The Fountainhead (1949)—So outrageously, preposterously, extravagantly awful that it's a classic among bad movies. With Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 22-28.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gaily, Gaily—Norman Jewison's frenzied version of Ben Hecht's reminiscences of Chicago yellow journalism. The richness of the material may still be glimpsed under the overelaborate, cluttered production. With likable young Beau Bridges and not-so-young but even more likable Brian Keith, and Melina Mercouri as a harlot whose flashing eyes are rivalled only by her flashing teeth. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Goodbye, Columbus (1969)—Richard Benjamin as the sensitive young librarian and Ali MacGraw as the spoiled *nouveau-riche* college girl in Larry Peerce's updated version of Philip Roth's Jewish summer romance. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—More pleasant than might have been expected, though inflated and unduly prolonged. Peter O'Toole gives a romantic performance of great distinction, and Petula Clark, as his wife, has a fine glow. The director, Herbert Ross, tries his best to conquer the Leslie Bricusse score. Really, it's immoral to write such bad music. (Palace, B'way at 47th, 757-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—A German military prison during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. Directed by Jean Renoir. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Jan. 29.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Jan. 22.)

Hello, Dolly!—A great star (Barbra Streisand) redeems an impersonal big circus of a show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

If . . . (1969)—A suffocating English school as a reflection of class society in an attempted epic on violence and revolution. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

John and Mary—Clever and dexterous, but a perfect little nothing of a romance. When Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow are in bed together, you just naturally assume they're playing with Teddy bears. Directed by Peter Yates. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Jan. 27.)

M (1932)—Peter Lorre in a great, classic performance as a sexual psychopath. This famous thriller was directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 21.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot—Katharine Hepburn is an extremely sane madwoman in this large, expensive, and dull version of Giraudoux's little conceit. With Edith Evans, Margaret Leighton, Danny Kaye, Yul Brynner, and others. Directed by Bryan Forbes, who should have known better. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Jan. 28.)

Marooned—A space epic with a horse-and-buggy script. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

M*A*S*H—*Go* before word gets around and the lines are too long. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663; starting Jan. 25.)

Midnight Cowboy—Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman give fine performances as the cowboy and his seedy pal Ratso in John Schlesinger's garish interpretation of the book by James Leo Herlihy. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' last film. The real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 23-29.)

Oh! What a Lovely War—The history of the First World War evoked in songs and sketches. An anti-war musical with John Mills, Laurence Olivier, Maggie Smith, Michael and Vanessa Redgrave, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Dirk Bogarde, et al; if a bomb had fallen on the set, the English theatre would have been wiped out. Which is rather odd, considering how little this great cast does for the movie. Richard Attenborough directed. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040.)

Los Olvidados (1952)—The poor prey on each other in Luis Buñuel's ruthless examination of poverty and delinquency. With some great Surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 22-28.)

On Her Majesty's Secret Service—What a good cliffhanger is supposed to be—exciting. Peter Hunt, who directed, may be the best man going on action sequences. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

Orpheus (1950)—Directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Jan. 29.)

Paint Your Wagon—On the strange supposition that musicals will do better without singers, the producers have put a fairly pleasant score in the hands of Lee Marvin, Clint Eastwood, and Jean Seberg. The results are what you might expect. Still, at times, it has a certain cornball charm, and when a picture costs twenty million dollars, you may want to see where all that money went. Joshua Logan directed. (State 2, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Putney Swope—Robert Downey's cockahoop farce about an advertising agency taken over by a black who never meant to be in power—of this sort or any other. Some of the jokes backfire and seem boorish, but a lot of the film is pretty funny. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Jan. 28.)

The Reivers—Pleasant, nostalgic Southern comedy, out of William Faulkner. With Steve McQueen, Rupert Crosse, and a beautiful bright-yellow 1905 Winton Flyer. (Pacific East, 220 E. 59th, 688-0750. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; through Jan. 28.)

The Secret of Santa Vittoria—It's noisy, it's crude, it's Kramer. Anthony Quinn as Bambolini, the town drunkard and buffoon; Anna Magnani, rolling pin in hand, as Rosa, his shrewish wife; and a cast of thousands of hairy, warty, wine-loving peasants. The ethnic movie of the year. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Jan. 29.)

The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters travelling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 21.)

The Sterile Cuckoo—The title is unfortunate, but it's a good, modest movie with two memorable characters—a desperate, funny, imaginative girl (Liza Minnelli) having an affair with an ordinary, nice boy (Wendell Burton). Alan J. Pakula directed, from Alvin Sargent's impeccable script. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 27.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—A modern comedy-romance in an improvisatory style, by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

La Strada (1956)—The fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). Directed by Federico Fellini. In Italian. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Jan. 22-28.)

The Stranger (1946)—Directed by Orson Welles and starring Welles as a Nazi in New England who comes to perhaps the most garish of all bad ends. A well-made thriller, with Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 22-28.)

Take the Money and Run—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and a handwriting for holdup notes that no one can read. Directed and written by him. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Jan. 25.)

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here—Ideology on horseback. Abraham Polonsky's indictment of American racism, set in a Western framework, features Robert Blake as Willie, the hunted Indian, and Robert Redford as Coop, the sheriff. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Jane Fonda as Gloria, the hard, funny, knowing girl who expects nothing and gets it, in Sydney Pollack's deliberately lacerating version of Horace McCoy's thirties novel. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—Directed by G. W. Pabst, and a bit phlegmatic. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 23-29.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a light-hearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Z—A political thriller with a purpose. "Z" demonstrates how Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. Directed for speed and suspense by the gifted young Greek expatriate Costa-Gavras. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 27: **PUTNEY SWOPE.**
From Jan. 28: **THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT.**

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"What's Good for the Goose," Norman Wisdom.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Jan. 27: **THE LION IN WINTER;** and "Up To His Ears" (1966; in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Ursula Andress.
From Jan. 28: **PUTNEY SWOPE;** and **ACCIDENT.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 27: **THE STERILE CUCKOO.**
From Jan. 28: **PUTNEY SWOPE.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
GAILY, GAILY.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Jan. 28: **THE REIVERS.**
From Jan. 29: "Prologue," John Robb.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
JOHN AND MARY.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last of the Mobile Hot-Shots," James Coburn, Lynn Redgrave.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Jan. 24: **DOWNHILL RACER.**
From Jan. 25: **M*A*S*H.**

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
THE REIVERS.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Generation," David Janssen, Kim Darby.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"What's Good for the Goose," Norman Wisdom.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"A Dream of Kings," Anthony Quinn, Irene Papas.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Jan. 25: **TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.**
From Jan. 26: "The Milky Way" (in French), a Luis Buñuel film.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE STERILE CUCKOO.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE CIRCUS.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Activist," Michael Smith.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
CACTUS FLOWER.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Without a Stitch" (in Danish).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Jan. 27: **DUET FOR CANNIBALS** (in Swedish); and "L'Immortelle" (in French).
From Jan. 28: "Will the Real Norman Mailer Please Stand Up?," a documentary film; and "Float Like a Butterfly, Sting Like a Bee," a documentary on Cassius Clay.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 27: **THE STERILE CUCKOO.**
From Jan. 28: **PUTNEY SWOPE.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French); and **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Jan. 27: **EASY RIDER.**
From Jan. 28: **COMING APART.**

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Jan. 21: **THE SILENCE** and **ALL THESE WOMEN** (both in Swedish).
Jan. 22-28: ***LA STRADA*** *(in Italian); and* **LOS OLVIDADOS** (in Spanish).
From Jan. 29: **GRAND ILLUSION** and **ORPHEUS** (both in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"The Arrangement," Kirk Douglas, Faye Dunaway.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
PAINT YOUR WAGON.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (757-2626)
GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Topaz," Frederick Stafford.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
STOLEN KISSES (in French); and **YELLOW SUBMARINE.**

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Jan. 21: "A Boy Named Charlie Brown," a full-length cartoon.
From Jan. 22: "Viva Max!," Peter Ustinov, Pamela Tiffin.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
MAROONED.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Damned," Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Hamlet," Nicol Williamson.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Fantasia" (1940), a Walt Disney film.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Jan. 26: "Trilogy," a film of three Truman Capote short stories, among them "A Christmas Memory."
From Jan. 27: "A Time in the Sun" (in Swedish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Generation," David Janssen, Kim Darby.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
IF . . .; and **GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.**

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE.

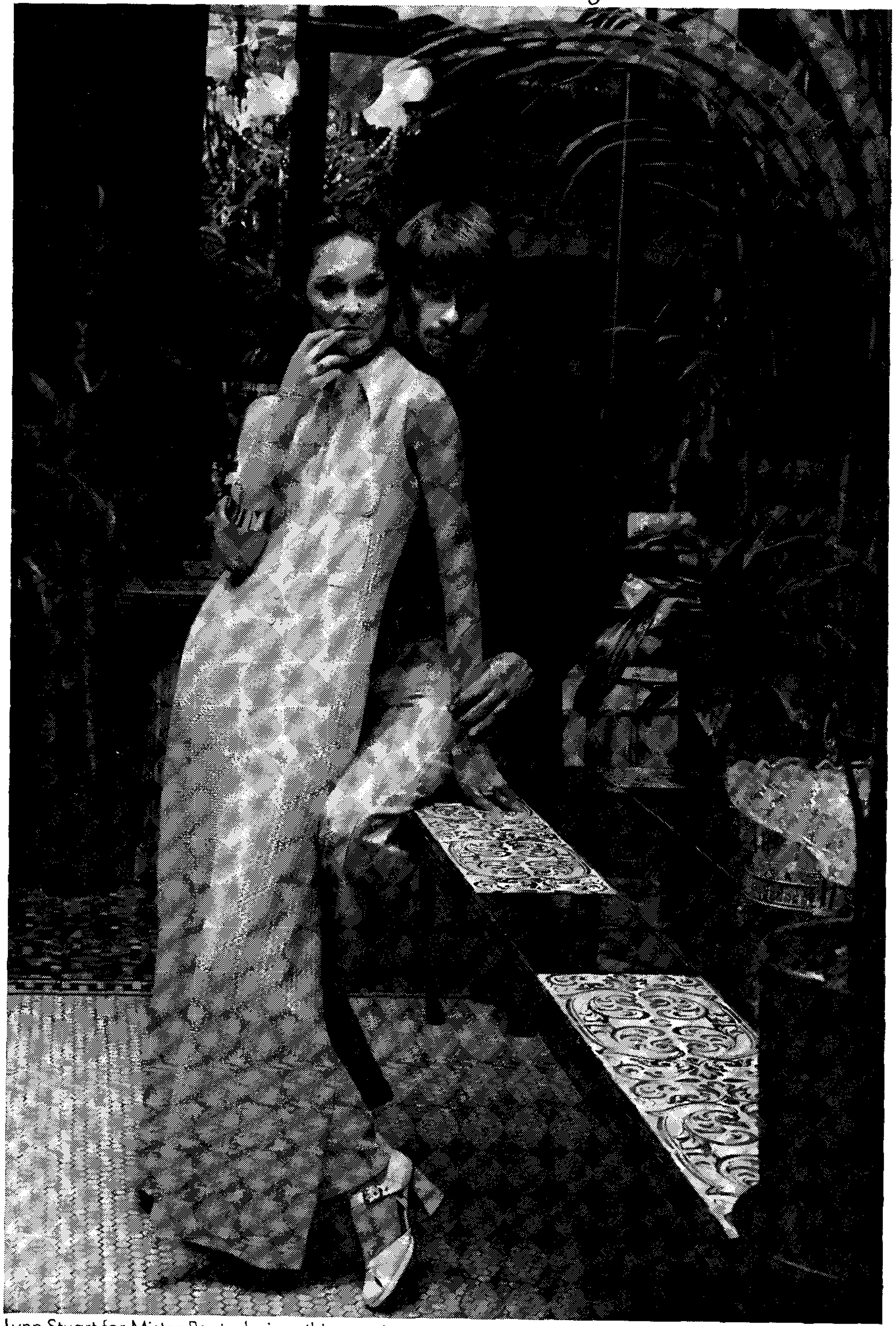
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 21: **M** (in German); and **EL** (in Spanish).
Jan. 22-28: **THE STRANGER;** and **THE FOUNTAINHEAD.**
From Jan. 29: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian); and ***SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER*** (in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Jan. 22: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** (in French); and "Love Affair" (1968), a Yugoslavian film.
Jan. 23-29: **LOLA MONTÈS** (in French); and **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 27: **PUTNEY SWOPE.**
From Jan. 28: **COMING APART.**

Maxi about town in Arnel by Mister Pants



Lynn Stuart for Mister Pants designs this resort look for special evenings. Maxi shirt over pants, in a crochet knit by Harry D. Spielberg of Arnel triacetate. Yellow, white, toast, blue or pink. 6-14. Maxi shirt, about $32; pants, about $14. B. Altman & Co., New York; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Filene's, Boston; The Hecht Co., Washington, D.C., G. Fox, Hartford.

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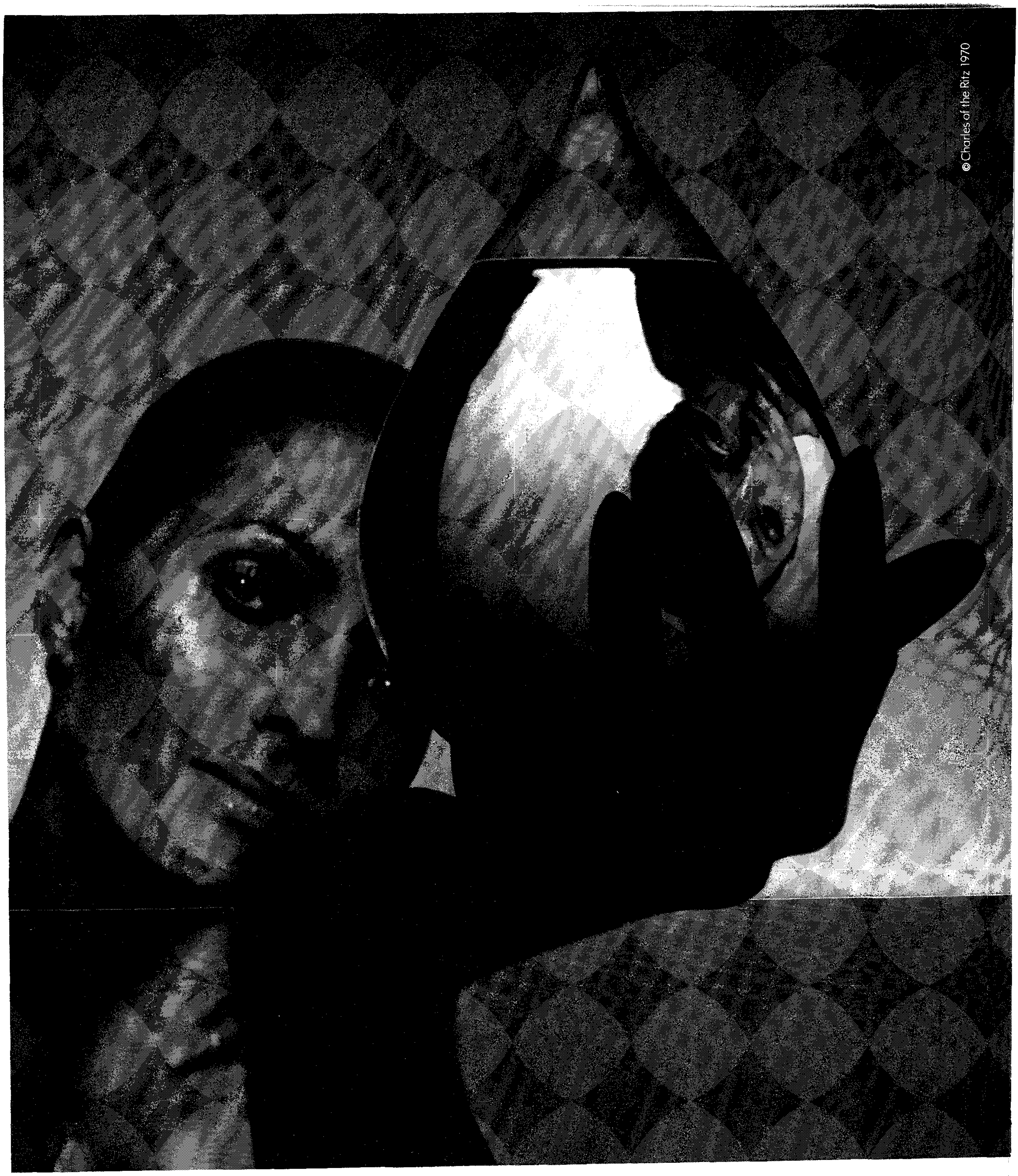

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THE NEW YORKER

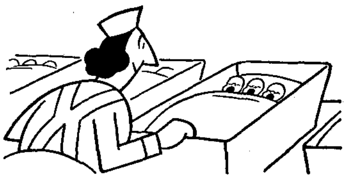
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AT this month's meeting of the Tri-State Transportation Commission, people who live near airports were offered new hope through "a novel method of minimizing aircraft noises." According to the *Times:*

> J. Douglas Carroll, Jr., the commission's executive director, reported that preliminary findings by acoustical experts showed that a low-level background hum inside a home allowed occupants to "operate more smoothly."
>
> Insertion of such domestic background noises, he added, tended to improve the adaptability of people to aircraft noise as effectively as soundproofing buildings to keep out aviation noise.
>
> Possible sources of "masking" outside aircraft noise, he suggested, could be the steady hum of an air-conditioner, a dishwasher or a radiator.

The *Times* did not report a buzz of elation at Mr. Carroll's report, but that could have been masked by the hum of passing motorcycles. Surely his revolutionary approach to environmental problems deserves the study of all thoughtful people. Might not water-supply officials consider introducing vinegar into our city pipes to distract us from the chlorine? How about maternity hospitals' packing newborn babies three or four to a crib so they will operate more smoothly in the world in which they will grow up? Why not ease the standards of color-TV-set production to help us accommodate to new levels of radiation? Couldn't the Joint Chiefs base their strategic plans on the theory that a continuum of small wars will ease the shock of transition to the unthinkable? There is food for thought here, and it should be taken with plenty of additives.



Forward!

KEEP on looking down the road. We bring you 1970 tidings of lamps and furnishings for where you hang your hat—from the New York Lamp and Home Furnishings Show, held last week at the Statler Hilton. We went, and found nobody there who cared about smiling, the United Nations, Marlon Brando, clean snow, Biafra, no smoking, Janis Joplin, Kosygin, tennis, peace, Mozart, Yves Montand, Norwegian fjords, Herman Miller, Benjamin Franklin, John and Yoko, Vermont, Mabel Mercer, jogging, Gandhi, tranquillity, making movies, breathing, the Japanese home, or space in the living room. But we found plenty of people who cared about cigars, cigarettes, the New York Lamp and Shade Manufacturers Association, the future National Bath Products Show, the future New York Gift Show, the future Philadelphia Gift Show, the future New York Stationery Show, the future New York China and Glass Show, *another* New York Lamp and Home Furnishings Show at the Statler Hilton, next June, and a maze of rooms on the mezzanine and the second, third, and fourth floors, occupied by two hundred and forty-seven exhibitors, including the American Orient Enterprises Corporation, the American Plastic Foam Corporation, Beautiwood, Inc., Check-O-Lite, Inc., the Flamingo Lampshade Corporation, Heidi Lamp, Inc., The House of Paintings, Interlude by Tree Time, Inc., Poly-Optics, Inc., and Visual Effects, Inc.

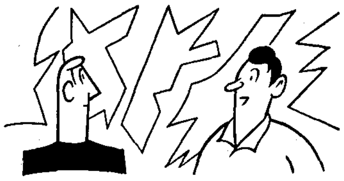
We stopped at the exhibit of Marc Creates, of St. Louis, featuring Dimensional Sculptures—jagged hunks of gold-painted metal in various shapes and patterns, for hanging on walls.

"How are you doing at the show?" we asked Marc, a heavyset young man wearing a flaming-red shirt.

"I'm selling lots of goodies," Marc said. "To the better furniture stores."

"Who wants Dimensional Sculptures?" we asked.

"Contemporary-minded people," said Marc. "These sculptures are replacing pictures on the wall. People who might have bought an inexpensive oil painting in the past now want this. Of course, they've got to hang them high enough and strong enough so that the kids don't get impaled on them."



"Where does the metal come from?" we asked.

"I used to be in the scrap business," Marc said.

"Junk?" we asked.

"Junk into jewels," Marc said. "I am with it."

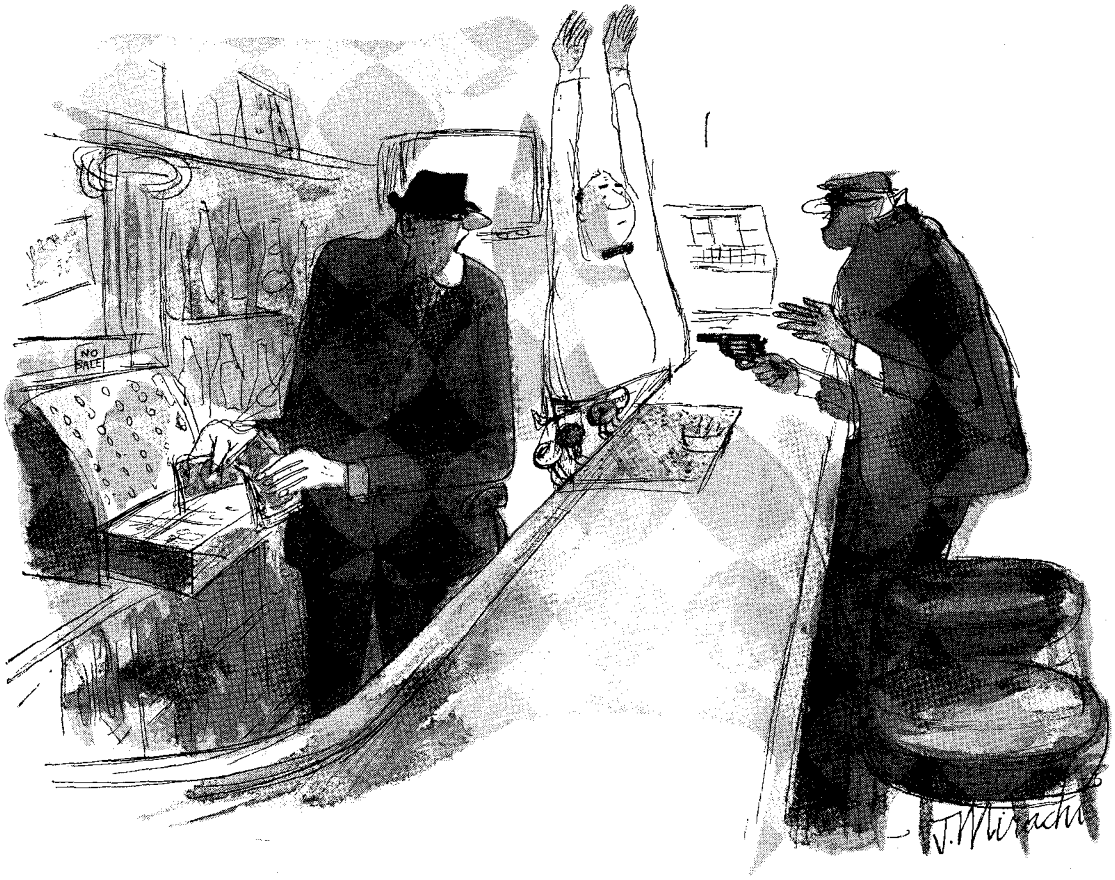
Next stop Soriano Ceramics, of Long Island City, which was showing wall plaques of antique automobiles on ceramic tiles mounted on pine. Also plaster-of-Paris models of antique pistols, ceramic antique celebrities like George Washington, plaster-of-Paris antique muskets, cast-iron antique forks and spoons, and various other kinds of antique Americana.

"How are you doing?" we asked Leonard H. Sager, who was in charge of the exhibit.

"Best show we ever had," he replied.

"Who wants plaster-of-Paris pistols?" we asked.

"Early American nuts," Mr. Sager said. "I can't help it if that's the taste of the American public. I just *sell* this stuff. We're having a resurgence of Early Americana. It's growing and



"Damn it, Charlie, this is no time to be telling him your troubles."

growing. Wait till the two-hundredth anniversary of July 4, 1776! This is just the start!"

We moved on. The Lamplighter, of Philadelphia, had a nice little lamp inside an arrangement of strings hanging from a kind of fountain.

"Little droplets of oil come down the string, and the lamp shines on the oil and makes it glisten," Milton Kutner, of The Lamplighter, explained when we paused to look.

"Who wants this fountain-lamp to read by?" we asked.

"Not to *read* by," Mr. Kutner said. "It's more of a conversation piece. The oil drips down the string like it's coming from a fountain. Everybody looks and talks about it. People *want* something different. Like this other one over here—the wishing well."

"That a lamp?" we asked.

"The lamp part is on top here, with this black velvet lampshade," he said. "Underneath is the wooden well, with a little water bucket in real water, and these gorgeous artificial daisies that go all around the well."

On to the exhibit of the Hillside House of Originals, of Burbank, California. A big collection of chunky wall things, all with titles—"The Monk," "The Mediterranean," "The Ballerina," "The Gondola."

"What are they?" we asked.

"For dens, over fireplaces," LeRoy Benjamin, of the Hillside House of Originals, told us. "These are metal three-dimensional stereophonic four-track, eight-track FM wall sculptures."

"*What?*" we said.

"Take this 'Gondola,'" Mr. Benjamin said. "It's a three-dimensional metal wall sculpture on a velvet background. The rower in the metal gondola actually rows the boat. The lamp over here lights up. And under the lamp is the stereo. It retails for twelve hundred dollars. You might say it's a conversation piece."

"Who wants it?" we asked.

"Everybody. And we've got a polyurethane fountain that actually works. And a wooden piano—a honky-tonk piano—with an eight-track stereo that actually plays. Only seventeen hundred dollars retail. There's one in the International Hotel in Las Vegas."

"How you doing?" we asked.

"Busy. Look for us at the Gift Show," he replied.

Down the road to the exhibit of Austin Productions, Inc., of Brooklyn, manufacturers of museum and contemporary-sculpture reproductions. Lots of reproductions of busts of Washington, Lincoln, and Shakespeare.

"The world is full of art," Wallace Farber, vice-president in charge of sales of Austin Productions, told us. "There's no end to it. We reproduce Rodin, Michelangelo, Daumier—everybody, everything."

"How's business?" we asked.

"I've got too many customers," Mr. Farber said. "I've got an eighty-page catalogue, but I can't spare *one*."

Past Excalibur, Ltd. (armorial wall hangings). Past Modern Classics, Inc. (famous drawings on Lucite). Next, S. & K. Lighting, Inc. "Ask to see the Match-Light," a hand-lettered sign at the S. & K. Lighting Exhibit read.

We asked to see it.

"The greatest invention in this industry in the last forty years," Steve Samel, the S. of S. & K., told us. He showed us a conventional hurricane lamp. "There's a bulb inside the lamp, and the cord is plugged in," Mr. Samel said. "Now watch. I light this match. I hold it close to the glass shade of the lamp. Presto! It lights! Now I blow on the bulb, and it's out! It's out!"

"You light a match and hold it next to the lamp that has a bulb and is plugged in, and the *flame* next to the shade makes it *light?*" we asked.

"Correct," said Mr. Samel. "All you do is light a match."

"This couldn't be considered a step backward?" we asked. "If you need a match for an electric light?"

"It's a gimmick," Mr. Samel said reproachfully. "It's a conversation piece. Great for parties. These days, people need help for conversations. Anything that helps them is not a step backward."

Unmusical

A FRIEND of ours thought it would be a lark to send a singing telegram to his son, who was having his sixteenth birthday away at prep school, in Sheffield, Massachusetts. An hour after he made his intention known to Western Union, he received a telephone call from the local office saying that the telegram could not be sent, because nobody in Sheffield could sing "Happy Birthday."

Aid to the Defeated

AFTER Biafra's capitulation to the Nigerian federal government last week, the various private organizations that had been sending food and medical supplies to the Biafrans found themselves in an anomalous position, and in the light of the change many of the professionals and volunteers working for those organizations seemed a bit dazed. Besides the collapse of Biafra as a political entity, which left the groups without official contacts in the area, they found their future conduct complicated by the Nigerian government's attitude toward them. Immediately after the capitulation, Major General Yakubu Gowon, Nigeria's head of state, condemned certain of the foreign relief agencies—principally Joint Church Aid, Caritas, Canairelief, the Nordic Red Cross, and the French Red Cross—for having prolonged the war by aiding Biafra. Spurning any future offers of help from these agencies, and also from any country that had been "studiously hostile" toward Nigeria, General Gowon said, "Let them keep their blood money." Some of the affected agencies turned to the United States government in their search for a way to help, but again they were blocked, for this country's stated policy involves a willingness to trust the Nigerian government to behave well toward the former rebels, and to accept the proposition—disputed by most of the agencies—that Nigeria will be able to provide food and medical supplies fast enough to prevent millions of people from dying of starvation.

Tuesday evening of last week, we dropped by the offices of the American Committee to Keep Biafra Alive, which occupies two small storefronts on East Seventy-sixth Street. The Committee was founded in July, 1968, and has worked since then mainly to disseminate information about the Nigerian war and to achieve political recognition for Biafra. Dashikis, pieces of colorful fabric, wood carvings, and other native items were on display in one of the storefronts, which had served as a shop, and in the other a dozen people were sitting at desks and tables making phone calls or doing paperwork. In the rear of the place, two people were operating a mimeograph machine. The atmosphere was tense but subdued. At one desk, a young man was saying into a telephone, "I guess you've heard the news about Biafra. Look, we're very much afraid—and so are the Biafrans we're in touch with—that there are going to be widespread massacres, and we're phoning people we know to ask them to send telegrams to Nixon asking him to send not only relief but also observer teams. These are the two most important things—food and observers. Not next Sunday, not next Friday, but now."

The Committee's president, Paul Connett, a young Englishman wearing a Cornell sweatshirt, was standing near the mimeograph machine talking with a slender young man named Cliff Catton, who acts as the group's office manager. Both men seemed keyed up. Mr. Connett was asking, "Would you drop in as an unarmed witness if the Nigerians said, 'No, you can't bring any food in'?"

Mr. Catton said, "Yes."

"You would?" Mr. Connett said. "You would go in a plane over Nigeria, right now, and drop down?"

A girl who was standing nearby gave a sudden nervous laugh, and Mr. Catton said, "Yes."

"As an unarmed witness?" Mr. Connett continued. "Knowing that you had a ninety-per-cent chance of being killed?"

Mr. Catton said softly, "Yes, I would." He walked to the mimeograph machine and began to feed some paper into it.

The front door opened, and a boy of about thirteen, wearing a blue parka, hurried in. Addressing everyone in the room, he said breathlessly, "The Mayor's going to send a telegram to Nixon, and so are the City Comptroller and the President of the City Council. We've got Senator Goodell and Paul O'Dwyer and Allard K. Lowenstein, too."

"What about Governor Rockefeller?" a gray-haired woman asked.

"Shall I go call Rockefeller? I'll go call Rockefeller," the boy said, and he hurried out again.

"In all the telephone calls that I've been making, asking people to send telegrams, I haven't had a single negative reaction," the gray-haired woman told us. "This has cut across all political lines. It's not a rightist or a leftist kind of problem. It's a human problem."

A few minutes later, the boy came back in and announced, "I got Rockefeller's office. They said he'll send a telegram." He looked around the room

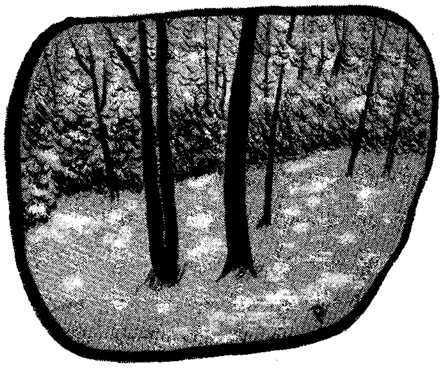
and added, anachronistically, "By the way, we've got Liberal Party support. They're for Biafra."

The next day, we called on James MacCracken, a vice-president of Joint Church Aid/U.S.A., in his office at the Interchurch Center, at 120th Street and Riverside Drive. Joint Church Aid/U.S.A., a corporation composed of the American Jewish Committee, Catholic Relief Services, and Church World Service, had carried out the delivery of almost all the shipments of food and medical supplies to Biafra during the war period, using a variety of second-hand planes based on the island of São Tomé and flying into Biafra at night, usually landing at Uli airstrip, north of Owerri. Mr. MacCracken told us, "The flights were going into an ostensible country called Biafra, and now there *is* no ostensible country called Biafra. And there is no more Uli airstrip. So there is no more air bridge. My worry is simple: The level of starvation of the people of Biafra at the time of surrender was so extreme that there are literally hundreds of thousands of people whose physical systems cannot take—along with the emotional shock—a deprivation of basic food intake. And the food— I don't give a damn if it exists in the port of Apapa, next to Lagos. It doesn't exist in their dishes." We asked him what could be done immediately, and he looked out at the Hudson River, which was covered with sheets of ice, and said, "Nothing."

The following morning, we stopped in at Catholic Relief Services, in the Empire State Building, and talked with Rocco Sacci, its director of public information. "We have not ceased our operations, and we will not cease our operations," Mr. Sacci said. "We have been working with the Nigerian Red Cross and with the National Rehabilitation Commission, and so forth, and this is how we now plan to reach the people in the war-affected areas. So it's not a case of voluntary relief's being stopped from getting to the stricken area—that's not the case at all. The problem is how soon it will get there. Joint Church Aid has appealed to the Nigerian government, because the supplies are there, the facilities are there, the pilots know the terrain, and we still have missionary priests inside. Joint Church Aid representatives are meeting in Geneva with Nigerian representatives at this moment. Things look very, very negative right now, but, nonetheless, until the Geneva meetings break up, Joint Church Aid hasn't given up completely."

Late Friday afternoon, we spoke with Rabbi Marc H. Tanenbaum, a founder of the American Jewish Emergency Effort for Nigerian-Biafran Relief. Since its formation, in the summer of 1968, the agency has been collecting funds for supplies, which it has channelled through UNICEF and groups affiliated with Joint Church Aid/U.S.A. Rabbi Tanenbaum told us that he feared that press reports from Lagos might not reflect the actual situation in Biafran territory. "I talked to a relief person who came out of Biafra on Sunday," he said. "According to this man, a hundred thousand people are hiding in the bush who need aid desperately and will probably die or be permanently maimed if they don't get it within a few days. Joint Church Aid telegraphed General Gowon, offering to make available transportation equipment and twenty thousand tons of food that is stockpiled on São Tomé. But Gowon has accused Joint Church Aid of sending weapons into the battle area—an accusation that is both ridiculous and tragic—and we haven't received an answer."

At the headquarters of the Biafra Relief Services Foundation, a large room in the basement of 777 United Nations Plaza, we found nine young people working at desks, mailing out appeals for funds or making phone calls. Near the rear of the office sat the Foundation's secretary, a tall, bearded young man named Nnaemeka Achebe. He told us that he was from Onitsha, a town just inside the western border of the old Eastern Region—the original Biafran area—and that he had been in this country for six years. "The goal of our organization has always been long-term," he said. "Now our role will be intensified. Schools must be built, and hospitals. Many people are without an arm, without a leg, without an eye. They must be retrained in new crafts. Farmers must be brought back to the farms—there are no seeds in Biafra. Hundreds of thousands of Biafrans have been displaced, and now they are panic-stricken. The big task will be getting them back to their original areas." We pointed out that his group would have to work with the permission of the Nigerian authorities from now on, if it were to work at all, and he said, "We have lost all contact with our people in Biafra, and we are working to reëstablish contact with them. We are certain that the authorities will allow us to continue our work, which has now become the most important of all—rehabilitation and planning for the future."



Red Cross units have been active both in Nigeria and in Biafra. The International Committee of the Red Cross—an all-Swiss group—had been flying food supplies to Biafra, but it was forced to cease this activity late last summer after one of its planes was shot down by the Nigerians. Since then, the Nigerian Red Cross and the Biafran Red Cross have operated, each in its own area. To find out what role the American Red Cross is playing in the current situation, we called Samuel Krakow, the director of International Services of the American National Red Cross, in Washington, and he told us that a disaster specialist named Alan Platt had just had his visa approved and was leaving at once for Lagos, where he would perform liaison services between the Nigerian Red Cross and the League of Red Cross Societies. "There is no need to collect more food or more money now," he said. "Everything exists and is ready. The only question is getting the Nigerians' permission to bring the supplies in. You heard what General Gowon said about the other relief organizations. Thank God, we're not in that category!"

The office of Americans for Biafran Relief, in the Graybar Building, is a small room crowded with desks and filing cabinets. The group has existed since the summer of 1968, and its main function has been raising funds, which it has turned over to Joint Church Aid for supplies. When we stopped in on Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Candice Jordan, its chairman, was talking with Mrs. Barbara Martinez, its program coördinator, and the Reverend Fintan Kilbride, of the Holy Ghost Missionaries, who had spent thirteen years in the Biafran area before the war broke out, and who had just returned from a sixteen-day visit to the area. Father Kilbride, who is from Dublin, is a slight man with thinning and graying black hair, and he looked as if he hadn't had much sleep. "I left Biafra last Friday, got here last night," he told us. "I think it's the type of situation that brooks no delay whatsoever. It's very, very critical to get the

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story across to people straightaway. It's extremely important to get a team of international observers to go into Biafra at once, to be witnesses to the good—or otherwise—conduct of the Nigerian soldiers until peace is restored. And by an international observer team I don't mean just four or five people—I mean fifty people, or maybe even a hundred. Because the Biafrans are convinced that they will be exterminated. Perhaps not to the last man, woman, and child, but they believe—and there is much evidence to support this belief—that there will be a selective genocide, that a lot of the educated people will be killed off, maybe under the pretext of their being war criminals. I grew up with this situation, both before the war and during the war, and I've seen evidence of what the Biafrans call the extermination of their people. You see it, for example, in the bombing of civilian targets like hospitals and feeding centers, but, of course, above all—way above all—in the blockade, which has already cost two million lives. Two million lives! If that is not a form of extermination, I don't know what is."

"There has been some encouragement in first reports that food *is* moving, but our concern is to see to it that enough tons are at the feeding centers soon enough to help those thousands who have been living on two to four ounces a day for months and months," Mrs. Martinez said.

Father Kilbride folded his hands and looked at the two women for a moment. "One thing is perfectly clear," he said. "No matter what you read in the papers, thousands of people in the Biafran enclave are hiding in the bush now. They're not anywhere near the Nigerian supply trucks—assuming any supply trucks have reached Biafra—and they're afraid to make contact with Nigerians. We have a network ready to go into operation at a moment's notice, and the people trust the missionaries. Unfortunately, whether its intentions are good or bad, the Nigerian government is utterly incapable of mounting a relief effort to feed all those people. I am hoping that an arrangement can be worked out swiftly. But what I'm afraid of is that negotiations and diplomatic tactics will drag and drag and drag and drag, and that three weeks will go by. You can't fool around for three weeks with the life of a starving man."

EQUUS CABALLUS

I know two things about the horse,
And one of them is rather coarse.
—*Anon.*

NOW that the automobile has been disproved, it is no longer chic to boast of one's ignorance in equine matters. Horses are distinctly In these days, as many an embarrassed young parvenu has learned the hard way—for example, by having to simulate boredom when others start talking about the new dressage or the Argentinian Snaffle Theory. Such humiliations could be avoided by a careful study of Professor Sergei Rostropov-Zadkine's monumental "Dictionnaire Raisonné d'Equinologie" (available in English from Grove Press as "I, A Horse"), but few people are willing to make the effort. For today's overburdened non-horsemen, therefore, here are the basic facts about man's second-best friend.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE HORSE

Some of society's leading hostesses are dismayed to learn that Equus caballus, or the household horse, is kin to the boar, the tapir, and the hippopotamus, its coevals in the Eocene Era. The Eocene was a disgraceful era, as we know; families got terribly mixed, and present-day horses must also admit to a relationship with zebras, onagers, and asses, all of whom belong to the general order of perissodactyls. That is, they are mammiferous quadrupeds who, having carelessly lost four toes (the first, second, fourth, and fifth), make do with only one, the third, which is protected by a nail that is called, with striking accuracy, the hoof.

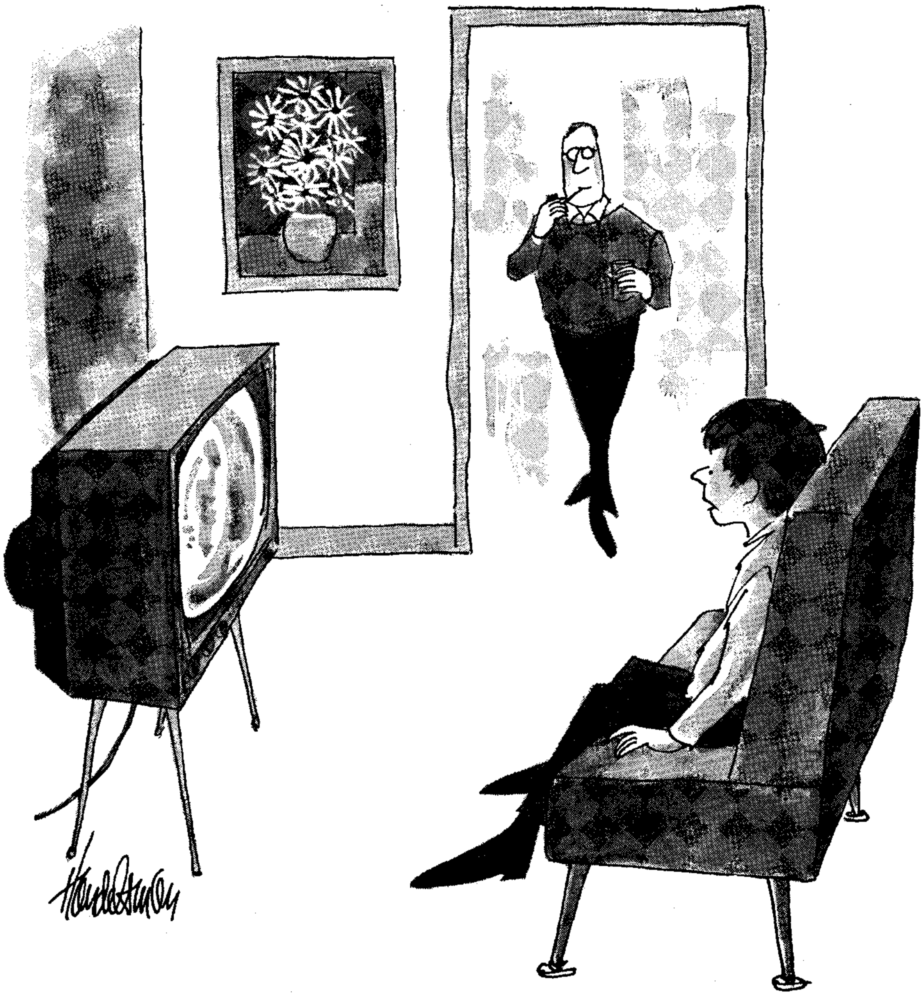
The Eocene parent who gave the horse his aristocratic distinction was Eohippus, a quadruped about the size of a breadbox. Eohippus had four toes on each front foot and three on each hind foot, which other perissodactyls considered a proof of monotheism. He was succeeded by Orohippus, who was about the size of a sheep but considerably wittier. Orohippus gave way successively to Mesohippus, Miohippus, Parahippus, Protohippus, and Pliohippus, and somewhere along the way it was decided to dispense with all but the third toe. This took place, surprisingly enough, on the Great Plains of North America, about fourteen miles from Yuma. Similar mammiferous quadrupeds were experimenting with toe variations in Europe at about the same time, but they became extinct, and the North American hippi were obliged to go over there and reëstablish things, trotting across the land bridges which then linked the continents. The more relaxed sexual mores of the European quadrupeds appealed so much to some of the visitors that they have never returned.

During the Quaternary Period, the North American hippi became extinct; Professor Rostropov-Zadkine suspects that they may have been exterminated by a species of large blue pigs. The horse continued its relaxed multiplication in Europe, however, growing progressively larger, converting successfully from a diet of foliage to one of grass and lump sugar, and making its American comeback with Cortes. Some twenty-six different species evolved, of which only seven are still around today—the onager, the wild tarpan, three species of zebra, the ass, and our friend Equus caballus. Among those who did not make the grade was the quagga. A personable, zebralike animal who lived mostly in Africa, the quagga had a fun coat (partly striped and partly plain), which led to his downfall at the hands of hidebound white hunters. The last quagga died in captivity in 1872, fifty-two years before the birth of Jacques Kaplan.

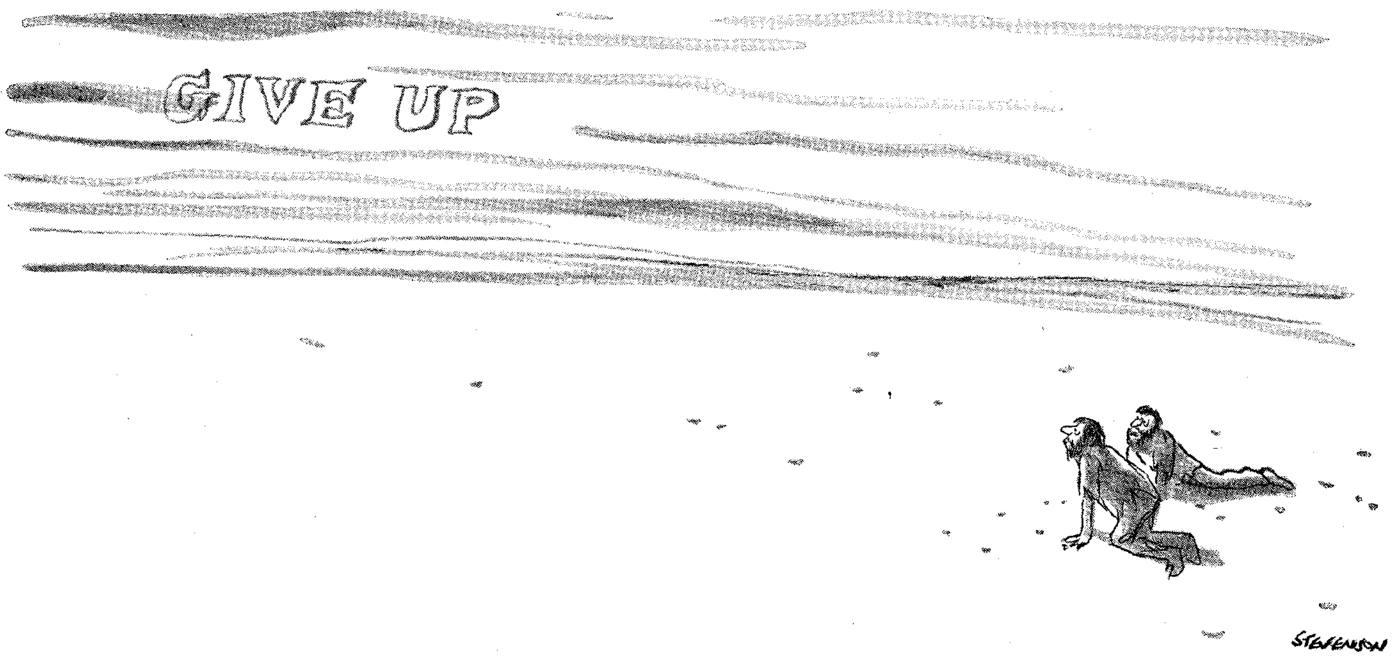
DOMESTICATION OF HORSES

The first people to tame and ride horses were the nomads of Central Asia, who turned the trick at a tribal cookout in 2504 B.C. As a result, Mongols and other formerly pastoral tribesmen became military conquerors, much to the disgruntlement of their peace-loving horses. Being ridden into battle was bad enough, but what the horses really minded, according to a recent study of Assyrian stable shards, was pulling heavy chariots. The Mongols treated their horses so badly that to this day most horses dislike most Central Asians. This is why motion picture Westerns are rarely filmed in Hong Kong.

The Indo-Europeans, who became horsemen in due course, loved and revered their horses and treated them kindly, except for the chariot thing. In Greece, where the horse was a symbol



"Hey, Dad! It's the kind of show you like. All about overpopulation, slums, and stuff."



"What ever became of the old-fashioned upbeat mirage?"

• •

of beauty, many well-put-together horses were able to make a comfortable living as artist's models. The Arabs positively doted on their swift, curvaceous steeds, and fed them dates and hashish couscous. The Romans liked horses, too, but not as much as the Greeks and the Arabs did. Everyone knows that Caligula promised to make his favorite horse a consul; what we tend to overlook is that he did not keep his promise. The horse, Incitatus, never even got to be Postmaster General.

HORSE RACING

The Egyptians, who were quite horsey, left records of informal trials of speed among mounted horsemen dating back to 1500 B.C. Serious horse racing really began in Greece, though, and was a big draw in the Olympic Games. Echecrates of Thessaly won the Heraclitus Stakes in 464 B.C. on a pregnant mare—an incident that Avery Brundage claims not to remember. A Roman jockey called Diocles, whose real name was Pompey Musclosus, won 3,559 races in a two-horse chariot and 1,442 in a quadriga, or four-horse shay, and retired at forty with thirty-five million sesterces in the bank. This is even more than the lifetime earnings of the American jockey George Edward Arcaro, whose real name is Baron Dudevant.

Modern thoroughbred racing began in England, where it enjoyed the royal favor of Henry VIII, Charles II, and other sports. The English have grown careless in some matters, but to this day they have maintained the purity of their equine bloodlines; if you are not related to the Darley Arabian, the Godolphin Barb, or the Byerly Turk—three foreign stallions imported during the eighteenth century—through their Mayfair descendants, Eclipse, Matchem, and Herod, *you* are not a thoroughbred. A horse of divorced ancestors is known as a standardbred, or bounder, and cannot be admitted to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot.

The world's best-known horse race dates back to a May morning in 1780, when the twelfth Earl of Derby and his house guest, Sir Charles Bunbury, pitted their respective thoroughbreds on the lawn of Derby's uncle's estate in Surrey. Just before the start, they tossed a coin to decide whether the race would be called the "Derby" or the "Bunbury." Bunbury won, and it has been known ever since by his name.

EQUITATION

The Italian Renaissance will long be remembered for the publication, in 1561, of Federico Grisone's "Gli Ordini de Cavalcare" ("The Rules for Riding"). Doing away peremptorily with the crude methods of the Middle Ages, Grisone established the forward seat and banished the rumble. His methods were further refined by the English and the French, although the French, as might be expected, carried things too far. The overly elaborate equitation taught by the French Riding Academy at Saumur led to disastrous defeats for the French cavalry, whose mounts could not resist performing caprioles, piaffes, redoppes, levades, pirouettes, ballotades, and other *haute-école* exercises in the midst of battle. This led inevitably to Sedan, Verdun, and the Crazy Horse Saloon. *Haute-école* exercises can now be seen only at the Spanish Riding School in Vienna and at the Harkness Ballet. Today, the main thing is to stay on.

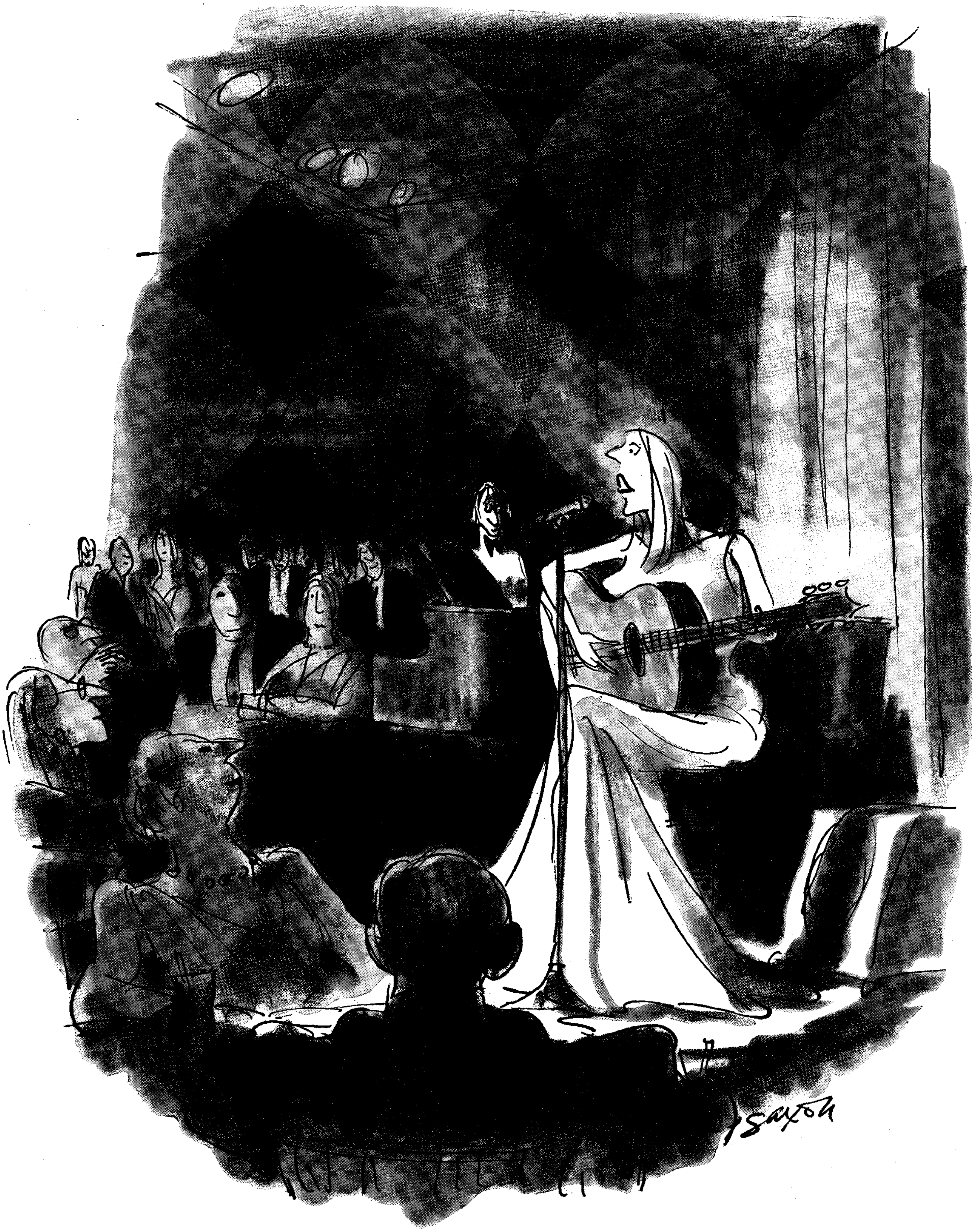
HOW TO "SIT" A HORSE

Staying up on a horse, or "sitting," is largely a matter of opinion. Some riders, having mastered the technique of "mounting," may decide that they do not wish to continue in the saddle. They may then dismount and go motoring instead. If the rider wishes to ride, however, he must remain relatively upright while his horse performs various forward motions, which professional horsemen have designated "walking," "trotting," "cantering," "galloping," and "bolting." Detailed instructions for these movements are beyond the scope of the present essay. In general, the trick is to keep one's head up and pretend that nothing much is happening underneath.

THE FUTURE OF THE HORSE

Do horses have a future in the space age? Good question! Dogs, monkeys, and fruit flies have already distinguished themselves in outer space, but as yet neither Russia nor the United States has produced an astrohorse. Considering the way the Equidae have learned to "fit in" at dude ranches and on plinths, however, it seems probable that they will adapt to circumstances and meet the new era with their customary aplomb. Rostropov-Zadkine thinks so (see Vol. 17, pp. 791-1105). If not, there will be plenty of other problems.

—CALVIN TOMKINS



"Since my songs tonight will not have any special social or political significance, I would like to say now that I am opposed to our military involvement in the Far East, and I'm in favor of legalized pot and of price stability through federal controls, also the boycotting of California table grapes."

GUESTS ON A WINTER NIGHT

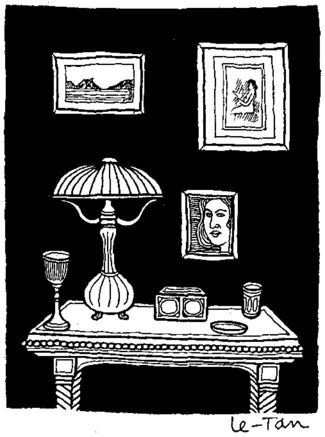
THE stove was heated. The hanging kerosene lamp cast a bright glow over the room. Outside, it had been snowing for three days. Our balcony was cushioned in snow. At the head of the table, my father sat in a black velvet robe beneath which a yellowish fringed garment showed. He wore a skullcap. His high forehead gleamed like a mirror. I looked at him with love, and also with astonishment. Why was he my father? What would have happened if someone else had been my father? Would I have been the same Isaac? I observed him as though I were seeing him for the first time. The reason for these reveries was something my mother had told me the day before—that the matchmaker had tried to marry her off to a young man from Lublin. Would she still have been my mother if she had married that young man? The whole thing was a puzzle.

My father was fair, his sidelocks dark, his beard red like tobacco. He had a short nose and blue eyes. A strange thought occurred to me—that he resembled the czar whose picture hung in our cheder. I knew well enough that a comparison like that was a sacrilege. The czar was a vicious man, and my father was pious and a rabbi. But my brain was full of crazy thoughts. If people knew what I was thinking, they would put me in prison. My parents would disown me. I would be excommunicated like the philosopher Spinoza, of whom my father spoke at the Purim dinner. That heretic had denied God. He said the world was not created but had existed for eternity.

An open book lay on the table in front of my father, and he put his sash in it as a sign that he was interrupting the study only for a short while. On his right stood a glass of tea, half full. On his left lay his long pipe. Opposite him sat my mother. My father's face was almost round, and my mother's face, her nose, her chin were angular. Even the gaze of her large gray eyes was sharp. She wore a blond wig, but I knew that under it her hair was fiery red, like mine. Her cheeks were sunken, her lips thin. I was always afraid that she was reading my mind.

To my father's right sat Abraham, the ritual slaughterer, a corpulent man, black as a gypsy, with a round beard like a brush. There was gossip that he trimmed it. Abraham had a big belly, a straight neck, a broad nose, and thick lips. He pronounced his “r”s hard, and he spoke unusually fast. He felt wronged by everybody, but most of all by his third wife, Zevtel. Though he was supposed to be speaking to my father, he constantly glanced at my mother. His dark eyes embedded in bluish puffs flashed with anger. I had heard that all slaughterers were born under the sign of Mars and if they had not studied to become slaughterers they would have been murderers. I imagined Abraham lurking in a thick forest with an axe in his hand, attacking merchants who were going to Leipzig, Danzig, or Lentshno. He took their bags of gold and chopped off their heads. When they implored him to let them live, he answered, “A murrrderer knows no merrrcy.”

But here was Abraham sitting and complaining like a schlemiel about his wife. He said, “All day long I stand and slaughter; at night I want to have rest, but then the fire begins. She wages war against me. Her mother was like that, too. I only learned about her when I visited Zelochow. She buried three husbands—you know it's forbidden to marry a three-time widow, but she has a fourth husband now. Zevtel also had two husbands before me. I am the third. Both divorced her. The first was a gentle young man, fine as silk, a nephew of the rabbi of Zychlin. What could she have had against him? She simply fell in love with the other one, they told me—that boor of a coachman. She behaved so shamefully the whole town was scandalized.”



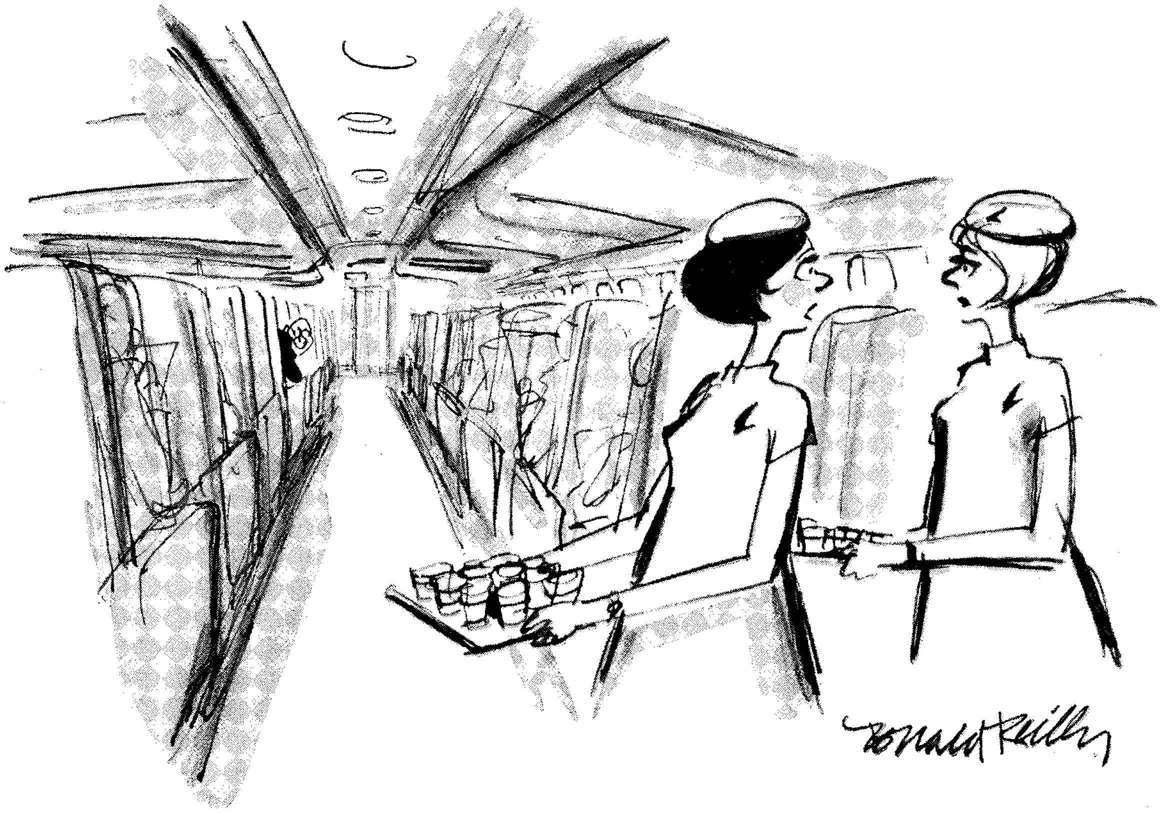
“God save us—phooey,” my father said. He reached with his right hand for the glass of tea. With his other hand he held his beard.

Even though I was still a boy, I knew that my father understood little about such matters. He judged everything according to law. A deed was either permitted or forbidden. For him there was no difference between touching a candlestick on the Sabbath and behaving in a loose way. My father was brought up on the Torah, prayer, the sayings of wonder rabbis. His real passion was visiting rabbinical courts, conversing with Chassidim about miracles, but each time he suggested going away my mother reminded him that we had rent to pay, and tuition for the children, and that we also had to eat. One does not make a living by wandering among rabbis.

I heard my mother ask Abraham, “If this is the case, why did you marry her?”

Abraham bit his thick lower lip. “The truth doesn't show itself immediately. She made everything look smooth. When she wants to, she can be as sweet as honey. After my Luba died, I was all at sea. What can a man do alone? I upset my stomach by eating in restaurants. They told me her father was a scholar. With Luba—peace be with her—I had no children. She suffered from a female ailment and they removed her womb. I wanted to leave a son to say Kaddish for me. The matchmaker brought Zevtel and me together, and she spoke pleasing words. According to her, the Zychliner rabbi's nephew was half mad and an unworldly dreamer. When she brought him food to the study house, he didn't recognize her and thought that she was the maid. He didn't know which side of the coin was up. He remained a schoolboy—there are such men. Anyway, he was no match for Zevtel. I understood this later. Excuse me for saying so, she was a woman who needed a real male. I don't want to slander; and also there is a holy scroll here in the Ark, but I could tell you things that would make your hair stand up. About her second husband, she told me he was a grain merchant and an important elder but she couldn't get along with her stepdaughters. I didn't have time to look into all this. It happens that people divorce. Even rabbis sometimes divorce. But right after we were married she began to show her true colors. She wanted me to become a community slaughterer. It didn't please her that I was just an unofficial slaughterer in Warsaw. I said, ‘What's the difference so long as I make a living?’ The city slaughterers have a sinecure—it passes from father to son. They were all born in Warsaw, and anyone from the provinces is an outsider. They're stuffed with money and live in high style. The rabbi of Gur, who supports them, may be a holy man, but he's also powerful. If you're one of his followers, all doors are open to you. If not, it's persecution. He's supposed to be in touch with Heaven, but he knows too well what goes on below.”

My father put down his glass of



"Row Thirty-seven, on the aisle—en garde."

• •

tea. "What are you saying, Reb Abraham? The rabbi of Gur is a saint. He loves all Jews."

"Yes. But even Moses cut corners. Anyhow, she began to go from one elder to another, looking for pull. She ordered a wig that only half covered her head. She didn't cut her hair but combed it into her wig. I came into the room and there she stood in front of the mirror making curls with a crimping iron. I said to her, 'What does this mean?' And she said, 'Don't rack your brains about it.' In short, she was getting ready to go to see the elder for my sake and she wanted to charm him. It made me burn. I said, 'I don't want to be a community slaughterer, and don't make yourself pretty for them.' The way she went at me I could have been her worst enemy."

My father reached for his pipe. "The Talmud says, 'A man does not live with a snake in a basket.' "

"Don't I know! I haven't told a thousandth part of it. In Zelochow I learned the truth—that the grain merchant she had fallen in love with was no grain merchant but a common drayman who carried merchandise. Once in a while, he took passengers. She went on a wagon with him to Sochaczew. He had a nasty tongue, said things that would make a Cossack blush. She developed a taste for him. She left her husband, refused to be his wife. You know what I mean."

My mother shook her head. My father said, "Such a woman may be divorced without a settlement."

"She already had plenty of money from the first one. But then she got jealous. He went on the road and always had a wagon full of women—a crude fellow, a scoundrel. Never without a bottle of vodka in his breast pocket, they said, and he could eat a bowl of buckwheat with chicken fat big as a washtub. He left her in town, miserable and alone, and came home just for the Sabbath—sometimes not even then. Now she was the one who wanted a divorce and he demanded payment—he threatened to go to America and leave her a deserted wife unless she paid. What she extorted from the first she had to give to the second, and she even had to sell her jewelry in addition."

"A wanton," my mother said. "Why do you stay with her?"

"She refuses to give me a divorce. All I can do is get permission from a hundred rabbis."

My father glanced into the book. "Rabbi Zadock from Lublin, blessed be his memory, had a damned woman like this. She shook hands with an officer. When Rabbi Zadock found out, he immediately wanted to divorce her, but she refused to be divorced. And Rabbi Zadock had to go to a hundred cities to get a hundred signatures."

"All for shaking hands with an officer?" Abraham asked.

"It's light behavior. Once you take one step from Jewishness, you are already sinking into the Forty-nine Gates of Defilement," my father replied.

"Perhaps the Russian held out his hand and she was afraid not to take it?" my mother asked.

"One should only be afraid of the Almighty," my father said judiciously.

IT was quiet. I heard the wick sucking the kerosene. Outside, the dry snow was falling and the wind was blowing. My father reached for his pouch of tobacco to fill his pipe but found it empty. He looked at me half questioningly and half imploringly. "Itchele, I am without tobacco."

My mother became tense. "You are not going to send the child out in the cold. Besides, all the stores are closed now."

"If I don't have tobacco in the morning, I cannot study. Neither can I prepare myself for the morning prayer."

"Eli's store may still be open," Abraham said.

I guessed that Abraham wanted to get rid of me, as he was about to tell secrets not meant for a boy's ears. But I wanted to go down the street anyhow. If only it weren't so dark on the steps. I said, "I will go."

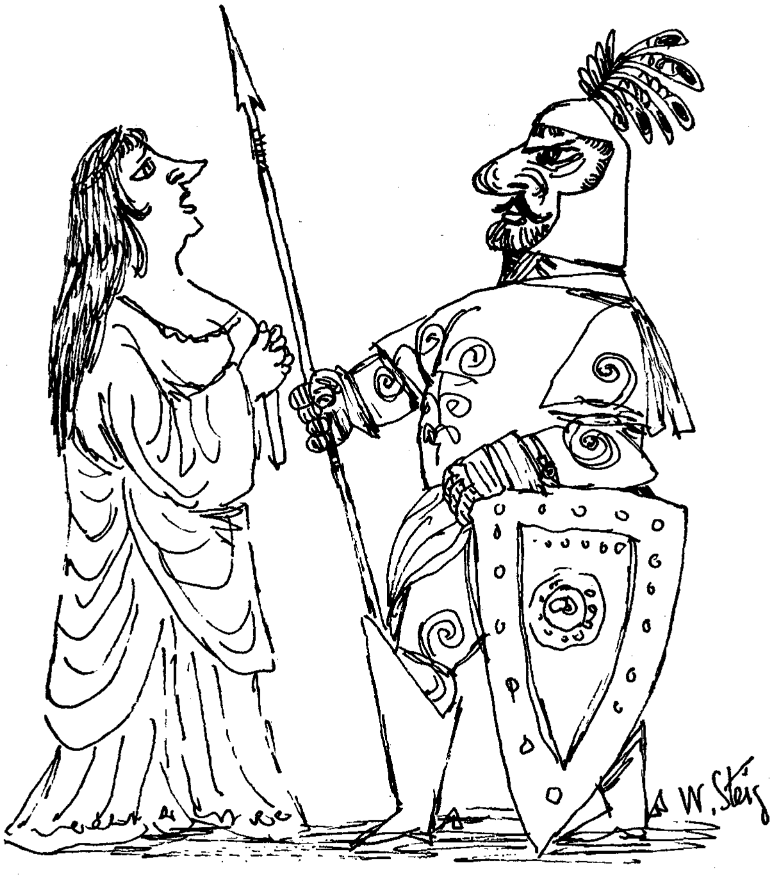
"Give him twenty groschen," my father said.

My mother frowned, but she gave in. My father was an ardent smoker. Every morning, he smoked his pipe, drank many glasses of watery tea, and wrote commentaries on narrow pads. Saturday at dusk, he could hardly wait for the appearance of three stars in the sky. My mother dressed me in a warm vest and put a muffler around my neck. She left the kitchen door open as I went down the steps, because she knew that I was afraid. How could I not be afraid, knowing that the world was full of demons, devils, hobgoblins? I remembered the neighbors' little daughter, Jochebed, who had died the year before. And a ghost who haunted a house in Bilgoray, broke the windowpanes, threw the dishes around. And the boy who had been carried away by an evil spirit to the castle of Asmodeus and forced to marry one of the Evil Host. It was good that we lived no higher than the second floor. But the gate was dark, too. A man often stood there with a face that looked as though it had been skinned. He had a piece of black plaster for a nose. I could never learn who it was he waited for there alone for hours in the cold and dark. Most probably he also was connected with the unclean spirits.

But the moment I passed the gate everything became cheerful. Though there were neither moon nor stars in the sky, it shone with a yellowish light, as if illuminated behind the clouds by Heavenly lamps created for this particular night. The gas lamps wore caps of snow, the glass was white from frost, and the light coming through had the colors of the rainbow. Each lamp dragged a trail of fog behind it. The snow covered the poverty of Krochmalna Street, and it looked rich now. I imagined that Warsaw had in some strange way moved deep into Russia—perhaps Siberia, where according to my brother Joshua the winter is one long night and white bears travel on ice floes. The gutter became a skating rink for boys. Some of the stores were closed, their windowpanes framed in ice and covered with frosty palm branches, like the ones used in the Feast of Tabernacles. In others, customers were let in through the back doors. The delicatessen was brightly lit. Long sausages hung from the ceiling. Behind the counter stood Chayele, slicing sausage, liver, breast of veal, roast beef, or a mixture of everything—cold cuts. Salt pretzels could be had here, as well as hot frankfurters with mustard. At a small table a couple were sitting, eating a late supper. I knew that they were engaged. Who else ate supper in a delicatessen? He was dressed half old-fashioned, half new-fashioned, in a short gaberdine, a small cap, a stiff cardboard collar, and a paper dickey. The hair beneath his cap was sleek and pomaded. I knew him. He was Pesach, who specialized in sewing uppers for boots. On the Sabbath morning, he used to come to the prayerhouse, but after the Sabbath meal he took his fiancée to the moving pictures or to the Yiddish theatre, where they played "Shulamith," "Chasia the Orphan," "Prince Chardas." I learned all this from what the boys in the courtyard told me. I knew the girl, Feigele, well. Only a year ago she used to play with girls in the courtyard, throwing nuts at a target. She was also deft with a Diabolo. But suddenly she became engaged, was a grownup. She rolled her black hair into a bun. My father officiated at her engagement party and brought home a piece of cake for me. Tonight, she was wearing a green dress trimmed with fur. She held the frankfurter elegantly, crooking her little finger and taking tiny bites. For a while, I stared at this pair. I had a great desire to call "Pesach! Feigele!," but I restrained myself. Other boys could afford to act freely, but not the son of a rabbi. If I did not behave, there was gossip and I was denounced to my parents.

It was even more interesting to look into Chaim's coffee shop. Many couples sat there, all of them emancipated, not Chassidic. The place was frequented by thieves and "strikers"—the young men and girls who only a few years before were throwing bombs and demanding a constitution from the czar. What a constitution was I had not yet learned, but I knew that on Bloody Wednesday scores of these young people fell before bullets. Still, many remained alive, and some of those who were put into prison had later been released. They sat in Chaim's coffee shop, ate rolls with herring, drank coffee with chicory, sometimes took a piece of cheesecake, and read the Yiddish papers. They tried to learn about other strikes deep in Russia or abroad. The strikers were dressed differently from the thieves. They wore collarless shirts closed with tin studs. The visors on their caps were not pulled down so far over their eyes. The girls were poorly clothed, their hair caught up in combs. The thieves sat at one large round table, and their girls wore summer dresses in the middle of winter—red, yellow, some with flowers. Their faces looked to me as though they had been smeared with borsch; their eyes, rimmed in black, shone uncannily. My mother said that these sinful creatures had lost both this world and the world to come.

Occasionally, my father sent me to that coffee shop to summon a boy or a girl to his court. My father had no beadle, and I served as one. When I entered, all the guests began to chide me. The workers pointed at me and made fun of my red sidelocks. One time one of them asked me, "You are studying the Torah, aren't you? What will you become—a Talmud tutor, a middleman, a peddler?" He added, "Tell your father that his time is over." The thieves would call me "schlemiel," "yeshiva boy," "bench hugger." The girls would defend me. "Don't bother the child." Once, one of them kissed me. I spat and ran away. Everybody in the coffee shop laughed.



"Do you have to keep on proving how intrepid you are?"

Eli's store was still open. I got a package of tobacco. Composition books, crayons, erasers, steel pens, pencils could be bought there, but these were for rich boys, not for me, who got a penny a day and sometimes not even that.

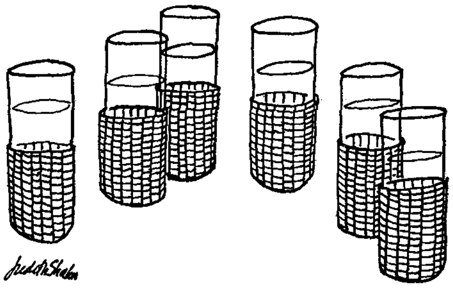
I did not go home immediately. I lifted a handful of snow and licked it with the tip of my tongue. Even though it was winter, I thought I heard behind the snow the chirping of crickets. Or perhaps it was the bells on the necks of horses pulling sleighs around Iron Street, where the gas lamps appeared small and where I could see a trolley car as tiny as a toy. I never dared to go there by myself. On the way back near our gate, I saw my sister, Hindele, and my brother Joshua. I was overjoyed that I would not have to walk up the dark steps alone. To see my brother and sister together on the street was something out of the ordinary. First, because it did not behoove a Chassidic young man to walk in the street with a girl—even his sister—and, second, because they were not on good terms. They seemed to have met by accident—he returning from Krel's study house on Gnoyna Street, and she coming home from her friend Leah. Hindele, too, was afraid to walk up the dark steps. I ran toward them, screaming, "Hindele! Joshua!"

"Why do you shout like a wild man?" Joshua scolded me. "We are not deaf."

"What are you doing in the street so late?" Hindele asked. She was dressed like a lady, in a hat fastened with rhinestone pins, a fur collar trimmed with the little head of an animal, and a muff. She was already engaged and her trousseau was being prepared. Joshua wore a long gaberdine and a small cap. He had sidelocks, too, but they were trimmed. Joshua had become enlightened—"spoiled," my father called it. He refused to study the Talmud, he read secular books, he was opposed to the use of a matchmaker. Almost every day my father had a discussion with him. Joshua insisted that the Jews in Poland lived like Asiatics. He mocked their sidelocks, their gaberdines down to their shoe tops. How much longer were they going to study the law concerning the egg that was hatched on a holiday? Europe, my brother said, had awakened, but the Jews in Poland were still in the Middle Ages. He used modern words I did not understand. I listened to him dispute with my father, and I was always on his side. I wanted to cut off *my* sidelocks, put on a short jacket, study Polish, Russian, German, and learn what makes a train go, how to build a telephone, a telegraph, a balloon, a ship. I never dared to take part in these arguments, but I knew very well that men in long gaberdines and women in wigs and bonnets were not allowed inside the Saxony Gardens. My father kept promising me that when the Messiah came those who studied the Torah would be saved and the unbelievers would perish. But when would the Messiah come? Perhaps he would not come at all.

My sister, Hindele, was no longer pious, either. She and Joshua were both grownups, but I was still a boy. Between Joshua and me there had been two other children, both girls, who had died of scarlet fever.

Hindele and Joshua each took one of my hands and led me to the dark gate and up the dark steps. Now I wasn't afraid even of Satan himself. My brother said to my sister, "See how dark it is here. In houses on other streets, there are gas lamps along the stairways. Here it is dark physically and spiritually."



"The landlord tries to save the penny for kerosene," my sister said.

We all entered the kitchen. Abraham the slaughterer was leaving. His belly blocked the door for a moment.

THIS night there was no dispute. My father was writing his commentaries. My mother, Hindele, Joshua, and I stayed in the kitchen. The stove was heated and tea was boiling. My mother was rendering goose fat for Chanukkah. Joshua told stories about America. There were robbers there who called themselves the Black Hand. They didn't steal linen from attics, like the thieves on Krochmalna Street, but attacked millionaires. They used blackmail to extort money. The police were afraid of them. Joshua spoke to my mother, but from time to time he glanced at me. He knew that I devoured his words. My sister also listened as she turned the pages of a Yiddish newspaper. She was reading a

MORAY EELS

Always their slow, controlled writhings in clusters,
So much like striving, a pantomime of effort,
Tails interwoven inside a wedge of coral;

Their stationary spirals, going nowhere,
Persisting for hours, with no apparent currents,
Temperature changes; their smooth, elliptic lengths

Of green or unmatched speckles, providing no
Flair, no disguise, and rippling muscles given
Solely to flexings, a constant preparation,

Suggested a melodrama of meditation—
Obsession so exclusive they could not think,
Could they have thought—a rhythm attached to nothing.

Always this was a shock until I saw,
Grown somewhat older, the expression with which
They swayed so long: the stare, blind as from distance;

The opening, shutting, opening plier-like jaw,
Huge in proportion to the skull, which mimicked
The heavy gaspings of a lusting friar

Or hopeless flagellant, out of the Middle Ages,
Desperate to postpone, endure, increase
An ecstasy of not believing the world

Had ever been completed. Also, whatever
Approached, seduced by approaching, paid with its life
For chancing to interrupt so precious little.

—DAVID GALLER

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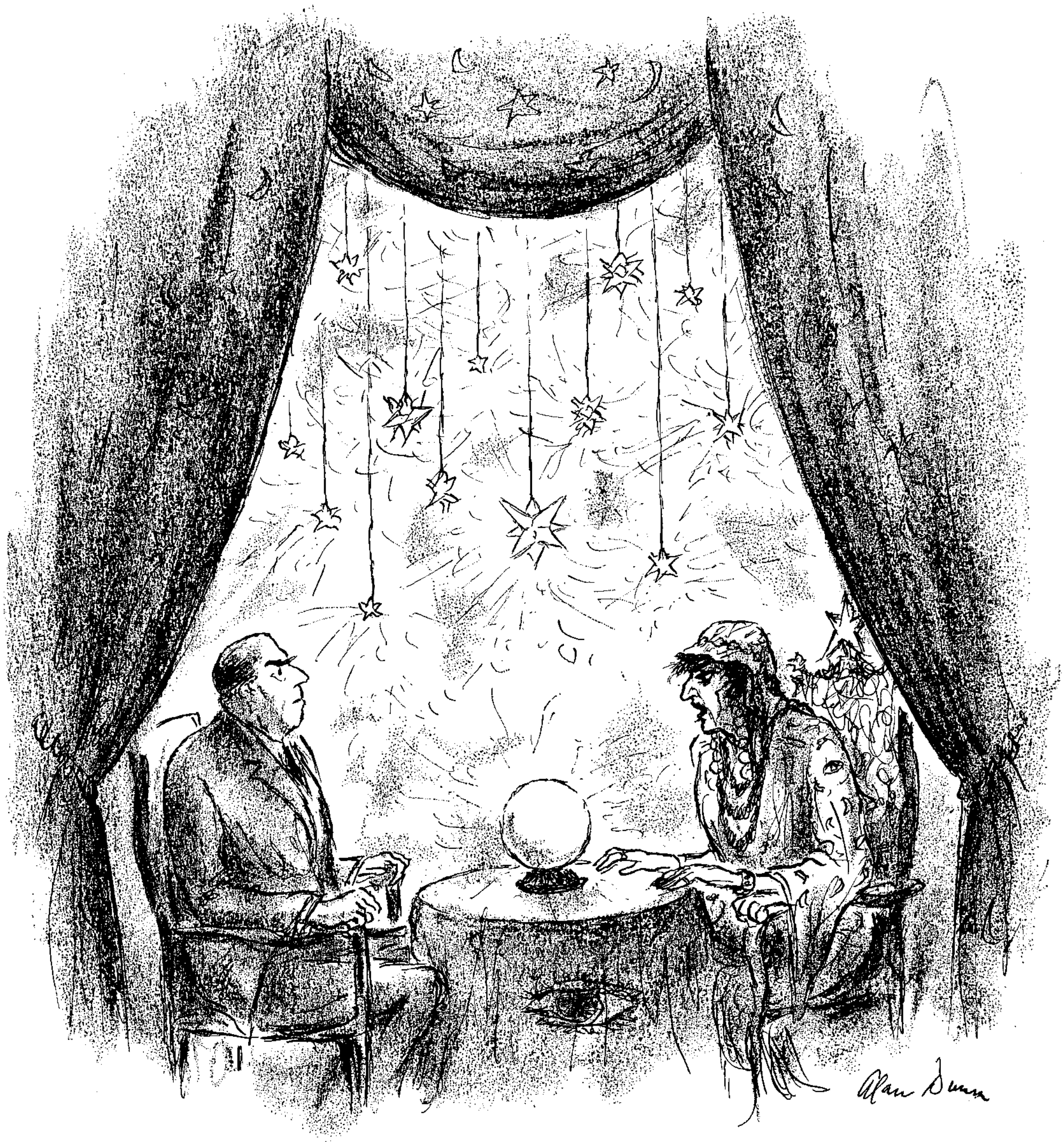

"I can give you Samuel F. B. Morse, Mr. Wells, or Mr. Fargo right away, but there's a half hour's delay in getting through to Alexander Graham Bell."

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serialized novel. My brother and my mother used to take a look at it, too. My sister said, "My! The Countess Louisa has escaped."

"How did she escape?" my mother asked.

"Through the window."

"But she was on the fifth floor."

"Wild Max helped her get out with a ladder."

"Oh, what a writer can invent!"

"That stuff in the newspaper is trash," my brother explained. "But Tolstoy was a great writer. Publishers are offering a quarter of a million rubles for his manuscripts."

"Well, one painting in Paris was appraised for twenty million francs," my mother said. "And when it was stolen all of France went into mourning, as though it were Tisha bov. When it was found, people kissed in the streets. There is no lack of lunatics," she added.

"The 'Mona Lisa,'" my brother said, nodding. "Why do you call them lunatics? This is art. Leonardo da Vinci took many years to paint it. No artist before or after has brought out such a smile."

"Who cares how some female is smiling?" my mother asked. "It's all idolatry. In olden times, the wicked served idols. Now they call it Art. One can smile very beautifully and be a hussy just the same."

"What do you want, Mother? Should the French make a pilgrimage to the rabbi of Gur and pick up crumbs from his table? In Europe, they want beauty, not the Torah of an old man who recites the Psalms and has a rupture."

"Phooey—what a way to speak! It is possible to have a rupture and be more acceptable to God than a thousand good-looking *shiksas*. The Almighty loves a broken heart, not a chiselled nose."

"How do you know what the Almighty loves?"

"Mother, in Paris the women are now wearing pants!" my sister exclaimed.

"A time will come when they walk with their heads down and their feet up," my mother said as she covered the pot with a lid. "The gluttony, the drunkenness, and the wantonness get boring, and they have to invent something new."

I listened to each word: Countess Louisa, Mona Lisa, Paris, Art, Tolstoy, Leonardo da Vinci. I didn't know what all these words stood for, but I grasped that they were essential to the debate. No matter what was talked about at our house, the conversation always led to the topic of the Torah and the world, the Jews and other peoples.

After a while, my brother took out a Russian grammar and began to study—*imia sushchestvitelnoye*, *imia prilegatelnoye*, *glagol* (noun, adjective, verb). He resembled my mother, but he was tall and manly. I knew that the matchmakers had offered him a bride with a thousand-ruble dowry and six years' board at her father's house. But he refused. He said that one should marry only for love.

Hindele took some samples from her pocketbook: silk, velvet, satin. She was engaged to a young man from Antwerp. She had been chosen by his father, the preacher Reb Gedalya, who, though his sons went abroad, found them their brides. Hindele had large bright eyes and her face was rosy. Her hair was brown. The women in our courtyard used to say that she was blooming—save her from the Evil Eye. But we in the family knew the truth—she had sick nerves. One moment she laughed, the next she cried. One day she covered mother with kisses, another day she accused her of being her enemy and of trying to send her into exile. One day she was overly pious, the next she was blasphemous. She often fainted. She had even tried to throw herself out of the window.

To me and to my younger brother,

Moshe (who was asleep in the bedroom), she was always good. She brought us candy. She told us stories about a wild man with one eye in his forehead, about an island of fools, and about a young man who found a single golden hair and went to Madagascar to seek its owner.

While Hindele sorted through her samples, I made use of the pause to say, "Hindele, tell me a story."

The moment I said this, I heard unusually heavy steps on the stairs, deep breathing, and sighing. Then someone knocked on the door. My mother said, "Who can this be?"

"Mother, don't open," my sister warned. She was always afraid. She said that Warsaw was full of murderers and men who ride about in carriages, seduce girls, take them to Buenos Aires, and sell them as slaves. She even suspected that her father-in-law-to-be, Reb Gedalya, was one of these, that he let his white beard and sidelocks grow just to fool people.

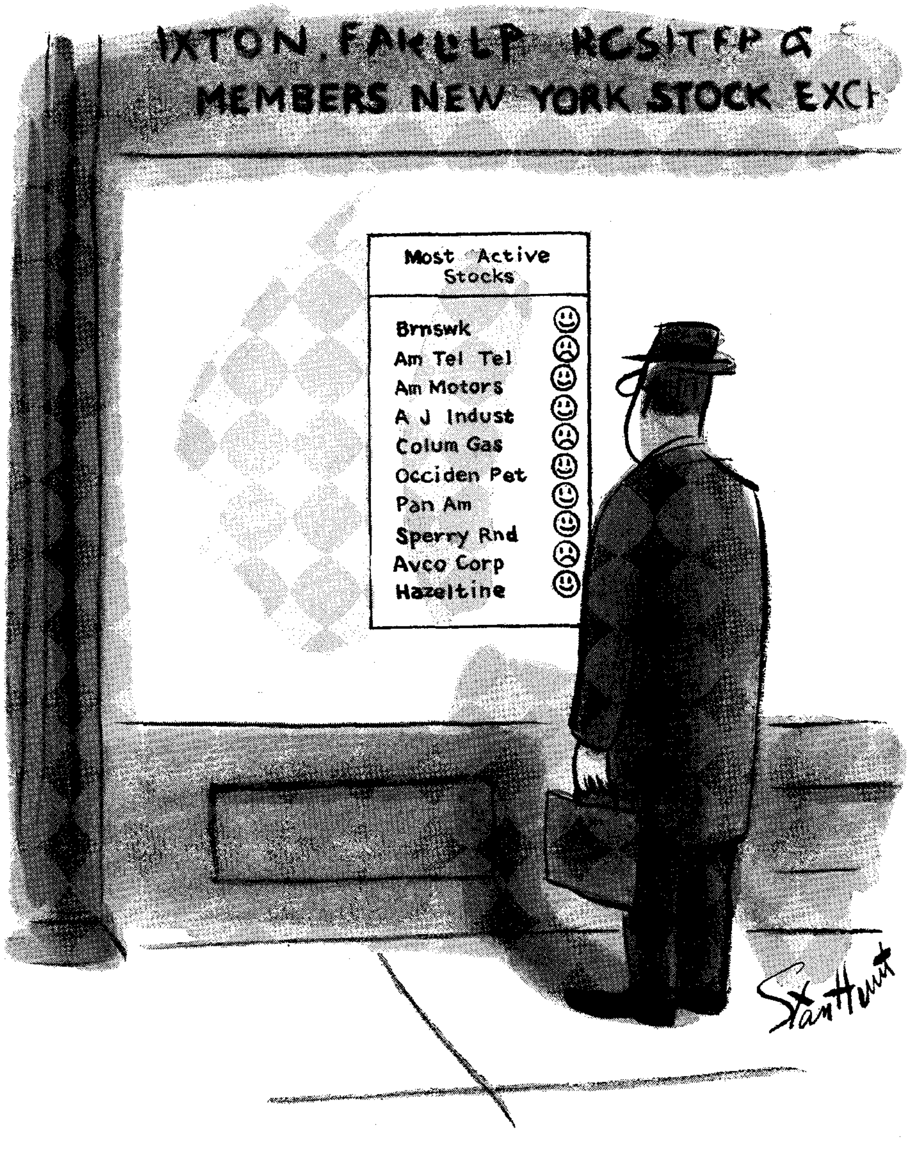
My mother opened the door and we saw an old woman dressed in clothes from the time of King Sobieski—a bonnet with a high crown hung with many colored ribbons, a beaded velvet cape, and an unusually long wide skirt, pleated and flounced, with a train. She wore long earrings. Her wrinkled face looked like a patchwork. In one hand she grasped a satchel with copper locks and outside pockets, in the other a bundle tied up in a flowered kerchief. It's my grandmother Tamerl, I thought.

The old woman looked around with beaming eyes. "Is this the residence of Pinchos Mendel?" she asked.

I had never heard anyone call my father by his first names. My mother looked at her in astonishment. "Yes, it is. Come in."

"Woe is me! Why do you live so high up?" the old woman asked in a voice that was both soft and strong.

Snow fell from her shoes, of which only the tips were visible. "Alas, this Warsaw is not just a city but a whole country," she complained. "The people run as though—God forbid—there were a fire. The train arrived even before the time of the pre-evening prayer, but no matter how many times I asked the way I could not find your street. You are most probably Bathsheba," she said to my mother. "And these are your children." She pretended to spit to ward off the Evil Eye. "They all take after their grandmother Tamerl. Where is Pinchos Mendel?"



"Please sit down. Put down your satchel. Warm yourself." My mother pointed out a chair.

"I am not cold, but I want to wash my hands for the evening prayer."

This was not like a woman speaking but more like a man and a scholar. My brother raised his eyes from the Russian grammar and looked at her, half in wonder and half in mockery. My sister gaped. The old woman put down her satchel and cried, "Children, I have brought you cookies! I baked them myself."

She opened the bundle and it was full of cookies. They smelled of cinnamon, almonds, clove, and spices whose names I didn't know but my nose recognized. It became Purim in our kitchen in the middle of winter. The chair that my mother offered was too narrow for the guest's billowing skirt. My mother helped her to remove her cape, but under it was another cape. She was all wrapped up in silk, velvet, bows, beads. Even though it was no holiday she wore around her neck a thick golden chain and a string of pearls.

"Great Matriarch Sarah!" my brother muttered.

My father entered the kitchen.

The old woman exclaimed, "Pinchos Mendel, it's you!"

My father did not look at her, since it was not correct to look at women, but he stopped. "Who are you?" he asked.

"Who am I? Your aunt, Itte Fruma."

My father's face lit up. "Itte Fruma!"

If it had been a man, he would have known what to say: "Peace be with you," or "Blessed be your arrival." But how does one greet a female? After a pause, he said in his simple manner, "Why did you come to Warsaw?"

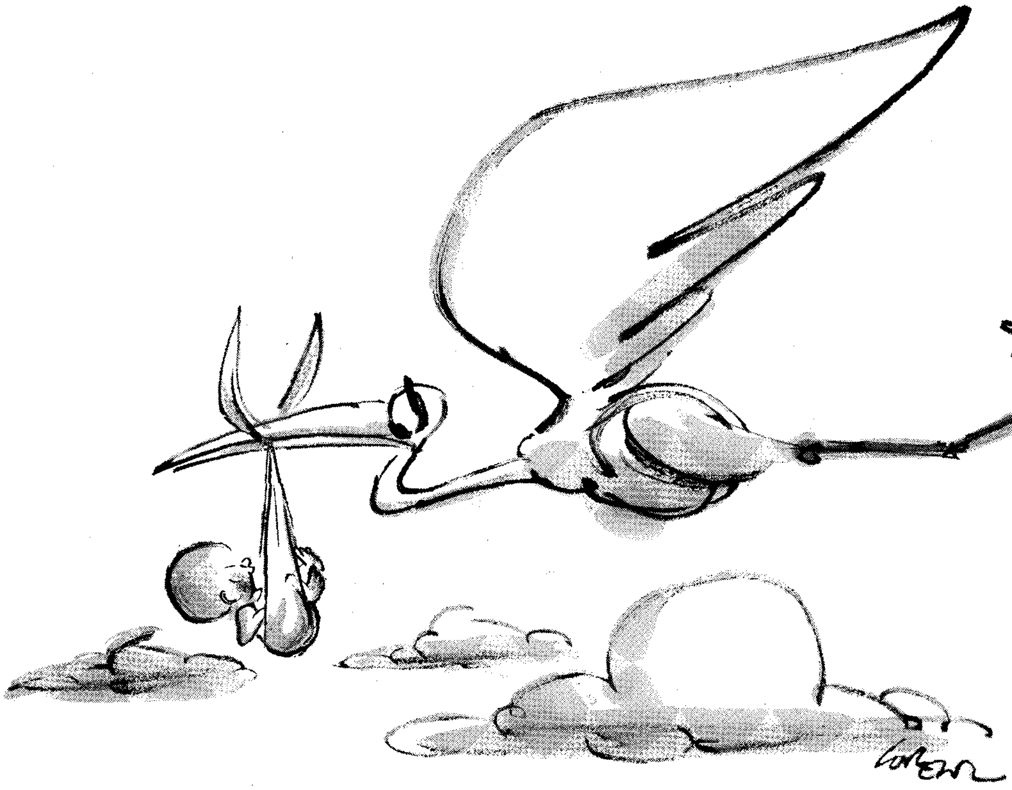
"It's a long story. I was left without a house."

"Did it—God forbid—burn down?"

"No. Someone gave it as dowry for his daughter."

"What do you mean?"

"There is in our town one Shachno Beiles. He has been my neighbor for many years. The poor man has ugly daughters—the youngest already over thirty and still not married. From where shall a pauper like this get a dowry? In short, he promised the young man my house. I learned about it only after their wedding. The bridegroom came to me and showed me in the engagement contract that my house was his house. I didn't want to shame Shachno Beiles. He is some kind of a scholar—and he did it because he was in distress. If I told his son-in-law that he had been deceived, he might have run away from his wife. I am already old, I thought, and they are just beginning to live. How long will I stay in this house? I have no one to leave it to but you, Pinchos Mendel. But since you live in Warsaw, why do you need a house in Tomashov? Besides, you are not a worldly man. To get some income from a house you have to be shrewd. The roof needs fixing and there are other repairs. The expense of travelling there and back would be more than you could make from it. Well—so I left them the house. One must leave everything anyhow. One takes nothing to Heaven except good deeds. So I packed my bundle and came here."



"Establishment tool! Fink! Imperialist lackey! Hireling!"

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My mother looked at her with both sympathy and derision. I saw that Hindele was choking with suppressed laughter. My brother's face expressed ridicule. His lips moved, and I knew what they were saying: "Asia—Asiatics." The only one who did not seem surprised was my father. He said, "Well, I understand. Where will you live?"

Aunt Itte Fruma answered, "With you."

MY mother spoke plainly to my father: if his Aunt Itte Fruma was going to stay in our house, my mother would take me and my brother Moshe to her father's in Bilgoray. My brother Joshua let it be known that he would move out the next day. My sister Hindele cried, laughed, and warned that she would return the engagement contract and go to America. All this talk went on when Aunt Itte Fruma was absent. She had another relative in Warsaw, and she went to visit him. At night, my father gave his bed to his aunt. He made himself a bed on a bench in the study.

Aunt Itte Fruma slept little; she conducted herself like an ancient Chassidic scholar. She prayed three times a day. She got up in the middle of the night and lamented the destruction of the Temple. She did not eat meat on weekdays, only on the Sabbath; Monday and Thursday she fasted. We had never heard of an old woman going to the ritual bath—it was for young women who cleansed themselves for their husbands—but Aunt Itte Fruma went to the ritual bath. Joshua, who liked to make fun of people, assured us that Aunt Itte Fruma wore a fringed undergarment like a man. It could have been true. I had a great-grandmother, Hinde Esther, the one my sister was named for, and she really wore a fringed garment and went on pilgrimages to the rabbi of Belz. Her husband, Isaac, whose namesake I was, went to the rabbi of Tshernoble. In our family, everything was possible. Aunt Itte Fruma's skirt and train took up half a room. She could hardly pass through the door. She blew her nose with a kind of kerchief only rabbis use. She snuffed tobacco from a carved bone box. With every step she took, she caused damage. She broke dishes, knocked over an inkwell, upset a kerosene lamp. Our apartment was turned topsy-turvy. We noticed that she was wearing all the clothes she owned. In her satchel, which she left open, there was only a huge prayer book and some jewelry.

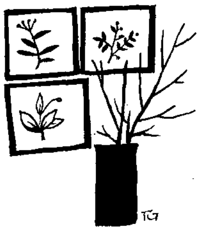
"Where is her linen?" my mother asked herself and the rest of us. "Has she lost her mind?"

My brother Joshua said, "She's senile." He now slept at the house of a friend. He had wanted to move out for a long time. He planned to wear modern clothes and study painting.

The third day after her arrival, Aunt Itte Fruma had a conversation with my sister. When Hindele told her she was engaged, Aunt Itte Fruma took the heavy gold chain from her neck and gave it to her. My sister refused to take it, but Aunt Itte Fruma insisted. "What do I need a chain for?" she said. "I can't take it to the grave."

My sister showed the chain to all of us. It had the kind of clasp that goldsmiths no longer made. The chain itself must have weighed a pound. Hindele went with it to a jeweller, and he told her that it was fourteen-carat gold.

All our neighbors and everyone on the street heard about the unusual visitor. Pious women, charity workers came to meet her and converse with her. Aunt Itte Fruma told them of numerous miracles performed by the wonder rabbis. She spiced her Yiddish with Hebrew expressions. She recommended magic cures for headaches, pressure around the heart, ringing in the ears, catarrh. She sat in our kitchen and held court like a lady of the manor. She didn't have a single tooth in her mouth. And when she ate it was only oatmeal and borsch in which she dipped crusts of bread. My mother spoke quietly, but Aunt Itte Fruma had a loud voice. She could be heard in all the rooms.



I WAS pleased with this aunt's visit. I ate all her cookies. I had heard my mother say that she would take me and my brother to Bilgoray, which meant that we would go on a train, see fields, forests, and not go to cheder. Aunt Itte Fruma's stories fascinated me. She told about the thirty-six concealed saints, of demons disguised as yeshiva boys, of hobgoblins, mocking spirits, werewolves, imps. She had seen for herself the famous virgin of Krashnik who was possessed by a dibbuk. Aunt Itte Fruma had spoken to the dibbuk, and she told us about it. When she asked the dibbuk why he had taken possession of this girl, he answered, "A new meddler has arrived on the scene! Pick up and go back to where you came from." He called her a hypocrite, a holier-than-thou, an oil anointer. He told her that she had a birthmark on her left breast, and it was true.

The women of Krochmalna Street listened to the stories and sighed, blew their noses, shook their heads. They brought the old woman little offerings—a slice of honey cake, a roasted apple, a dish of stewed prunes. Aunt Itte Fruma gave them all to us children. I kissed her hand and she pinched my cheek.

She said to me, "Your great-grandfather, whose namesake you are, could have become a rabbi, but he refused. He studied all day long, and your great-grandmother, Hinde Esther, provided for the family. I knew them both well. She had a drygoods store, but between one customer and the next she read 'The Heritage of the Deer.' Once, a merchant from Lublin entered her store and saw a Turkish shawl there that he liked and bought for his wife. He gave her a five-ruble banknote, and she returned the change. A few hours later, your great-grandmother figured out that the merchant had overpaid her six pennies. She immediately closed the store and went to the inn to look for this merchant. But he had already left. She didn't know his address, not even his name—only that he was from Lublin. And Hinde Esther knew the law that if one takes so much as one penny that doesn't belong to one, repentance will not help. One had to find the person and give him back his property even if he had gone overseas. Your pious great-grandmother—may she intercede in Heaven for us all—left her business and went to Lublin to find the merchant. For a week and a half, she sought him in all the synagogues, all the study houses, hostelries, and stores, until she finally found him and gave him back his six pennies. It cost her a lot of money, in addition to the fact that her store was closed. This was your great-grandmother."

One day, Aunt Itte Fruma went to spend the night with her other relative. My father moved back to his bed again and I slept with him. In the middle of the night I awoke. I heard my father speak, but he wasn't in bed with me. His voice seemed to come from my mother's bed, which was placed head to foot with his bed. How was this possible, I asked myself. Could my father have gone to my mother's bed? Could my father, the rabbi, defile himself in this way? I held my breath. I heard my father say, "She is a saint. It is a privilege to have her in our house."

"She is too much of a saint," my mother replied. "If this man gave her house as dowry, he is a swindler. It is not written in any book that one must allow the daughter of a swindler to take over one's house—and then become a burden to others. Forgive me, but this is sheer folly."

"It is written that it is better to be burned in a kiln than to shame another," my father said. "Everyone in town would have found out what this man had done and he would have been degraded. His son-in-law might have run away."

I wanted to cry out "Daddy!" but some instinct told me to be silent. I closed my eyes and went right to sleep.

The next day, my Aunt Itte Fruma returned and let us know that she was moving out. She was going to live with this other relative, who wasn't kindred of ours. He was a connection of her late husband's. He was a watchmaker, and all his children were married. He had a large apartment on Prosta Street.

For a year and a half, Aunt Itte Fruma lived there. She used to visit us, and she always brought a kerchief with Sabbath cookies, walnuts, raisins. She spoke to my father about the Torah. She told us many stories about grandfathers, great-grandfathers, great-uncles, great-aunts. On my father's side, I had family in Hungary and Galicia. My brother Joshua grew fond of her, and without her knowledge he drew her portrait. When my sister, Hindele, got married, the wedding took place in Berlin. Aunt Itte Fruma gave her a wedding present. My mother regretted that she had spoken against her. She now admitted that Itte Fruma was a holy woman, like one of the ancients.

One day, I was told that Aunt Itte Fruma had died. She was in her late eighties. Even though she had resided in Warsaw only eighteen months, she had quite a large funeral. The community elders gave her a plot among the distinguished citizens. She left my mother her earrings and her thick prayer book, which was bound in wooden covers and had a brass clasp. I often browsed in this prayer book. It had prayers and lamentations not to be found in other prayer books—recitals for fast days in memory of the martyrs of Chmielnicki's time, Gonta's time, ordeals in Prague, in Frankfurt, even in France. The pages were yellow from age, spotted with droppings of tallow from candles and with traces of tears. God knows how many grandmothers and great-aunts had used it. It had an aroma of the Days of Awe, of smelling salts used on Yom Kippur; it reminded one of Gentile edicts and God's miracles for His tried people. Some of the supplications and liturgies were translated into Yiddish-German with a script that looked half written and half printed.

One morning, I heard my father say, "She gave up a house in Tomashov and has built herself a mansion in Paradise."

"Will we visit her there?" I asked.

"Who knows? If we deserve it."

"Look at this boy!" My mother suddenly became angry. "Wash your face. Go to cheder. Don't ask such silly questions!" —ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Dorothea Straus.)

•

Nader operates from two little-known Washington addresses and two unlisted telephones—one in the hallway outside the $80-a-month furnished room that has been his home for the past five years, the other in his one-room office in the National Press Building. He rarely answers knocks on the door and sometimes lets the telephone ring; the surest way to reach him is to send a telegram.—*Time*.

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REFLECTIONS

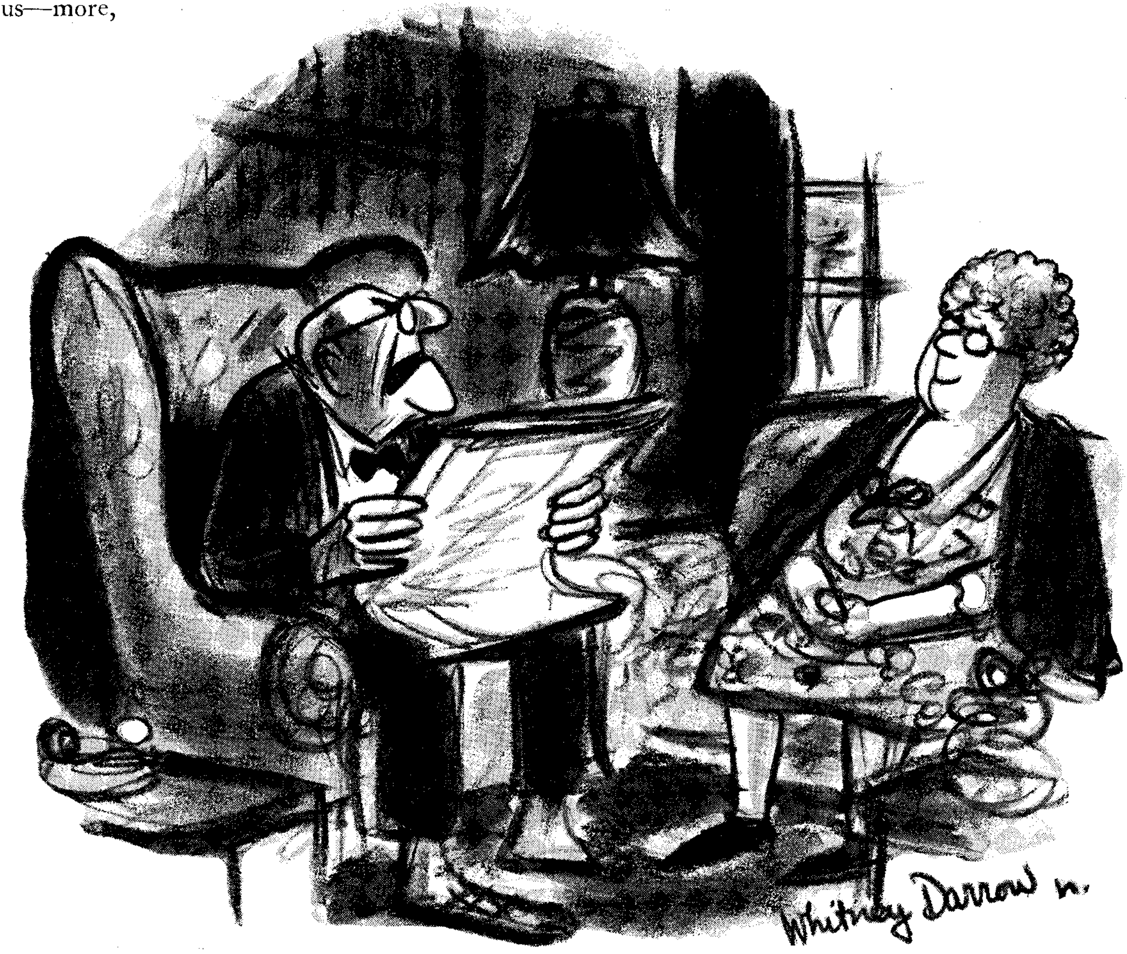
ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

THE absence of plot from the modern novel is often commented on, like the absence of characters. But nobody has called attention to the disappearance of another element, as though nobody missed it. We have almost forgotten that descriptions of sunsets, storms, rivers, lakes, mountains, valleys used to be one of the staple ingredients of fiction—not merely a painted backdrop for the action but a component evidently held to be necessary to the art. The nineteenth-century novel was full of "descriptive writing;" a course called that was still given at Vassar when I was an undergraduate. How innocent and young-ladylike that sounds now, bringing back the push-pulls and whorls of Palmer Method penmanship.

We have come a long way from the time when the skill of an author was felt to be demonstrated by his descriptive prowess: Dickens' London fogs, Fenimore Cooper's waterfalls, forests, prairie, Emily Brontë's moors, Hardy's heath and milky vales, Melville's Pacific. Yet in their day these were taken as samplings of the author's purest creative ore, his vein of genius—more, even, than character portrayal or plot handling. In the old triad of plot, character, and setting, the setting, including Nature and her moods, supplied the atmosphere in an almost literal sense; it was the air the novel breathed, like the life-sustaining air surrounding Mother Earth. The set pieces of description in the English and American nineteenth-century novel correspond to the primacy of landscape in English painting. "The Mill on the Floss" recalls Constable, and vice versa. In the fresh, delicate strokes of George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, Hardy, there are affinities with the watercolor and the sketch: Cotman, Turner, the notations of Ruskin, and, again, Constable—his skies, woodland, weirs. But the English novel is also redolent of the prepared oil painting. Hardy's landscapes with cattle, his markets and fairs suggest the English animal painters. Dickens evokes coaching scenes, and his lurid sunset Thames seems directly inspired by late canvases of Turner.

On the Continent, there were the hunts of Turgenev and Tolstoy, Mme. Bovary's autumn rides in the woods, Tolstoy's peasants reaping and threshing, the sawmill in Stendhal. On the whole, though, there is less easel scenery in Continental fiction than in our own; a simple test is whether you can skip the "boring parts"—i.e., the descriptive passages—without missing some of the action. It is easier to do this with Melville or Hardy than with Flaubert, in whose novels Nature is more functional, as in the famous contrapuntal scene of the Agricultural Fair. And with an author like the Austrian Adalbert Stifter ("Colored Stones") the test works in reverse: if you skip the snowstorm in "Rock Crystal" or the Hungarian plain in "Brigitta," you will have no story left, for these tales are deposits of Nature, like mineral specimens on which a few spores of human life have survived.

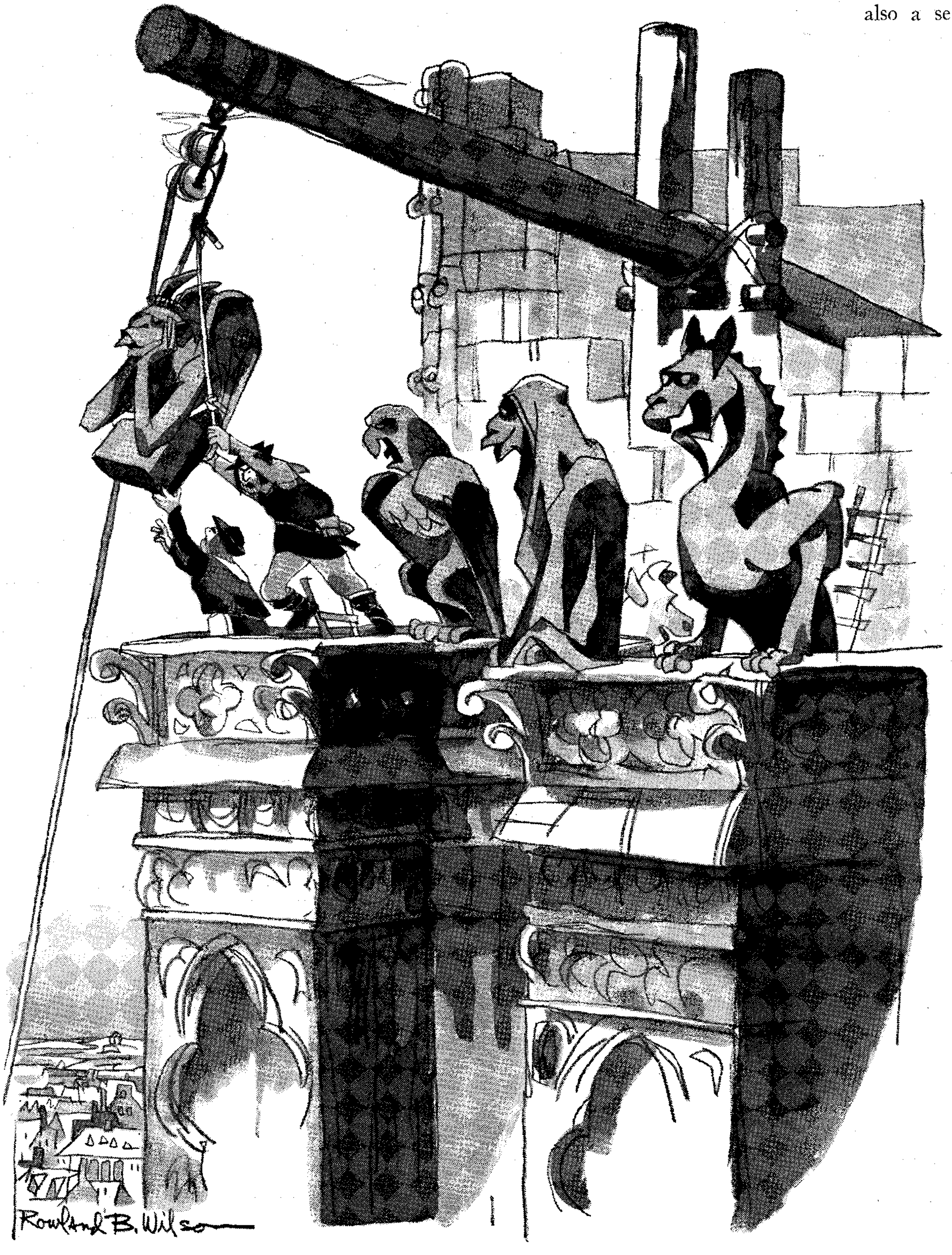
Yet, despite differences in their handling of landscape and the elements, most of the "old" authors had in common a notion of Nature as belonging to the cast of characters of a novel: sometimes as a chorus, jeering or sympathetic, sometimes as one of the principal actors, even the prime antagonist—the role it inevitably plays in stories of the sea. The obvious exception is Jane Austen. There Nature appears as a shower interrupting a walk, a source of wet feet, drafts, and colds, and this matches the scarcity of physical description of her characters. You know how much money her people have but not the color of their eyes. Another exception is Dostoevsky. Yet in Jane Austen's moral scheme Nature—or, rather, the natural, the reverse of affectation—is in fact a guarantor of value, just as it is in Shakespeare, whereas in Dostoevsky the unnatural (an unnatural crime, unnatural sons, unnatural desires and impulses) has become the most natural thing in the world, and no evident reason can be found in the nature of things—though perhaps one exists, finally—to argue against a student's kill-


Whitney Darrow Jr.

"O.K. My heart doesn't entwine itself verdantly still, so sue me."

ing an old pawnbroker. For the modern town-dwellers of Dostoevsky (and this is *where* he is modern), there is nothing "outside." Even virgin America, in "The Possessed," instead of being an Eden, is a scene of gang labor and sordid exploitation—not an unspoiled wilderness but a pestilential cabin.

Among the writers of our own century, it is chiefly Faulkner who sees Nature as a force in human destiny, and he also shares with the nineteenth-century Naturalists an interest in genetics and the inheritance of traits; the word "nature," after all, derives from *natus*—born. It is your "born" hand, the left one, in palmistry. Joyce, too, though in an urban setting, insists on what is "outside"—river, sea, strand, elm ("Telmetale of stem or stone"), the snow in "The Dead" falling softly over Ireland, a universal blanket or shroud. In "Finnegans Wake," the snoring Earwicker is the hero of a cosmic Nature myth, in which the thunderstorms popular in nineteenth-century fiction become the onomatopoeic growl of thunder in primitive Indo-European speech forms—"bababadalgharaghtakamminarronnkonnbronntonnerronntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntoohoohoordenenthurnuk!"—as well as Earwicker's snores. Joyce, however, is interested not in genetics (which have a "story line," development, mutation) but in the static Family of Man: death and resurrection, sleeping and waking. At the same time, his famous seesay ("Ulysses") is also a seesaw; for Stephen Dedalus, what is "outside" has lost its absoluteness and sovereignty, and is only a flickering series of notations on the perceptual screen. This fall into relativity is even more emphatic in Virginia Woolf. It is felt in Proust, too, though with a difference, since he learned from George Eliot and Ruskin, for both of whom Nature was a moral law. But for Proust what is "outside" is inconstant, depending on the "way" you elect to take, like the optical capers performed by the village church steeples near Combray, which appear to move as the viewer's position changes.



"Look. You think they're hideous and I think they're hideous, but maybe the bishop doesn't think they're hideous."

Such conjuring stunts, including mirages, quicksands, the ventriloquism of the echo, "painted" turtles, the mockingbird, all the monkey tricks of animal mimicry, constitute Nature's freak show and tend to produce the opposite of a sense of sacred awe. This is evident in the case of Vladimir Nabokov, a professional lepidopterist and an amateur of botany and ornithology. There is a great deal of Nature in him but also a great deal of affectation. For him, the natural world is the clever artifact of a showman closely resembling the artist-as-prankster; the curio cabinet of his fiction reveals a schoolboy's hoard of specimens, human and non-human, collected and mounted, with a special partiality for the ephemerids—like the nymphet Lolita—impaled on pins. At the other

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pole, perhaps illustrating a class difference, is the sentient Nature of D. H. Lawrence, who was bred in the coalpits, and whose language trembled with wonder on approaching a single wild flower.

For Lawrence, as for Faulkner, something formidable exists beyond man-in-society and beyond the natural sciences as well—something both innate and transcendent. Faulkner's sole inheritor on the contemporary American scene is Mailer, who treats himself, on the one hand, as a natural force and, on the other, as a culture hero, a Hell-harrower, Herakles cleaning the Augean stables and putting on the shirt of the Centaur when making out his alimony checks. He can describe a bear hunt ("Why Are We in Vietnam?"), make symbolic use of a deer park, and introduce a living elephant into his latest non-fiction epic ("Miami and the Siege of Chicago"). His competitor, Bellow, tried something of the sort with "Henderson the Rain King" and with the eagle in "The Adventures of Augie March," but Nature is not Bellow's "scene": when he touches this wild material, it turns into fable, not myth; Henderson in the lions' den is a figure in a Talmudic vaudeville.

On the Continent, this side of the Iron Curtain, the natural world is in almost total eclipse. There was no Nature in Gide, not much in Mann; there is none in Sartre, very little in Malraux and Moravia. With the exception of Silone, a "regionalist," whose fictions are close to parable ("The Seed Beneath the Snow"), among the writers considered significant today the outdoors has, at best, a sort of hallucinatory presence. The blinding sun in Camus's "L'Étranger" which causes the hero to commit a murder, the sinister North African mountain in Claude Ollier's "La Mise en Scène," the frightening smashed centipede on the wall of Robbe-Grillet's "La Jalousie" are all in some way abstract or cryptic, signifying the retreat of the "outside" from cognition. The tropisms of Nathalie Sarraute, which refer to biology, are little, darting movements of attraction and repulsion of the life substance enlarged by the novelist's microscope. For the "new" writers, Nature, far from being a touchstone of value, is a source of disquiet, an unknowable quantity; the more minutely an object is studied as it impinges on the perceptual screen, the more mysterious it becomes, owing to the lack of perspective. Nature is not a reference point, outside man, giving the scale, but something inseparable from the viewer and his cognitive processes, themselves thrown into doubt.

Surprisingly at first sight, considering the empty landscape of the recent novel in France and Italy, there is quite a bit of weather, usually hot. But where the weather in the nineteenth-century novel supplied mood music for the characters' reveries, aided or interfered with their projects, as it does in life, here (Moravia, Duras, Robbe-Grillet, Le Clezio, Ollier) it subjects characters to a more or less uniform pressure; it is "close," confining, an atmosphere productive of aberrations, as in a terrarium. And this is true even when, exceptionally, the oppressive climate is northern—e.g., in Butor's "L'Emploi du Temps," set in the pervasive gray damp of an English industrial town, which is as hallucinatory to the hero as a rainy jungle of the Amazon.

In general, landscape, where it is found at all in the recent Western novel, tends to be exotic—tropical or subtropical, Mexican, North African, Central African, Greek Islandish, Capricious—and this, of course, reflects the average contemporary experience, for which the outdoors is strictly a vacation area, pictured in travel brochures and airline advertising. Already the safaris and duck hunts of Hemingway had less in common with the hunts of Turgenev and Tolstoy—or with Lawrence's "The Fox"—than with the present-day escape industry, in which seasonal expatriates and fashion models, following the sun, look for unspoiled corners of the earth to despoil. Even Hemingway's early fishing stories, set in the North Woods, struck a mannered and self-conscious note; compare "Huckleberry Finn." What betrays the bad faith of Hemingway is the invariable intrusion of the social into a natural context: hierarchies, exclusions, competitive *brio*. He is concerned with behavior, which he confuses with action and conduct. Among his American followers, *anti*-social behavior may be inserted in the outdoors, with incongruous effects; consider the skin-diving hero of James Jones' "Go to the Widow-Maker" (the title is from Kipling), in his snorkel, masturbating in a deep-sea cave.

BUT to understand the disappearance of what might be called the normal outdoors—sunsets, birds, trees, fields, pastures, waterfalls—from the contemporary novel it is important to

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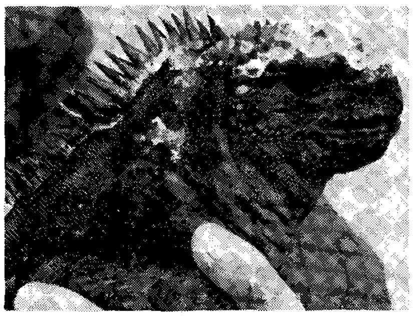

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recall that it was not always an important presence. The great explosion of Nature into fiction occurred in the nineteenth century. Early in the century, descriptive writing had abounded not in prose but in the verse of the Romantic poets, though actually, in England, the *plein-air* movement of poets and poetry had begun in the Age of Classicism. It coincided with the Industrial Revolution (begun circa 1760); that is, with the erosion of the countryside by the dark Satanic mills. James Thomson's "The Seasons" is usually given as the demarcation point, following Wordsworth's claim that, with two exceptions, English poetry between "Paradise Lost" and "The Seasons" (about sixty years) does not contain "a single new image of external nature and scarcely presents a familiar one that seems to be drawn directly from experience and worked on by imagination." In fact, the Romantic poets may have represented the last spurt of an impulse found in Thomson, Cowper, Collins, Akenside, even Crabbe, not to mention Blake sitting naked with his wife in his garden. Still, we see Nature-worship less in Blake's tiger or Collins' weak-eyed bat than in the effusions of their successors: Hymns to Mont Blanc, "Lines Left Upon a Seat in a Yew-Tree . . . on a Desolate Part of the Shore Commanding a Beautiful Prospect." Wordsworth had a habit of leaving his verses behind him, to be reabsorbed by Nature in her metabolic process, as though his bardic utterance were some sort of organic material: "Written with a Slate Pencil Upon a Stone, the Largest of a Heap Lying near a Deserted Quarry. . . ." He kept copies, however, which went in the normal way to the printer.

As everyone knows, the Romantic poets were fond of the common wild flower—the celandine, the oxlip, the field daisy, the snowdrop—and of autumn leaves, larks, and cuckoos; that is, of Nature in its most ordinary and minute particulars. But the words "desolate" and "deserted" point to the true Romantic taste in the outdoors—a taste you do not find in the previous generation, mostly stay-at-homes. For Wordsworth and his circle, the "little unpretending rill," the "Brook! whose society the Poet seeks," the field of yellow daffodils but, even more kindling to fancy, lakes, mountains, lonely shores—what used to be known as "scenery."

"Scenery," a word seldom used nowadays, could be defined as Nature arranged in purple passages for the traveller. In principle, you have to trav-

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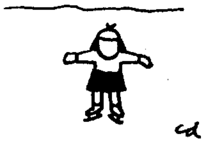
el to find scenery, which was the only kind of Nature that Byron responded to; Shelley, too, had a liking for Promethean vantage points of a sort not found in rural England. But Wordsworth and his friends accepted the ethical task of showing that scenery was also distributed democratically, in small units, in your own back yard; the lesser celandine should produce the same moments of exaltation, of communion with the infinite, as a mountain pass or the roaring ocean. This is the burden of Coleridge's beautiful poem "This Lime-Tree Bower My Prison," in which he regrets that, owing to an injury, he cannot accompany his friends to a waterfall and wild dell where the adder's-tongue and mountain ash grow, but comforts himself for the loss by seeing "good" in the humblebee and the bean flower and ivy of his own domestic bower, shaded by lime and walnut. More prosily, Wordsworth actually wrote a poem to the "Spade of a Friend (an Agriculturalist): Composed While We Were Labouring Together in His Pleasure-Ground."



There is no doubt that Romanticism, as this circle practiced it, was a social doctrine—a protest against industrialism. In "The Excursion" (1814), Wordsworth declaims against the pollution of the countryside by the manufactories. A bell of doom rings out over the afternoon fields calling children and women as well as men and boys to work the night shift at the cotton mill, yet the poet is under no illusion that rural toil, as he observes it, is much better. He has gone beyond the whistling farm boy of Thomson's "The Seasons," running happily behind the plow. For Wordsworth,

Our life is turned
Out of her course, wherever man is made
An offering, or a sacrifice, a tool
Or implement, a passive thing employed
As a brute mean.

This is an echo of Kant ("Act so as to use mankind, whether in your own person or that of another, always as an end, never as merely a means"), and in the poet's criticism of technological progress there is a foreshadowing of Tolstoy:

A bondage lurking under shape of good—
Arts, in themselves beneficent and kind,
But all too fondly followed and too far.

In this poem, Wordsworth is also worried by the population explosion. The balance of Nature, as he knew it in his boyhood, is being undone by industry, by the robotization of the farm laborer, and by demographic increase. The only remedy he perceives is universal education, plus migration to the colonies; he fastened his hopes for England on the Empire. . . . As for the poet himself, opting out was his sole resource. The Romantic protest forlornly anticipated the hippie movement by more than a hundred and fifty years: Coleridge's and De Quincey's opium, the colony of friends in the Lake Country, where Coleridge, city-bred, rejoices that his child will grow up by "lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags of ancient mountain."

This savage scenery, which was associated with a sense of freedom, also revealed itself to the Romantic painters. Nature painting, as such, came in with the Romantic movement: peaks, cliffs, caverns, storms at sea. Landscape had entered painting in the Renaissance, as a background to a portrait or as the sympathetic setting of a sacred event—a Nativity or Baptism or Transfiguration. Snow-covered distant peaks, appropriately, were first seen in the Swiss painters of the Renaissance. And before the Romantic period there was the landscape painting of Poussin, classical in design but tinged with Romantic feeling; there were Claude Lorrain, Cuyp, Ruisdael, Gainsborough, Richard Wilson.

Roughly speaking, the pre-Romantics saw Nature in its ordered aspect—as the classic *rus* of the Eclogues and the Georgics—and the Romantics saw it as wild, insubordinate, elemental. The classic *rus*, whose gods were Vertumnus and Pomona, was a celebration of the *routines* of Nature, the calendar of agriculture. You find the same classic *rus* in a great deal of pre-Romantic verse—above all, in Crabbe and in "The Seasons." The classic *rus* is the harbinger of Romantic Nature both in poetry and in painting. It is the barn swallow preceding a great flight of eagles. Or the "market cart" as a Trojan horse out of which would spring the wild horses of Géricault and Delacroix.

Yet this distinction, which would admit into the *rus* the hunters in Bruegel's snowy scene, has a hard time taking in the pageantry of Claude Lorrain, on the one hand, and Ruisdael, on the other. Another difference, perhaps more significant, is that in Romantic painting, for the first time (or almost, leaving out the animal painters), you find landscape with no people in it. No gods or goddesses, no peasants, no picnickers. Just empty Nature—

clouds, trees, waves, rocks, waterfalls. Here Ruisdael must be counted as the great precursor. Those lonely brown woodlands traversed by mysterious roads, like the arteries of some unknown life system, appear at first glance utterly uninhabited, and the tiny figures that can usually be descried at second glance were in fact put in by an assistant, to satisfy seventeenth-century convention; Ruisdael, it seems, did not know how to paint the human form—or did not care to learn. (The same is said of Claude.) In his forest landscapes, twisted oaks are the principal place spirits, and, aside from some tawny, vegetablelike cottages, the still, ribbony roads leading nowhere were the sole allusion he was capable of making to man's presence in the universe. The painter was alone with Nature. This did not occur again for more than a century.

Solitude marks the change, just as in poetry. The Romantic poet, wrapped in a cloak, contemplating the sea, the mountains, the desert, was the unique spectator: Shelley in the Euganean Hills, far from the "polluted multitude." And something of the sort seized the novel a little later in the century. The characters were held offstage while the author communed with Nature, penning a description of the setting and the accompanying weather. A nineteenth-century novel frequently opened with a panorama of the region, which eventually narrowed to pick out a single small figure crossing the poetic space. Think of Cooper's "The Prairie" or the wonderful aerial perspective of the first chapter of Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi," with the "camera" swooping down to focus on Don Abbondio. Or Egdon Heath and the reddleman. Or the "questionable" sound of the weaver's loom coming from a stone cottage not far from a deserted stone pit, at the start of "Silas Marner."

The convergence on a single figure or group of figures in a bare, unpopulated landscape generally, in a novel, foreshadows a grim outcome, for the novel (unlike the tale) is a social medium; the poet may be led to inspired musings by an encounter with a leech-gatherer, but such a meeting in the first chapter of a novel would symbolize doom. Nature, whether man-ordered (Horace's Sabine farm) or pure and undefiled, like the Muses' spring, has always figured in literature as the opposite of Society. The town is the moral wilderness, even if it is only a village or hamlet, but this moral wilderness is the novel's stamping

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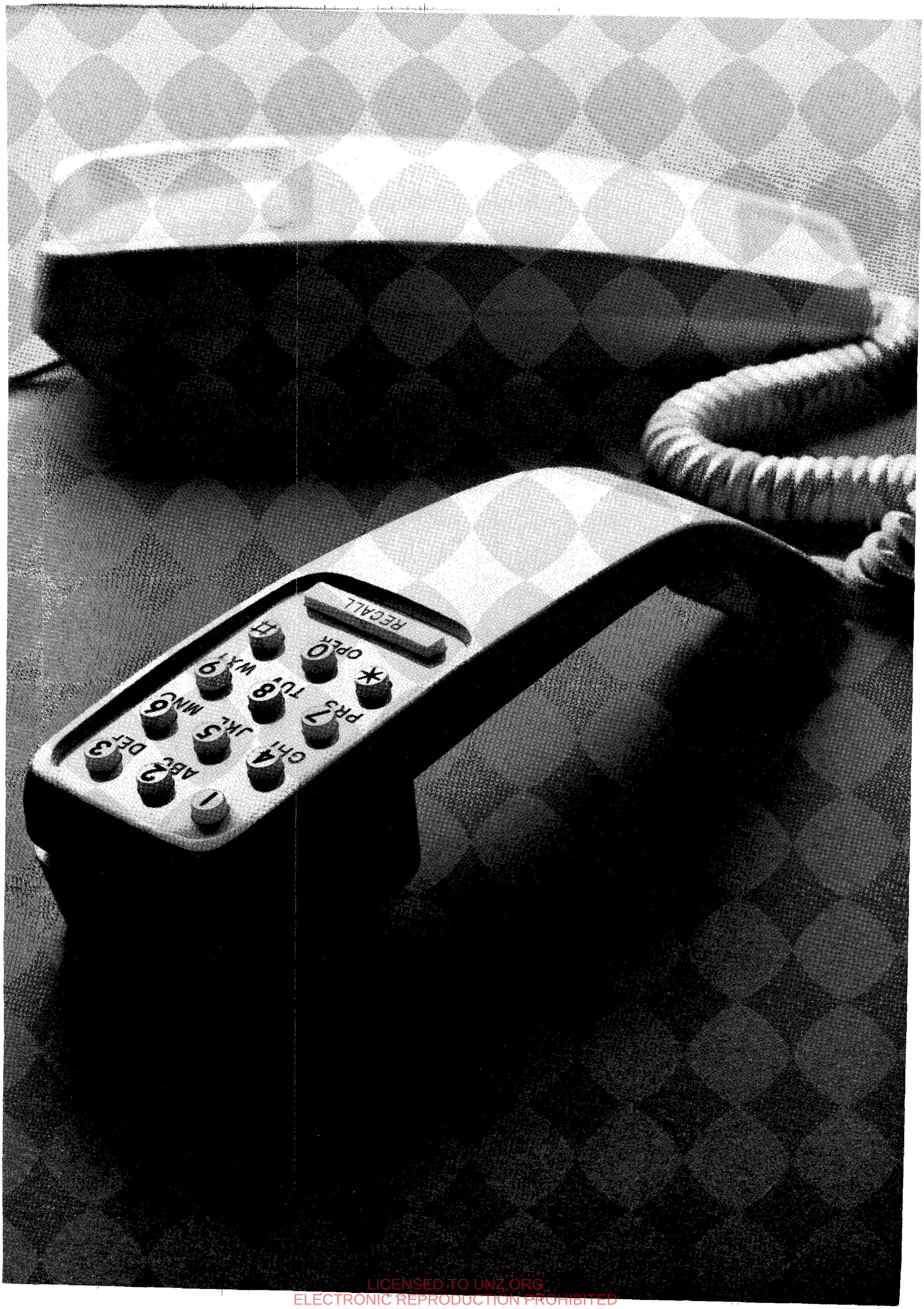
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ground, and, indeed, there is a territorial imperative that appears to call country-bred heroes and heroines to the town in order to complete their novelistic destiny: Emma Bovary, Julien Sorel, Tess, Pip, Jude, Renzo in "I Promessi Sposi."

In parenthesis, it ought to be said that in modern times the old vice-virtue opposition between city and country still holds, but with the difference that farmland and pasture and orchard are no longer equated with Nature in her purging, purifying aspect. This is particularly true in America, where "the great outdoors" is by convention limited to the West, the Southwest, and the North Woods—ranch country, Hemingway country, rattlesnake country, bear country, ABM country. This notion, which has belligerent moralistic overtones, identifies Nature with bigness. When Senator Joe McCarthy was preparing for his great crusade against "Communists in government," he did not retire to the Wisconsin dairyland to replenish his forces by contact with Mother Earth. He went west to Arizona, where he found "real Americans without any synthetic sheen on them." This ranch life, doubtless based on a frozen-food locker, was Joe McCarthy's version of Romantic pastoral.

IT is possibly no accident that Romanticism in politics and literature originated, with Rousseau, in Switzerland, the home of "scenery." Rousseau's natural man, alienated by institutions from his true self, is, of course, a fictive creature, like McCarthy's "real Americans," viewed as the salt of the earth, non-iodized. Yet if the reality of this fiction is accepted, if man-made institutions are regarded as a conspiracy against Nature or against man's natural goodness incorporated in the nation, then obviously the tall timber or the desert is a better school for reëducation than the farm. But if, on the contrary, country life, with its routines, is looked on as a repository of precious traditions, stored like preserves in the buttery, then the farm, with its dependencies of woodland, gristmill, carpentry shop, and so on, becomes the point of contact between man and animals, man and the seasons, man and the vegetable and aqueous worlds. That is how Tolstoy saw it, opposing what was false to what was natural, in human behavior as well as in medicine, art, the law, and farm methods, and the natural, for Tolstoy, included a great deal that had been learned, over centuries, and that it would be unnatural to forget, as people in society are wont to do. Thus, civilization was an organic accumulation, or compost, to which the common people—that is, the peasantry—had readier access than the bureaucrat or the worldling, either of whom might appear as a boor or a primitive in comparison to the God-fearing rustic. The earmarks of the natural were not always apparent to logic (serfdom, a "historical" institution, was an unnatural state of affairs—i.e., evil—whereas the village commune, another long-standing institution, was natural and good), but common sense, more prevalent among simple people than among the educated, was the faculty, almost like an animal instinct, by which the truth could be recognized. In fact, the characteristic of truth for Tolstoy was its recognizability; the truth (compare Socrates) is what we have "always" known. Hence, truth and Nature are the same; both are *there*, at once outside man and in his heart.

This view, which is easily confused with the doctrines of Romantic politics, since both oppose Society in its urban forms, does not, however, assume a natural goodness in man, or in Nature, either: rather, the reverse, as can be seen from Tolstoy's picture of war as a blind force, unaccountably sweeping the world and moving bodies of armed men back and forth across the map slaying and killing—like the destructive sexual passions, which rise and subside. War is a truth, seemingly permanent, that cannot be explained away by historians seeking proximate causes, which, if they had not been present, would have obviated this-or-that conflict. Despite Tolstoy's dislike of Shakespeare, there is much that is Shakespearean in his sense of Nature, including the importance he assigns to the truth-finding faculty of common sense—in Shakespeare, usually embodied in women, fools ("naturals"), and persons outside the main plot. Yet for Tolstoy passion, however destructive, is always superior to tepid good conduct, and this is no doubt a prejudice of epic and dramatic authors. In Stendhal, passion—the capacity for feeling it—is the great, the unique virtue: Mme. de Rênal, the Sanseverina, Count Mosca's jealousy. It is the untainted spring that gushes up from elemental sources, like the libertarian en-

ergy released by the arrival of Napoleon's army in Milan. In a way, this is surprising, for Stendhal is one of the most "social" of novelists, interested in power and the dynamics of social leverage. Julien Sorel, in "Le Rouge et le Noir," is a bundle of contradictions. The son of a carpenter in the mountainous Savoy region of the River Doubs (his career is probably a parody of Our Lord's, down to his martyrdom and burial in a marble-garnished grotto, mourned by two weeping women and a faithful disciple), he is a breath of fresh country air in the salons and drawing rooms of the Restoration. At the same time, this priest-educated child of Nature is handicapped by an inability to feel; he cannot respond appropriately to the "supreme moments" of passion offered him in all genuineness by Mme. de Rênal. Whether the inability to feel what you are *supposed* to feel is natural or unnatural is hard to decide with Stendhal, who probably did not know himself. Julien's malady is attributed in part to the times, to the choking off of the energies of the Revolution by the "black" hand of reaction; the same point is made in "La Chartreuse de Parme," in which Fabrice, a "natural child," a by-blow of the French Revolutionary armies, a spontaneous being who *can* feel, is walled up in the prison of a tower like a bird in an aviary.

Sudden tonelessness of feeling, a sort of psychic frigidity, is related, in Julien, to social ambition; as a "new man," he is worried about how he should be *behaving*, and in a careerist milieu Nature is not a very reliable prompter. That kind of frigidity and self-watchfulness is found repeatedly in the nineteenth-century novel: in Emma Bovary, in Frédéric Moreau, in Dickens' Pip, whose great expectations have stunted the lively, natural boy brought up in the country "by hand." Tolstoy and George Eliot noticed the phenomenon, which they connected with intellectual and bureaucratic activity (Karenin, Mr. Casaubon), and which, oddly, they saw as being accompanied by a sense of immense solitude, as though estrangement from Nature and total immersion in it (as in the case of the Ancient Mariner) could have the same effect.

Most of the best authors of our own time have advocated, in one way or another, a return to Nature or a radical simplification of society; D. H. Lawrence, Orwell, Mailer, Solzhenitzyn might all be classed as cranks or dropouts. Faulkner, when he was in the city, insisted on styling himself a

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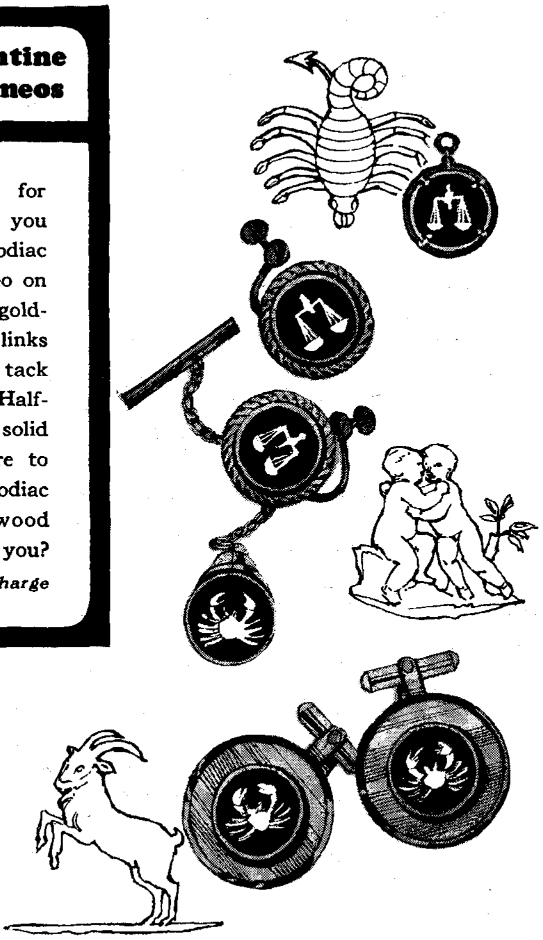

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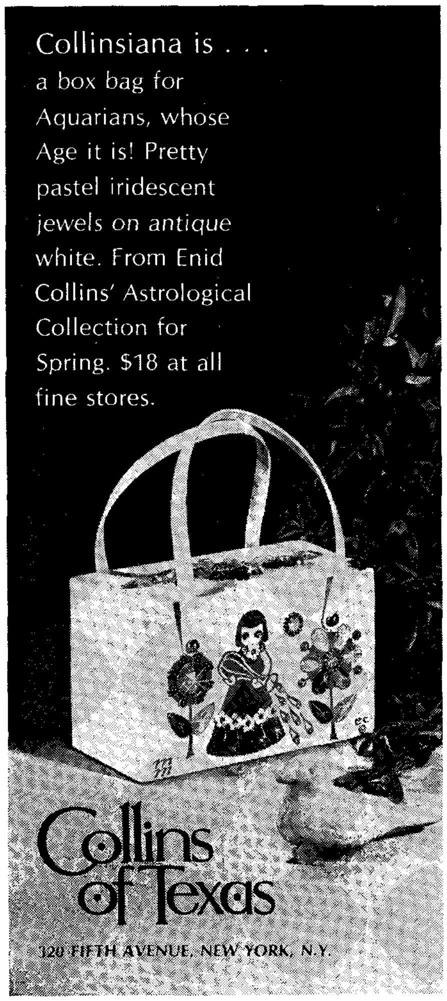
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"farmer." At the same time, the worst political movements have had at least one plank in their platforms advocating the restoration of something natural, whether it was the right to carry weapons ("Register Communists, not guns") or the right to drink untampered-with water ("Stop fluoridation"). The back-to-Nature impulse—natural foods, natural farming, freedom from state interference—is probably felt in equal measure by long-haired hippies in a desert community and members of the John Birch Society. Moreover, the logic of this impulse is generally anti-social and defiant of the majority. A return to Nature implies not merely a rejection of the mechanics of modern life but an actual conviction of being poisoned by their effluvia, whether these are identified as smog or the mass media or doctored H_2O from a state reservoir. A desire to burrow in the ground, below the contamination level, is seen in the vocabulary of radical youth, with its so-called underground press, and in the stockpiled shelters of the Minute Men.

When we are conscious of a loss of Nature in our lives, we are conscious, most of all, of a loss of solitude. If we complain about the disfigurement of the countryside and the rash of ugly houses that have broken out like a skin disease on the face of Nature everywhere, we are appalled not only by the wholesale destruction of scenery but by the sense of invasion this gives us: Where can a man hide himself? The Romantic poet brooding over a maelstrom, the Solitary Reaper, "She dwelt among the untrodden ways"—such images (the contrary of "Robinson Crusoe") already identified the human footprint with pollution. A man in Nature—truly so—is a man alone, plowing a furrow, climbing a mast, tracking an animal. Or if the man is not alone literally but is participating in a group activity such as reaping or hauling in a fishnet, he can still be "at one" with Nature, because the rhythm of the bodies makes them work as a single body—a human implement. An *awareness* of being "at one" with Nature, however, itself begins to constitute an intrusion; that is, two fishermen pulling in a net on the seashore appear natural, but two poets brooding side by side on the same strand would be ridiculous—one solitude too many.

AT this point, a definition is called for. What are the criteria by which we can recognize Nature? First of all, everyone would agree that a pool in a forest is Nature, while a goldfish bowl is not. Second, if Tolstoy was right (and I believe he was), Nature is antithetical to Society but not to civilization. The works of man—agriculture—are so woven into the primal fabric as to be a second nature. This is plain even to the most insensitive tourist in an "old" country like Tuscany, where windbreaks and olives and grapevines seem inseparable from the geological pattern of peaks and valleys making up the original scenery. The land has been husbanded, or married, by man. Its mountains have been quarried and mined, its rivers fished and dammed.

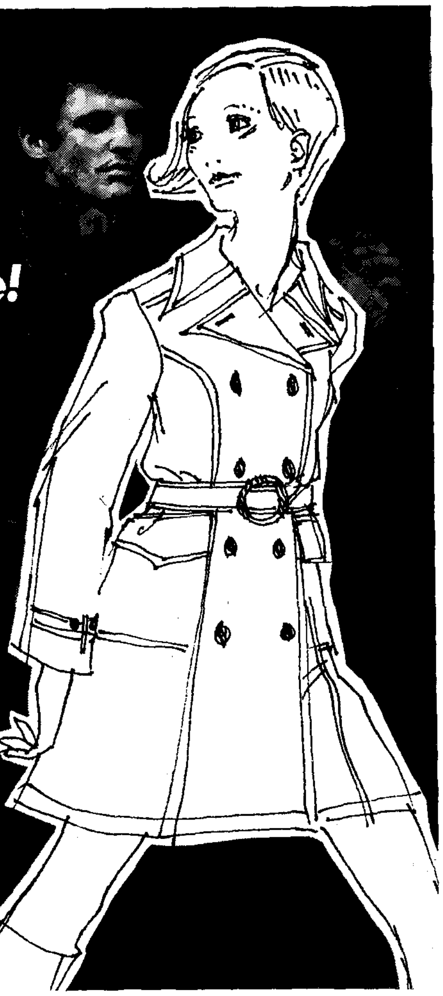
Take it visually. A weir in a river appears as a natural fact, and so does a water mill or a windmill or a haystack. To the painter's eye, the windmills are a feature of the landscape of Holland, just as though they had grown there. And a peasant's thatched cottage seems as much a part of Nature as a bird's nest; indeed, it is a sort of bird's nest. The painter's eye does not distinguish between a house designed by a bird for itself and a house designed by a cottager for himself. They are both products of Nature. The reason is that a peasant's thatched cottage, like a bird's nest, was designed not by an individual but by the species. And the form and the materials of the dwelling immediately identify the species of the occupant, just as with birds: the conical whitewashed *trulli* of Apulia, the bamboo-and-straw huts of Indochina, the chinked log cabins of the North . . . This is only another way of saying that the design is traditional and that local resources—brick, wood, tufa, reeds—have been taken advantage of; even marble has been used, for sills, in the mountains behind Carrara. And it is why a palace, like Versailles, despite the aging process, can never be a part of Nature, and a peasant's house can, even if it is not very old. Versailles was a rhetorical vehicle of self-expression for a series of kings. People often wonder why modern houses should stand out as eyesores in the country, though not in the city. This is because in modern design every house is conceived palatially; i.e., as a manifesto of the personality of the owner or of the ideas of the architect who drew the plans for it. It makes no difference whether these "palaces" are the result of cheap production or not; they are no longer the nests of the poor.

In the same way, for the painter a

battlemented castle can be an intrinsic part of Nature, because real castles are simply border forts, designed by a species for protection from its enemies. Like a spiderweb or a flycatcher plant. A castle can be solitary, silhouetted against the sky, but a palace can only be lonely, and often is, mythically—the palace of the Beast in "Beauty and the Beast" or a tycoon's palace on Fifth Avenue. A cottage on the Polish plain can be solitary, behind its dense paling of lilacs and raspberry bushes, but a ranch house can only be lonely, even if its next-door neighbor is a mere fifty feet away, or whatever the zoning law allows. The horror of modern ranch houses or modern Colonial cottages is the stench of loneliness they give off.

The question of ruins is interesting. It is probable that if Versailles were to go to rack and ruin, be invaded by nettles and wild flowers, it could be viewed as a natural spectacle—less moving than a ruined abbey or temple, perhaps more like a shipwreck. The taste for ruins—a Romantic symptom—became epidemic in nineteenth-century verse and fiction ("Tintern Abbey," "Ozymandias," the eerie scene at Stonehenge at the end of "Jude the Obscure," the Roman theatre in "The Mayor of Casterbridge," Daisy Miller in the Colosseum); the wreck of great undertakings symbolized the vanity of human wishes and the final word spoken by Nature. To evoke such sentiments, the dimensions of the ruin seem to have been important. A derelict hut was merely unsightly, and testified less to the awesome powers of Nature than to the neglect or misery of the owner. It was customary to muse on the amount of labor invested (the Pyramids) by anonymous, insectlike men. Abandoned quarries, of which there must have been a great number, and mine shafts overgrown with grass play a melancholy part in English nineteenth-century fiction and verse: Stephen Blackpool, Dickens' pariah weaver, meets his end by falling into the Old Hell Shaft in the country outside Coketown; the deserted stone pit filled with water near the house of that other pariah weaver, Silas Marner, yields up a robber's skeleton and Silas's moneybags, and at that same stone pit, in wintertime, a woman has frozen to death.

Abandoned, deserted, overgrown—the test of Nature's presence is some vivid indication of man's defeat, a test not met by, say, a junk yard, or beer cans floating on the sea. Nature is present if a man can feel himself soli-



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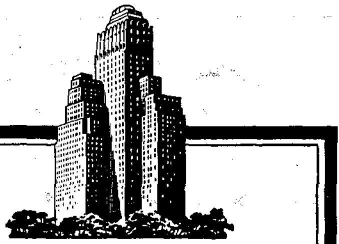

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tary in the spot he is in, alone in a world that is nevertheless alive with his fellow-creatures—insects and animals, fish and fowl. What we receive from Nature—the consolation she is supposed to offer us—is the sense of being in the presence of something greater than ourselves: larger, more perduring, grander. The immemorial oaks. And though immense vistas, mountain peaks, and the peaks of achievement represented by the grandiose columns of defunct edifices can lift or depress the spirits by measuring the diminutiveness of man, smallness in the sentient world—the world of live things—is suggestive of time everlasting, eternal return. The immemorial bees or dragonfly, not the immemorial hog.

Nature is not just the circumambient ensemble of non-human life but history on a grand scale—duration. She gives us the awareness of being an instant reverberant in time, as distinct as the echoing sound of our footfall in a silent forest or the plash of a stone dropped into a pool. The repetitive cycle of Nature is a promise of eternity. And man in Nature is aware of his singularity in the midst of species; this is solitude. Other men do not disturb him as long as they blend with Nature in some work nexus of species activity; for instance, a row of anglers on a riverbank, each lost in contemplation, the parallel rods making what appears to be a natural and immemorial Sunday pattern.

Yet this sense of being a part of a great Whole (". . . the winds and rowling waves, the sun's unwearied course,/ The elements and seasons . . . all declare/ For what th'eternal maker has ordained/ The pow'rs of man . . ."—Akenside, "Nature's Influence on Man," 1774) has its dark side, especially when pantheism is substituted for the design of the Maker. The continuum of species is made up of individual deaths. Hence the biological cycle, as witnessed by human consciousness, is full of menace, and Nature is seen as the unmoved spectator of human grief. Tennyson, at the age of fifteen, on hearing that Byron was no more, rushed out into the woods and scratched on a rock the words "Byron is dead," as though the wounds inflicted on the senseless stone could make the Whole cry out with him.

Nineteenth-century literature is extremely ambivalent on the subject of this two-faced spouse embraced instead of religion. On the one hand, there is rapture, the desire to be an Aeolian harp played on by the winds of the in-

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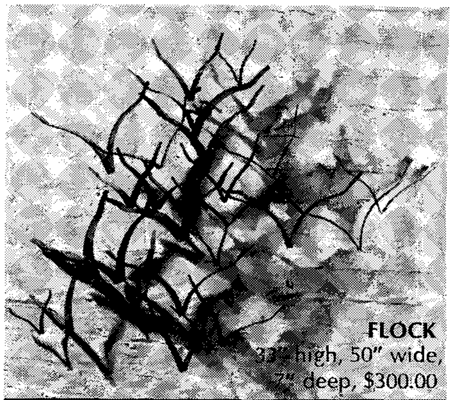

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finite, and, on the other, fear: Wordsworth's wonderful account, in "The Prelude," of the sensation he had as a boy in a purloined rowboat of being chased by a lowering mountain peak ("... behind that craggy steep ... a huge peak, black and huge,/ As if with voluntary power instinct,/ Upreared its head./ ... with purpose of its own/ And measured motion, like a living thing,/ Strode after me"); the indescribable threats emanating from Egdon Heath, from the moors—mine-pitted, too—of "Wuthering Heights," from the accursed coal country, masked with wheat and beetroot, of "Germinal," from the red-lit autumnal Thames River, a fishing ground for cadavers, of "Our Mutual Friend," from the moonlit Adda, so still and serene, that Renzo crosses in a boat in "I Promessi Sposi." Not to mention the treacherous sea, and the numerous thunderstorms and downpours, like the one in "L'Assommoir" that attacks the wedding party huddling beneath a bridge over the Seine.

Nature is not friendly to the lonely hero; it is "out to get" him, singling him out, it often appears, with mere idle destructiveness, as a lightning bolt chooses to strike a particular tree. And it is true that these nineteenth-century heroes have no lightning rods; they are orphans in the storm. The quality of being unprotected—by education, family, good sense, worldly experience—is particularly evident in the heroes and heroines of Manzoni, Emily Brontë, Conrad, Hardy, Zola; that is, of those authors with whom Nature, all but personified, is a predominant force. The more the characters are isolated in Nature, the bleaker is their lot. Nor is it just a question of poverty. Compare the penniless Fanny in the populous "social" milieu of "Mansfield Park" with the helpless Tess. Or Dickens' Esther Summerson with the human scarecrow Jude. Or, within a single novel, Lucia in "I Promessi," who has the protection of institutions, however dubious, with the lone Renzo, at the mercy of the elements. In Society, virtue, like truth, compels recognition. Outside this context, virtue is not even a quality; in Nature there are only strength and frailty. From a novelistic point of view, there seems to be safety in numbers, and, of course, this applies in real life to the human species, by which I mean that it is only for men in numbers, the race itself, that Nature can promise survival—or at least that has been so up to now.

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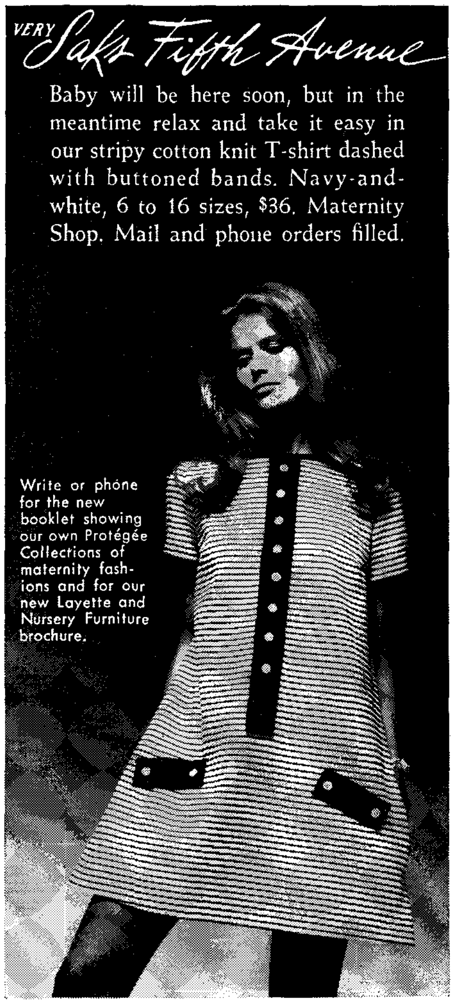
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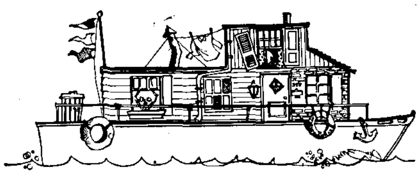
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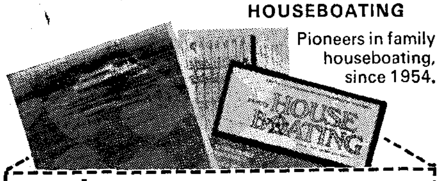

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the novel. Once the crowds of human figures were subtracted from it—reapers, skaters, shepherds, cottagers, huntsmen with dogs—the landscape became melancholy and almost saturnine, the more so if such man-made natural facts as water mills, bridges, haystacks, wagons, huts were subtracted too. Without these punctuation marks, aids to composition and indicators of scale, the painter, alone with Nature, confronted an incomprehensible abstraction. This has worked both ways: contemporary non-figurative painting, when it does not base itself on geometry, tends to be "read" as landscape.

ANY work of literature in which Nature is deployed as a force—"War and Peace," "I Promessi Sposi," "The Mill on the Floss," "Moby Dick," the novels of Hardy, Conrad, Zola, "The Wild Palms," "Doctor Zhivago"—is strangely twofold, at once a dark epic and an idyll. It is a cosmic myth, sometimes quite a frightening one. And it tends, like a cosmic myth, to have a standard plot. Forces are loose in the world—war, drink, disease, monomania, sexual passion—which behave like floods or tornadoes. The "senseless" apparition of Napoleon in Russia is very like the apparition of the Imperial Army and its German mercenary captains in "I Promessi Sposi": "*Passano i cavalli di Wallenstein, passano i fanti di Merode, passano i cavalli di Anhalt . . . passa Furstenberg . . .*" They enter the peaceful Milanese countryside, with its cottages housing spinners plying their useful trade; they ravage it and they leave it. Without rhyme or reason. With them comes the plague, which rages and then subsides. The plague is a symbol of them and they of the plague. Nobody can foresee when the impetus of either will spend itself, as with one of Hardy's "twisters": "The President of the Immortals . . . had ended his sport with Tess." Those dreadful visitants from the Germanic lands are viewed by the country people as a periodic natural scourge, and yet the havoc they wreak, the crimes they commit are felt to be "against Nature," though their depredations are as natural to their time-honored profession as buboes are to the pest. The industrious spinners of the region are simply another and weaker species, like the solitary weavers of English fiction; poor, crazed Silas Marner at his toil is likened to a spider. The indigenous great and strong, personified in the Innominato (the Nameless One), are another traditional natural element preying on the humble. When this operatic daimon finally desists, having seen the light—Lucia—it is as though an insensate whirlwind had been calmed and redirected by a spirit. The Innominato has something in common with Captain Ahab, who has pitted his destructive will not just against the White Whale but against the ship's community, for whom whaling is work, or labor—which is the point of man's normal interaction with Nature, and in which each "hand" has its assigned part. Ahab's sin, like that of the Ancient Mariner, is an economic crime: the willful part endangering the whole by a deed of *personal* violence against one of God's creatures.

In the novels of Zola, economics is itself a superhuman force. A human being or family or social group is slowly consumed by agriculture, coal mining, the theatre, alcohol (the workman's demon), by the sex market, by art ("L'Œuvre"), by speculation ("La Curée"), or simply by a mania for shopping ("Au Bonheur des Dames"). Many of these subjects seem remote from natural scenes of the sort found in earlier authors, yet Zola is the only Naturalist to have a real conception of Nature. What happens to his characters is a sort of rich decomposition that illustrates not only the modern waste of human resources but also their fertility. In his vision, even a department store has organic life, like that of a voraciously feeding plant—stealing the nourishment and light of its small neighbors of the ribbon and dry-goods business. All the institutions described by Zola are heavy feeders—an idea also found in Dickens, though Dickens shows less precise knowledge of their habits.

Hunger and its perversion, greed ("Le Ventre de Paris"), together with work, the means of satisfying their demands, are Zola's great themes. He is at his best with poor working people. His passion for documentation allowed him to descend without impiety into the underworld of labor, where his lyricism discovered the source of primal energy—not Virtue but Nature with her sleeves rolled up. One of the most lyrical passages in nineteenth-century fiction is the scene in "L'Assommoir" of the quarrel in the laundry, where half-naked washerwomen, like strong goddesses, pink and damp, fight with each other in a mist of steam and a Cytherean foam of soapsuds. In the same book, Gervaise's wedding lunch is an epic of eating, a banquet of spiteful and inebriate gods and satyrs, which ends with somebody's throwing the apple of discord. In "Germinal," the mine shaft where pit ponies are condemned for life to eternal darkness is certainly the bottom of Hell, but it is also Vulcan's forge. Zola's half-medical interest in genealogy is Homeric; he was writing a modern theogony containing, as happened with the Olympians, many misalliances. (The idea of an interrelated primal novelistic stock, the children of Kronos, reappears in Faulkner and is suggested in Tess Durbeyfield's connection with the ancient d'Urbervilles.) At the same time, Zola's mythic force is connected with his pictorial faculty; his scenes compose into pictures, which often recall the Impressionist painters—especially Pissarro—as well as Degas's gaslit world. As happens with those painters, and, somewhat differently, with Cézanne, whose friend he was (it used to be thought that "L'Œuvre" was based on Cézanne's "failure"), his sense of light and weather irradiates the most ordinary and humble material. Naturalism without Nature is simply depressing.

The effects of the Industrial Revolution on innocent natural life were apparent to writers, as I have indicated, almost from the beginning. What was not so noticeable was that, owing to the population shift to the cities, farms and isolated cottages were reverting to Nature in the other sense—burdock, brambles, sheer vegetation. The classic *rus* came under double attack. This trend, which has continued right up to the present time, makes nonsense of our old sense of a benign and ordered harmony in which the human species is inserted. It is a question not only of pollution of the little unpretending rill but of the encroachment of a new sort of wilderness on the human construct. In the actual countryside, as opposed to the suburbs, there are probably more untrodden ways than there were in Wordsworth's time—abandoned logging trails and overgrown paths—along with derelict farms, orchards, and pastures.

Well-meaning efforts to save the scenery from real-estate developers and oil refineries, to create wildlife preserves and national park areas (strictly regulated and policed by rangers), do not and cannot reëstablish Nature in her natural place. Modern moves to conserve a patrimony of mountains, gorges, rocky promontories, unspoiled beaches are like moves to save stage

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scenery—prop trees and painted flats. It was a Romantic heresy to worship Nature in her elemental majesty, far from the vulgar herd, and to identify the poet with the soaring skylark, on the one hand, or the shrinking celandine, on the other. To the extent that Nature has to be defended from man (with the inevitable recourse to police power), instead of being intrinsic to his existence as a species, it is simply a backdrop, a photogenic setting, and has nothing to say, one way or the other, in determining values or revealing truth. Indeed, the notion, still harbored by every reactionary heart, including my own, that Nature is itself a value has become subject to opinion, like any other matter of taste, as is shown by the fact that nobody will give his life to defend Yosemite or the Appalachian Trail. At most, a small contribution, a bequest, or a letter to the newspapers. This proves that Nature is no longer the human home.

It cannot be a coincidence that modern physics, by interfering with Nature, has for the first time posed a threat to the species, and perhaps to most other forms of organic life on earth. And here is another "coincidence": the scientific development leading to nuclear fission and then rapidly to fusion is presented as—and maybe really was—a logical process beyond the power of the human will to arrest; in short, as resistless, possessing the qualities assigned to natural phenomena like hurricanes. In fact, it appears that hurricanes today can be "salted" and epidemic disease perhaps brought under control, whereas technical advance is a force "outside" man and "bigger" than the brains that conceive it. Technology, originally associated with the civilizing arts of building and weaving, has replaced Nature as the No. 1 opponent of human society. And technology, too, has its two faces, its "good" and its bad—good in quotation marks because the benignant side of modern technology ("Atoms for Peace"), unlike that of sunlight or rain, is not yet demonstrable.

The untoward, uncanny appearance of such a pseudo-natural sovereign force on the human scene was noted by Zola and by Hardy—the two nineteenth-century authors who joined an interest in the work process with a dramatic sense of Mother Earth. Take the description in "Tess" (which would be omitted in a modern "shortened version") of the new mechanical reaper: two broad arms of painted wood forming a revolving Maltese cross, which ap-

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pears in the field at sunrise like a second Phoebus, with a "look of having been dipped in liquid fire." Or, in the same novel, the description of the new itinerant steam thresher and the engineman with a heap of coals by his side: "A dark motionless being, a sooty embodiment of tallness . . . a creature from Tophet . . . in the agricultural world but not of it. He served fire and smoke; these denizens of the fields served vegetation, weather, frost, and sun." The ousting of traditional hand tools by usurping machinery ("the engine which was to act as the *primum mobile* of this little world") coincided with the depopulation and dehumanization of landscape, and the author wrapped in contemplation of solitary Nature—the encroaching heath—was in fact saying a last farewell to the pantheistic illusions that fevered Wordsworth's brain in the Simplon Pass, where rocks, crags, raving streams, clouds, and so on

Were all like workings of one mind, the
  features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity.

As for the poetic effusion itself, far from being an utterance of the Universal Soul, it was coming to be seen as the product of a rather widely distributed subspecies of humanity possessing a gland like the silk-exuding one in spiders that makes them spin webs.

—MARY MCCARTHY

•

Brokers said that one depressing market factor was Budget Director Mao's statement that the Nixon administration will not ease its fiscal and monetary restraints "too soon."—*Montreal Star.*

Just having Mao in there at all is depressing.

•

The old and the young will be able to choose the ride they want, and enjoy a thrilling tour of Expoland. The rides are so arranged that they begin and end simultaneously.—*Osaka (Japan) Expo News.*

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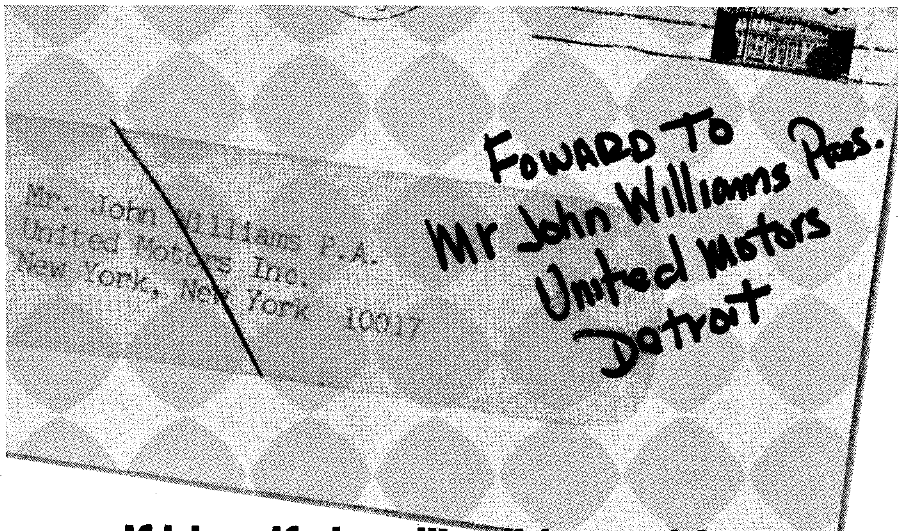
•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the New Orleans Times-Picayune*]

EDMONTON—George McClennan, Canadian Ombudsman, is not well known to officials.



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THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

Joseph A. Walker's "The Harangues"—the Negro Ensemble Company's first offering this season, at the St. Marks—is made up of two sizable one-acters, a prologue, and an interlude. The prologue is set in fourteenth- or fifteenth-century Africa. The wife of a tribal chief kneels, keening, with an infant in her arms. Her husband, slowly approaching in a measured, dancelike step, insists that she hand the baby over to him to be drowned—the slave ships are waiting, and "the earth is not ready for my son." The child is drowned, as the woman wails and the man stands shaking with grief and rage. The words are chanted, and the scene—beautifully played by Rosalind Cash and Damon W. Brazwell, Jr.—makes an effective beginning.

Both plays that follow are about men whose minds have cracked under the pressure of anger and who see no way out but murder, and are themselves killed. The first is set in an apartment in present-day Washington. A young man (Robert Hooks) has travelled down from New York by bus to see his fiancée, who is pregnant. He is black, she is white—the stepdaughter of a Texas millionaire—and to prevent her from being disinherited the young Negro is planning to murder his prospective father-in-law with the help of the girl and of a pal of his named Jake. Needless to say, the plan literally misfires, but before the horrible and expected ending quite a lot of entertaining things go on. There follows the interlude—this one set in the future—again with Miss Cash and Mr. Brazwell, and again it is done in ritualistic fashion. This time, Mr. Brazwell is a black revolutionary who knows that he will shortly be killed, yet this time he must persuade his wife not to die with him but to raise their son to fight for freedom. So far so pretty good.

The action of the second one-acter takes place in a bar in the East Village at about four in the morning. The only customers are another pregnant white girl, her black lover, and her brother. Suddenly they are burst in upon and terrorized by a mad old Negro, outlandishly dressed and brandishing a gun, who threatens them and jeers at them. Most of the play consists of rough stuff of one kind and another, along with the old man's non-stop tirade. This tirade is cued by some such line from the girl as "Let him go on; let's get it all in the open"—the sort of thing that always sends your heart plunging to your shoes—and it is delivered (surely with more rant than is necessary to a part that is already filled with rant) by Douglas Turner, as he leaps around the stage wild-eyed. The rant upon rant would not matter so much if we were not meant to believe that the old man's accusations are true ("How do you know these things?" the girl asks), and that he is wise as well as crazy—that the lover is really ashamed of his blackness, that the brother is a homosexual who pimps for his sister, and that the sister sleeps around with black men for excitement. Diatribes of this sort, filled with the usual sneers at white liberals and non-militant Negroes, have become a tradition in plays like this ever since that young subway rider told off the unspeakable girl in LeRoi Jones' "Dutchman," and I think it is a deplorable tradition. People in real life, fortunately, tend to interrupt accusing monologists with protests, denials, and perhaps yawns.

Mr. Walker is so far no LeRoi Jones, but there are many hints, scattered throughout, that he is a much more talented, original, and sophisticated playwright than he would have us believe, and that he is deliberately writing down to his audience in the manner of the worst of the old-time propaganda writers, both here and in Hollywood. The plots of the plays don't amount to much, but the incidental lines and business are often funny and surprising and enlightening. The best performance of the evening is that of David Downing in the minor role of Jake. Mr. Downing, who played the younger brother in "Ceremonies in Dark Old Men," gets better and better, and his subtle portrayal of a sly, quizzical turncoat is first-rate. Dorothy A. Dinroe's music, performed by a quartet—piano, bass, percussion, and reed—sounded fine, and I also admired the sets, by Chuck Vincent, and the costumes, by Gertha Brock.

Martin Duberman, the Princeton historian who selected the documents for "In White America," one of the glories of Off Broadway, has now written "The Memory Bank," two one-act plays of his own, which opened last week at Tambellini's Gate. Together, I think they make a promising start, but no more than a start, even though the dialogue, line by line, is much better than most that we hear in the theatre. The first of the plays, "The Recorder," is a puzzler. A young biographer, at work on the life of some eminent and ancient personage, records the reminiscences of a lifelong friend of the subject's. There is much winding of tape and stopping and starting, and there are several playbacks of what has been recorded. The old fellow is vague on facts—on times and events and people—although his memory for gossip, with great precision of sexual detail, is astonishingly clear, and we learn that the eminent personage was impotent in his youth, and possibly homosexual. The interviewer is somewhat vague himself, but what is mysterious about him is his frenzy. His fury when the old man closes the session seems all wrong—a little wheedling, rather than white lips, would surely be more in keeping. Why all this emotion about the uselessness of research and the elusiveness of facts applied to what appears to be a farcical skit? I don't think there is much of a play here, but, dramatic or not, there *are* parts, and Fred Stewart gives an impressive performance as the old reminiscer—portly, grave, punctilious, and muddleheaded.

The point of the second play is rammed home with weighty irony. "The Electric Map" is a violent, hate-filled quarrel between two brothers, one of them a homosexual, and it is set in the National Monument at Gettysburg during a *son-et-lumière* program, with the loudspeaker's droning narration about the battle of "brother against brother" punctuating their jealous and embittered memories. Laurence Luckinbill is touching and believable as the fussy, anguished, and hysterical homosexual, and Gil Rogers does well as his angry, contemptuous sibling. Fred Voelpel's settings for both plays, along with Paul Sullivan's lighting, are extraordinarily good and extremely dramatic. No question about *them.*

—Edith Oliver

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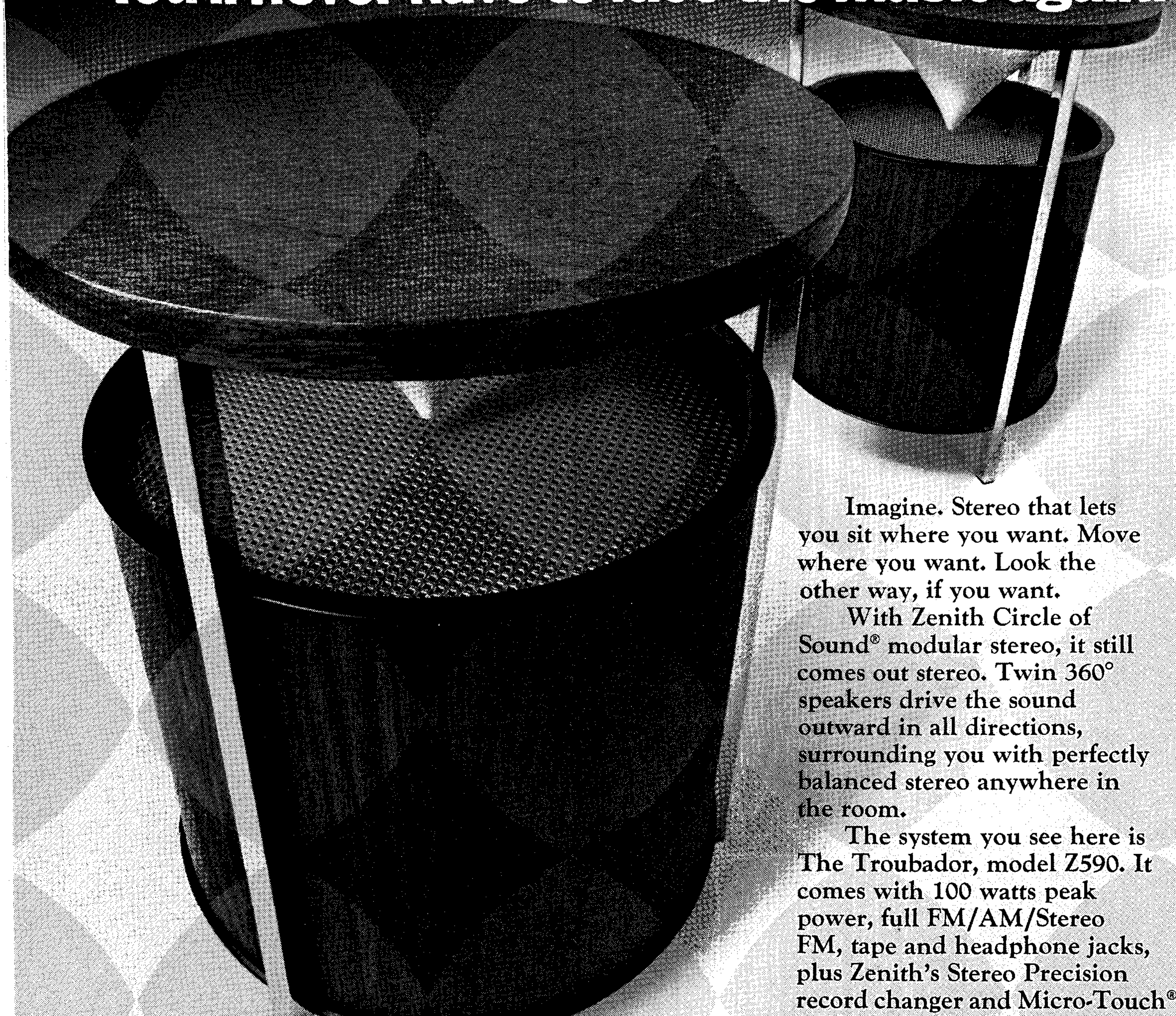

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THE RACE TRACK

Opening Days

WELL, here we are again with reports of a couple of openings. I've been to Bowie back when it started the Maryland season on All Fools' Day and you rode out to the track on the Washington, Baltimore & Annapolis trolley in rattlety-bang wooden cars. It was rough going, but fun. There were Bowie horses to bet on, too—horses that seldom won elsewhere. One was Bunga Buck. Old race-trackers still remember him. I'm sorry to say that the current meeting, which began on January 5th, hasn't been doing so well. Too many horse-players from New York, the big contributors to the mutuel handle, have been stopping off at Philadelphia's Liberty Bell Park. Last Saturday, Liberty Bell had an attendance of 21,926 and a mutuel handle of $2,358,895. Anyhow, the sun shone on Bowie's opening, and the racing was lively. The E. Palmer Heagerty Stakes last weekend was a thriller, with Rollicking, the 3–10 favorite, getting home three-quarters of a length ahead of Parasol Pete in a driving finish.

HIALEAH started off last Friday without the expected Florida sunshine. Cheered on by a crowd of more than eighteen thousand, the Wheatley Stable's King Emperor wore Royal Comedian down in the stretch and won the Royal Poinciana Handicap by a neck. Best Turn was third, a length behind. But it wasn't all beer and skittles for the Establishment; King Emperor came out of the race sore, giving Ed Neloy, who trains him, something to worry about. Earlier in the afternoon, Calumet Farm's Sunny Tim won an overnight from nine other three-year-olds by five lengths, galloping. As you know, he's the stable's candidate for the Flamingo and the spring classics. On Saturday, the offering was the Jasmine Stakes, for three-year-old fillies. This was run off in two sections, Frosty Dancer, a 30–1 shot, winning the first, and Office Queen, the 2–1 favorite, the second. Rotz, who rode the latter, appeared none the worse for the spill he had at Tropical Park earlier in the week. He had to be in good shape, for he had a hard time keeping his mount on a straight course through the stretch. By the way, both Frosty Dancer and Office Queen survived claims of foul.

AS this is written, Santa Anita is still strikebound. The track's well-picketed gates did not open on December 26th, and nobody knows when or if they will. The walkout was called by the Service Employees International Union, which includes pari-mutuel clerks, janitors, ushers, and other help, and which is asking for a raise of four dollars a day for each of three years, and more fringe benefits all round. (The average wage for pari-mutuel clerks, who set the appeal in motion, had been fifty dollars a day.) This, I'm told, would increase Santa Anita's payroll forty-two per cent. The Federation of California Racing Associations, which does the bargaining for the ten racing associations in California, is willing to give two dollars a day. There the matter rests. Since the California state treasury has lost at least two million dollars in revenue from the mutuels so far, the politicos think that Governor Reagan should do something. Incidentally, the strike has played hob with preparations for the Charles H. Strub Stakes, a hundred-thousand-dollar event scheduled for January 31st. At least one thing is sure about the Strub—Majestic Prince won't be a starter. Recently, he developed more leg trouble—a knot behind his right knee—and he was stopped in his training. The other day, however, his trainer, Johnny Longden, reported that the knot had disappeared, but he wouldn't say when Majestic Prince would return to the races.

SPEAKING of openings, as we were, the gentry in Albany would like an earlier one than March 10th for Aqueduct. One suggestion I heard was to use the state's take from the mutuels on the additional days to put the subway fare back to twenty cents. Well, well, well! —AUDAX MINOR

•

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THE ART WORLD

De-aestheticization

THE sculptor Robert Morris once executed before a notary public the following document:

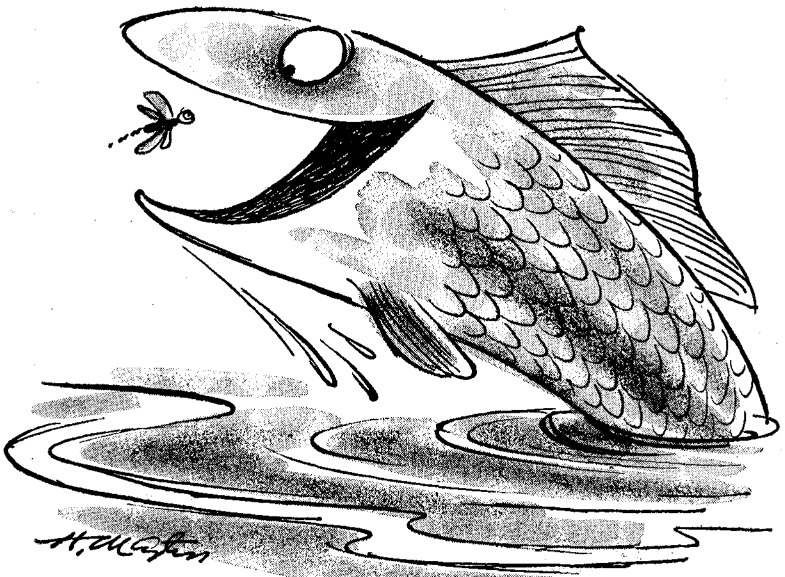
> *Statement of Esthetic Withdrawal*
>
> The undersigned, Robert Morris, being the maker of the metal construction entitled Litanies, described in the annexed Exhibit A, hereby withdraws from said construction all esthetic quality and content and declares that from the date hereof said construction has no such quality and content.
>
> Dated: November 15, 1963.
>
> Robert Morris

Not having seen "Litanies" or read the description of it in Exhibit A, I cannot say how it was affected by Morris's withdrawal or what its aesthetic condition was after the artist signed his statement. Perhaps the construction turned into what one permissive critic has called a "super-object of literalist art" or an "anti-object of conceptual art." Or perhaps it became an "anxious object," the kind of modern creation that is destined to endure uncertainty as to whether it is a work of art or not. In any case, the obvious intent of Morris's deposition was to convert "Litanies" into an object of the same order as the reductionist-inspired boxes, modules, and shaped canvases that flooded the art world in the sixties. Morris's de-aestheticized construction anticipated, for example, the demand of the Minimalist Donald Judd for an art with "the specificity and power of actual materials, actual colors, actual space."

Both Morris's aesthetic withdrawal and Judd's call for materials that are more real, or actual, than others—for example, brown dirt rather than brown paint—imply a decision to purge art of the seeds of artifice. Toward that end, Morris's verbal exorcism would probably be less effective than Judd's preselected substances. For works to be empty of aesthetic content, it seems logical that they be produced out of raw rocks and lumber, out of stuff intended for purposes other than art, such as rubber or electric bulbs, or even out of living people or animals. Better still, such art can be worked into nature itself, in which case it becomes, as one writer recently put it, "a fragment of the real within the real." Digging holes or trenches in the ground, cutting tracks through a cornfield, laying a square sheet of lead in the snow (the so-called earthworks art) do not in their de-aestheticizing essence differ in any way from exhibiting a pile of mail sacks, tacking a row of newspapers on a wall, or keeping the shutter of a camera open while speeding through the night (the so-called anti-form art). Aesthetic withdrawal also legitimizes "process" art—in which chemical, biological, physical, or seasonal forces affect the original materials and either change their form or destroy them, as in works incorporating growing grass and bacteria or inviting rust—and random art, whose form and content are decided by chance. Ultimately, the repudiation of the aesthetic suggests the total elimination of the art object and its replacement by an idea for a work or by the rumor that one has been consummated—as in conceptual art. Despite the stress on the actuality of the materials used, the principle common to all classes of de-aestheticized art is that the finished product, if any, is of less significance than the procedures that brought the work into being and of which it is the trace.

The movement toward de-aestheticization is both a reaction against and a continuation of the trend toward formalistic overrefinement in the art of the sixties, and particularly in the rhetoric that accompanied it. Earthworks protest against the constricting museum-gallery system organized around a handful of aesthetic platitudes by asserting the nostalgia of artists for invention, craftsmanship, and expressive behavior. Works that are constructed in the desert or on a distant seashore, that are not for sale and cannot be collected, that are formless piles of rubbish, or that are not even works but information about plans for works or events that have taken place are, one earthworks artist is quoted as saying, a "practical alternative to the absolute city system of art." Here the sociology of art overtly enters into the theory and practice of creation. The current defiance of the aesthetic is the latest incident in the perennial reversion to primitivism in the art of the past hundred years and the exaltation of ruggedness, simplicity, and doing what one chooses without regard to the public and its representatives.

On the other hand, de-aestheticized art is the latest of the avant-garde movements, and is presently engaged in permeating and taking over leadership in the situation it symbolically denounces. Such earthworkers, antiformers, processors, and conceptualists as Morris, Carl Andre, Walter de Maria, Robert Smithson, Bruce Nauman, Richard Serra, Eva Hesse, Barry Flanagan, Keith Sonnier, Dennis Oppenheim, and Lawrence Weiner have been enjoying increasing prestige. Works by most of these artists are currently on display at the Finch College Museum and at several leading galleries. At the Museum of Modern Art "Spaces" exhibition, Morris has planted a hundred and forty-four Norway-spruce seedlings in bins of peat moss a foot deep in a room whose temperature and humidity are controlled to promote growth. An exhibition at the Dwan Gallery of works by Michael Heizer, earth gouger, mound builder, and displacer of giant boulders, is featured in *Arts* and in *Artforum*, hitherto largely the house organ of Minimalists and "cool" Abstractionists; in addition to the Heizer article and a color photograph of a looped trench dug by that artist at Dry Lake, Nevada, *Artforum* contains interviews with the Düsseldorf "action-plastic" and chemical-process artist Joseph Beuys, who uses everything from sheets of copper and felt to live



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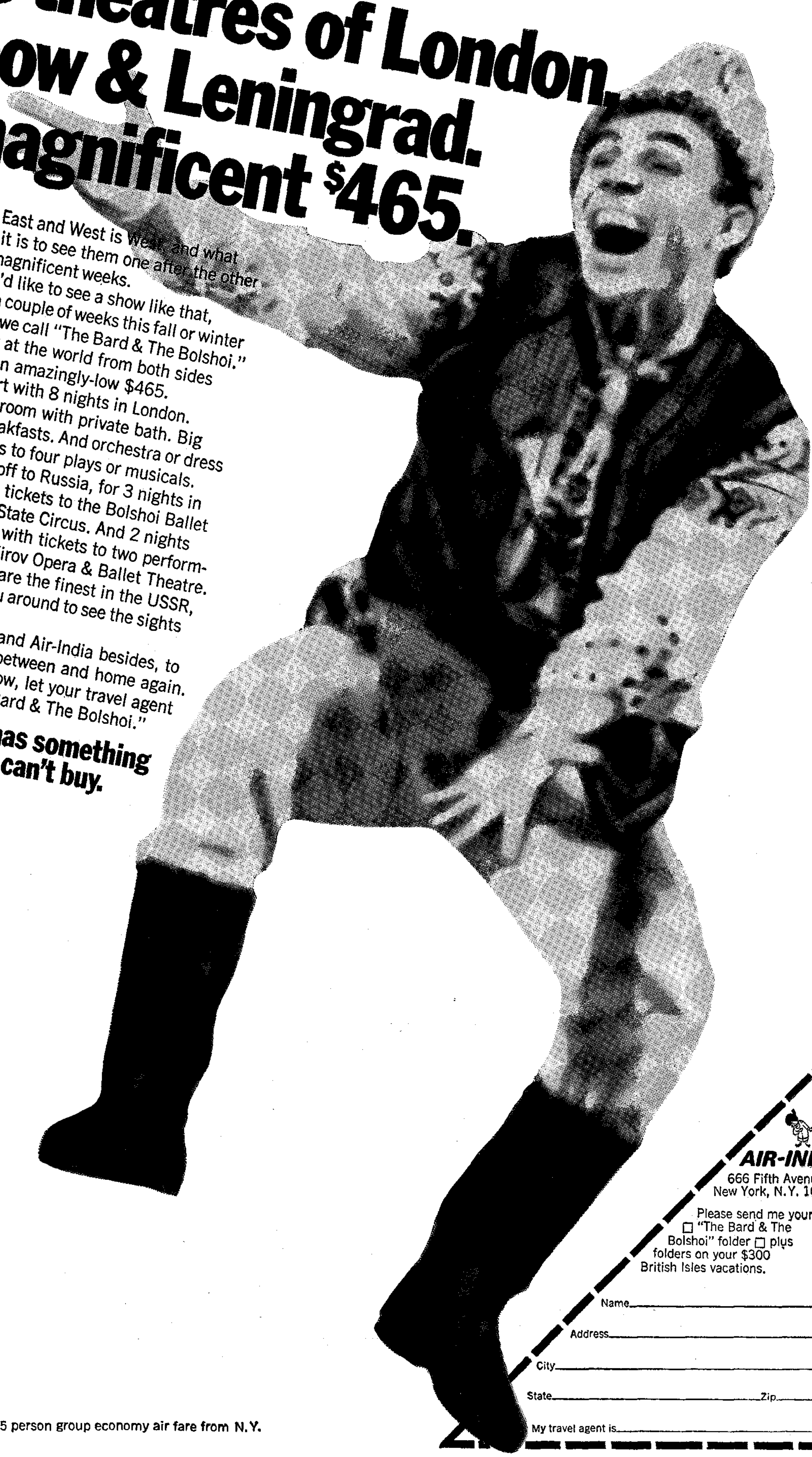

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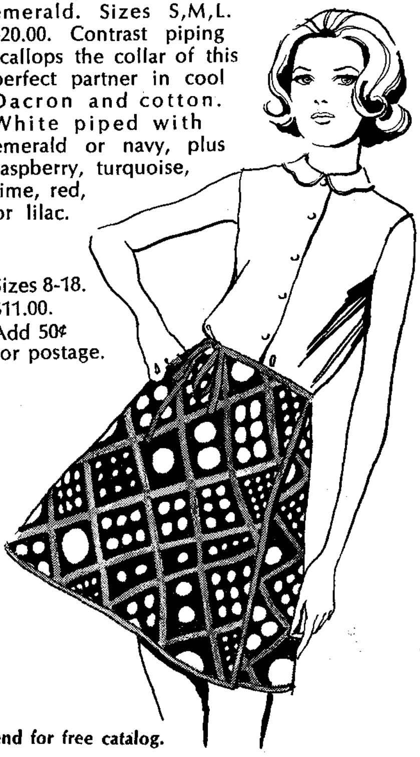

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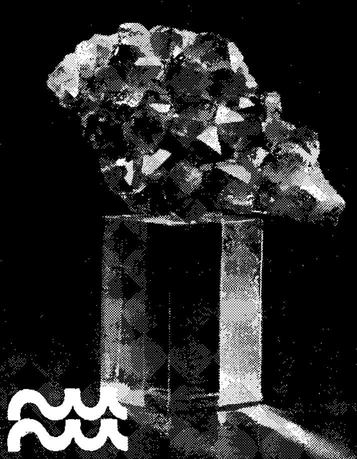

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Christmas trees and dead hares (Interviewer: "There must be a lot of action in these works for you"), and with the meta-materialist Richard Van Buren, a former box builder, who contributes the following sample of the new vocabulary of active materials: "The wood was at one speed, at one sense of time, and the resin was at another sense of time. The wood was overpowering what was going down with the resin. That was one of the problems. Now it's simple: the material is all one material (even though I add different ingredients to the resin)." *Art News*, too, though as always a little slower than its rivals in leaping on bandwagons, accommodates itself to self-realizing matter with an article on Gary Kuehn, a sculptor who "explores form governed by pressure and constraint motifs—with clamped, springy mats, sagging fiberglass, and rickety fences." Given this concentration of public interest, the earthworks sites have become less remote (Robert Scull, early Pop patron, has acquired an art-marred parcel of real estate in Nevada—"It cost me a thousand dollars a day for earthmoving equipment"); the unsalable art is being sold in the form of drawings, diagrams, specimens, miniatures, photographs, and documents; the non-object objectifies itself in records and mementos; and the art that rejects aesthetics in favor of "a solitary dialogue between man and the universe," to quote the critic in *Arts*, keeps gaining recruits both in the United States and abroad.

THE international character of the de-aestheticizing movement is conveyed in a pictorial survey of earthworks, materials, and conceptual art that has been assembled by Germano Celant, a young Italian art historian-critic, and published here in December under the title of "Art *Povera*" (Praeger); it appeared earlier in Milan. The book, which contains Morris's Withdrawal Statement as well as illustrations of works by Heizer, Beuys, and most of the artists I have mentioned, is about evenly divided between Americans and Europeans; prominent among the latter are Michelangelo Pistoletto, Richard Long, Jan Dibbets, and Mario Merz. De-aestheticized art is as self-conscious about aesthetic content as if it were ritually taboo, and "Art *Povera*" extends this fear of contamination into self-consciousness about the aesthetics of being a book. (In this spirit, I wondered whether Morris's Withdrawal Statement, since it appears in an art book and could thus be a work of conceptual art, might not need

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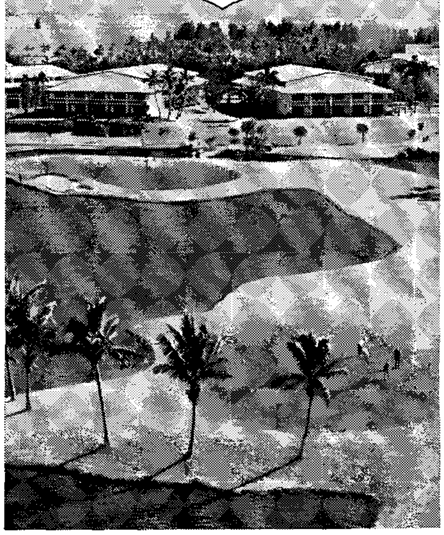

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another Statement guaranteeing the original Statement's lack of aesthetic content.) Celant shudders at the disparity between the rigorous addiction to privacy of the works he has reproduced and the dissemination of those works as "consumer goods and cultural goods." His brief prefatory text amounts to a caution printed on the package; it contains such warnings as "The book narrows and deforms, given its literary and visual oneness, the work of the artist" and "The book is a precarious and contingent document and lives hazardously in an uncertain artistic-social situation." (What doesn't?)

Despite Celant's apprehensions, however, "Art *Povera*" is a useful book, more adequate to its subject than art books generally. No art lends itself so readily to—in fact, at times depends so completely upon—publication than this art of actual materials and events. It might, as we are told, have taken two cranes, one loader, four transports, four cement trucks, and a sixty-eight-ton mass of granite to carry out one of Heizer's boulder-moving enterprises in Nevada, yet the result is essentially art for the book—that is, for photographs with captions—since once the rock has come to rest visual interest in it depends on the cameraman's angle shots, his choice of distance, and the artist's explanation of his project. In a photograph on the jacket of "Art *Povera*," two white lines converge on a gray ground; at right angles to the end of the left line, the body of a man is stretched face down in the direction of the other line. The effect is strictly photographic and conceptual, and the intention of the artist would be less visible to a witness at the site than in the photograph. Douglas Huebler, one of the more extreme conceptualists, writes about works which are so "beyond direct perceptual experience" that "awareness of the work depends on a system of documentation. This documentation takes the form of photographs, maps, drawings, and descriptive language." Of course, there are exceptions—objects and events that lose in the documentary version—but the balance is on the side of the "documents."

In regard to the objects themselves, rather than the "information" through which they are customarily known, the term "art *povera*," which means impoverished art, seems a convenient designation. Works that customarily present themselves at second hand and provide no pleasure to the senses certainly deserve to be called poor. (The term reminds me of Arshile Gorky's quip about the W.P.A. Federal Art Program in the nineteen-thirties: "Poor art for poor people.") Art *povera* does not associate itself with the needy, but, like earthworks in America, it asserts its alienation from the art market and its opposition to "the present order in art." In addition, poverty represents for it a kind of voluntary creative detachment from society, a refusal either to adopt the traditional role of the artist or to approve art values of any sort. In reducing the seductiveness of art to the vanishing point, it suggests the presence of a puritanism that conceives of the artist as a member of a mendicant order, independent of the community and disciplined against succumbing to its "cultural goods." To appraise the products of this self-denying movement as visually boring or trivial is to invite the retort that the quality of the object does not matter and that the function of art in our time is not to please the senses but to provide a fundamental investigation of art and reality. Jan Dibbets's remark "I'm not really interested any longer to make an object" is the typical *povera* position.

Yet aesthetic qualities inhere in things whether or not they are works of art. The aesthetic is not an element that exists separately, to be banished at the will of the artist. Morris could no more withdraw aesthetic content from his construction than he could inject it where it was missing. Apart from metaphysics, however, the program of de-aestheticization has been of practical importance in the art of the past few years in that it has promoted among *povera* artists a salutary disregard for prevailing aesthetic dogmas. Denying all aesthetic aims in a work permits the artist to draw freely on the entire aesthetic vocabulary of modern art. The pictures in Celant's book recall the styles of half a dozen twentieth-century modes: they are strung on a line that meanders from Duchamp and Futurism through Dada, Surrealism, Action painting, Pop, Minimalism, and Mathematical Abstraction. De Maria's menacing "Bed of Spikes"—an instance of the inability of the photograph to do justice to the quality of the object, is a piece of Dadaist sadism—which is made compatible with Marinus Boezem's Constructionist composition of discs, "Aerodynamic Object," by the rule of aesthetic indifference. The central concept of art *povera*—that the artist's idea or process is more important than his finished product—is an inheritance from Surrealism, which abandoned the art object for "research," and from

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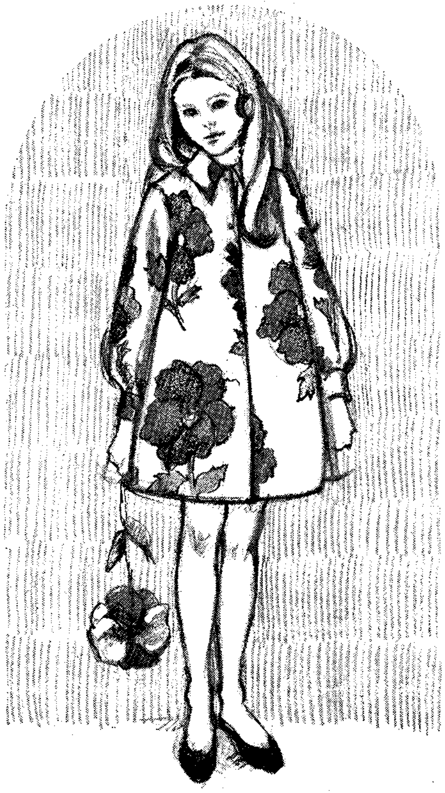

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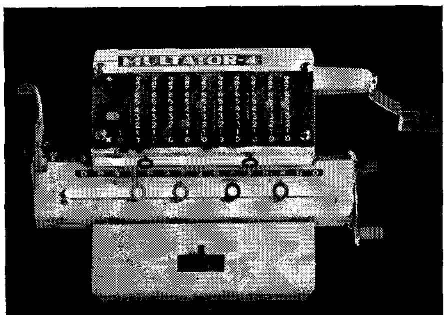

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Action painting, which subordinated the object to the act of the artist. Jannis Kounellis's "Cotoniera," a structure of rectangular steel plates out of which escapes a cloud of cotton, and Giovanni Anselmo's "Torsione," in which a sinister black cloth twisted to resemble an arm clutches a bar of iron, draw their effects from Surrealist dream displacement, as do Beuys's dead beasts. Oppenheim's lacerations of grass and snow are directed toward Action paintings, Happenings, and big-scale geometric art (nothing could be more "painterly" than a furrowed field). Of Morris's contributions, the three pieces made of felt are compositions of bands, with references to Morris Louis, Barnett Newman, and Oldenburg's soft sculpture. Aesthetic withdrawal has consisted mainly in cutting across existing styles in painting and sculpture by introducing previously unexploited mediums into the making of objects and signs.

This is another way of saying that de-aestheticized art, like most art of this epoch, is deeply involved in parody. Art *povera* mimics earlier paintings and sculptures not by adapting their formal elements, in the manner of Rauschenberg or Johns, but by rediscovering their forms in episodes of physical processes. An Abstract Expressionist gash in the earth, such as Heizer's "Foot-Kicked Gesture," or a Pop-style bale of wastepaper derives art from a phase of mining or of cleaning up the ticker tape on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. But while the object is thus de-aestheticized through being found in the actual world, mining and the Stock Exchange are converted into aesthetic activities, as if their purpose were to produce shapely low reliefs in the ground or waves of paper for people to play in. As in traditional aesthetics, art *povera* is identified by its gratuitousness and absence of practical effect, so that Christo's wrapping in plastic of a million square feet of Australian coastline, which as an undertaking is similar to drilling for oil off the coast at Santa Barbara or defoliating a province of South Vietnam, becomes art only because Christo seeks neither oil nor victory and his "real" creation contaminates no beaches and destroys no lives. In thus shrinking the difference between art and facts to questions of motive, de-aestheticized art goes hand in hand with aestheticized events, with the increasing injection into actual situations of the ambiguity, illusoriness, and emotional detachment of art. In the distant background of art *povera* is the "real" art of Marinetti's

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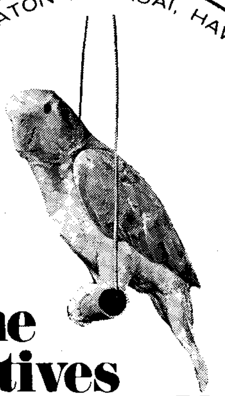

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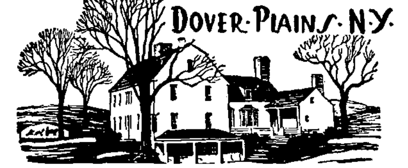

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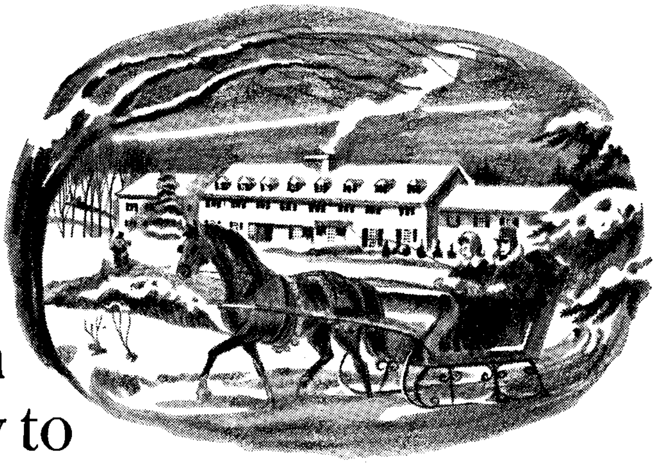
bursting shrapnel of the First World War visualized as a stupendous earthwork, the patterns and rhythms of the Nuremberg rallies seen as communications systems, and, closer to the present, the "street theatre" of the Weathermen and the "pigs."

Ideally, art *povera* strives to reach beyond art to the wonder-working object, place ("environment"), or event. It extends the Dada-Surrealist quest for the revelatory found object into unlimited categories of strange responses. Redefining art as the process of the artist or his materials, it dissolves all limitations on the kind of substances out of which art can be constituted. Anything—breakfast food, a frozen lake, film footage—is art, either as is or tampered with, through being chosen as a fetish. Serra with sheets of lead, Andre with bricks, Heizer with a field in Nevada are like Old Testament conjurers with flowering staffs and potent jawbones, or Brigham Young indicating the appointed spot in the mountains of Utah. Art in our era oscillates between the conviction that encountering the resistance of a craft tradition is indispensable to acts of creation and the belief that secrets can be fished alive out of the sea of phenomena. "Art *Povera*" leaves no doubt about where it stands. A statement by a group known as "The Zoo," of Turin, announces, "It is useless to predict the end of art. Art was done with fifty years ago." A circular neon sign reproduced on the back jacket of "Art *Povera*" states the final conclusion that "the true artist helps the world by revealing mystic truths."

Whatever the case may be with regard to the end of art, the art world is more populous and pervasive than ever. In it a kind of malice toward art encourages assent to all forms of lightheadedness at the same time that the apparent exhaustion of painting and sculpture arouses uneasiness. For all its nostalgia for reality, de-aestheticized art has never been anything but an art movement. The uncollectible art object serves as an advertisement for the showman-artist, whose processes are indeed more interesting than his product and who markets his signature appended to commonplace relics. To be truly destructive of the aesthetic, art *povera* would have to forsake art action for political action. As art, its products bear the burden of being seen by non-believers, who must be persuaded to respond to them. But to make a fetish potent outside its cult is precisely the function of the aesthetic.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG



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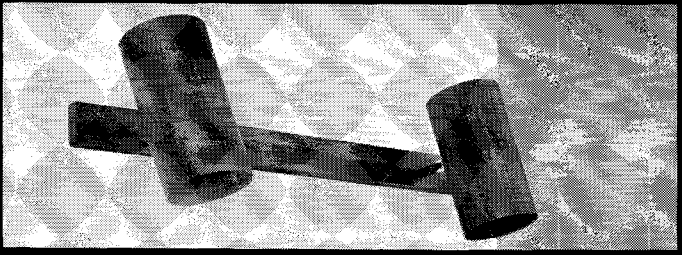

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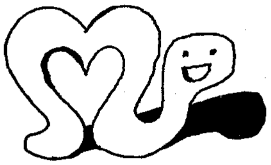

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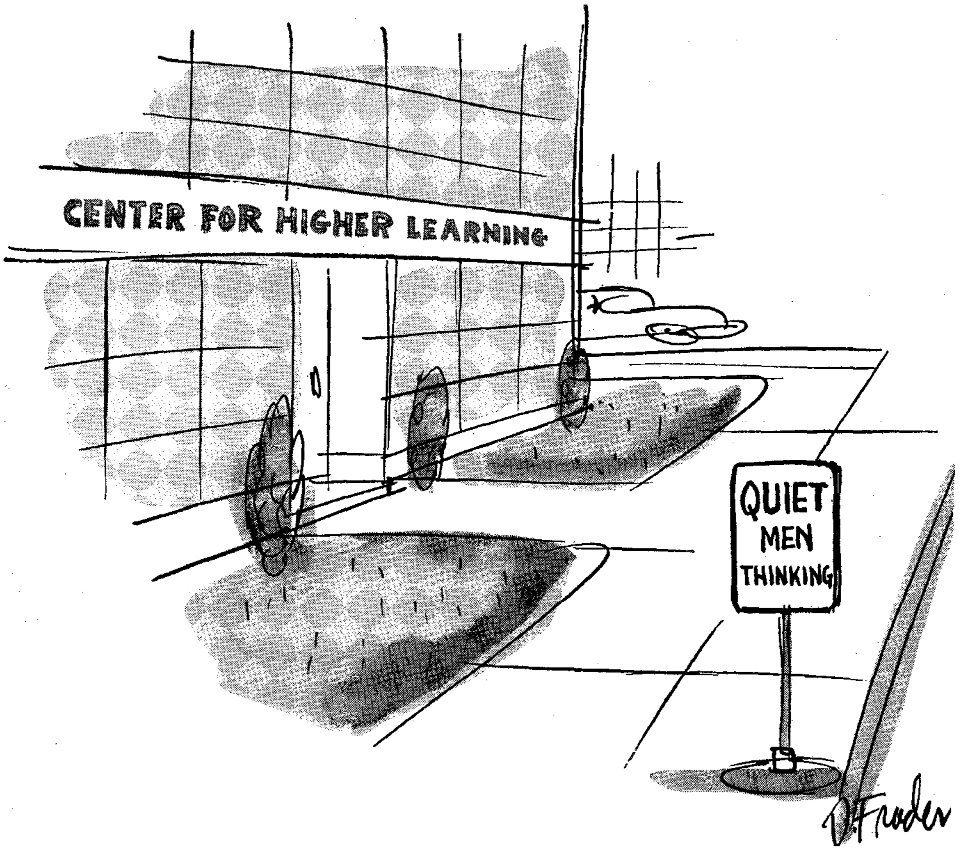
U.S. JOURNAL: BRAINERD, MINN.

SNO

WALKING from the Oval Track to the Endurance Track at the Fifth Annual Paul Bunyan Snowmobile Derby, I happened on a man in a parka who was trying to peddle a Chevroletful of canvas snowmobile covers. Since I judged the temperature to be four or five degrees short of the temperature necessary to sustain human life, it was possible that his constant patter was only an attempt to keep his mouth from freezing shut, but, all in all, he struck me as an aggressive salesman—a man quick with persuasive explanations of why it would be pound foolish not to invest twenty-five dollars to protect a thousand-dollar machine. He was experiencing unrelieved failure. It suddenly occurred to me that I had stumbled across what may have been the only example of unsuccessful merchandising in the short, awesomely profitable history of snowmobiling. I immediately took the salesman in hand. "You should be wearing a snowmobile suit!" I shouted to him. It was necessary to shout, because the way a lot of snowmobilers enjoy a derby most is to bring their own machines on trailers and spend most of the day buzzing around the grounds, stopping at the track occasionally to watch the contestants in the two-and-a-half-hour Grand Prix race zip by. "Nobody at a snowmobile derby is going to pay any attention to anybody who isn't wearing a snowmobile suit," I explained. I spoke from some experience, being dressed at the time in a sheepskin coat that I had considered quite fashionable until I realized that everyone at the derby assumed I was there to replace the hot-dog supply at the refreshment tent or repair the loudspeaker system. A snowmobile suit is ordinarily a one-piece coverall of quilted material—the kind of thing an airplane mechanic might wear if he happened to work at a very cold airport. Like mechanics, a lot of snowmobile owners wear patches identifying the make of machine they tinker with, but the color of a snowmobile suit alone is usually enough to indicate whether the wearer drives an Arctic Cat or a Polaris or a Scorpion. The snowmobile industry is color-keyed. The owner of a Ski-Doo—a black-and-yellow machine that has the largest share of the market—ordinarily wears a suit that is black with yellow piping, plus black snowmobile boots with Ski-Doo patches on them. A snowmobiler who is particularly fashion-conscious—most often a female snowmobiler—may wear under the Ski-Doo suit yellow wool tights and a yellow sweater with black piping. The inner clothing can be used as what is known as an après-snowmobile outfit, making the wearer a merchandiser's dream—brand identification almost down to the skin.

The cover salesman happened to have a red deer-hunting outfit in his car that we decided might pass for a snowmobile suit, although the patch sewn on it said "National Rifle Association" instead of "Sno-Pony" or "Ski-Daddler" or "Sno*Jet." When I couldn't find him later in the afternoon, I assumed that my marketing advice had enabled him to sell all his covers and go home to watch some game on television—the way he had wanted to spend his Saturday afternoon in the first place. I wanted to tell him about meeting a couple wearing black-and-white snowmobile suits with patches that said "Snow Goer." When I asked if they knew why whoever had named their make was the only person in the field who felt it necessary to spell out "snow" to the very end, they told me that Snow Goer was not a machine but a magazine—a publication that happened to consider it good business to have its own snowmobile suits. I did find the salesman again at the end of the day, and he reported, with restrained gratitude, that he had sold three covers. Brainerd, like all the other places that call themselves the Snowmobile Capital of the World, is a small town, and the salesman thought his problem might be that not many people in a small town walk around on a Saturday with twenty-five dollars extra in their pockets. That was not the problem. "Get a proper patch!" I shouted. It was obvious that all he needed was a patch on his hunting suit saying something like "Sno-Cougar Covers." I didn't see him Sunday, but if he followed my instructions he is now a very rich snowmobile-cover salesman.

None of the people representing snowmobile manufacturers at the derby seemed in need of my marketing advice. They all had snowmobile suits on, all bepatched with their brand names, and the fact that a state like Minnesota, which ten years ago had no snowmobiles, now has a hundred thousand seemed to be an indication that the snowmobile industry had been getting good advice from somewhere. Also, I couldn't think of any promotional possibilities in a snowmobile derby that they hadn't exhausted. Although the Brainerd derby is considered only a middle-sized event on the snowmobile-racing circuit, several of the manufacturers had brought their factory racing teams, the results of certain



races having too great an impact on sales to be left to amateurs. "People are kind of silly about racing," the representative of one manufacturer told me. "They know that the machines that race are not the same ones they get in the showroom, and very few people actually buy snowmobiles to race them anyway. But they don't like the thought of being left behind on the trail. They want a machine just a little faster than their neighbor's. Not much; just a little." Johnson Motors, which makes a snowmobile called a Skee-Horse, sponsored a Skeeburger Fest on Friday night at the Brainerd Armory, where the Exchange Club served the skeeburgers and Miss Brainerd welcomed everyone to town ("Have a good time, eat a whole bunch, and have a ball"). On Saturday, a few hundred snowmobilers went on a Snowmobile Moonlight Cruise—driving their machines twelve miles to a cookout and back, with guides, mechanics, trailmarkings, hot dogs, and souvenir patches furnished by Evinrude, the producer of the Evinrude Skeeter. A couple of the companies that make snowmobile oil offered extra prize money for drivers who won races while displaying the company decals, and another oil company towed its banner above the derby grounds by plane Saturday afternoon and furnished placemats and matches for the Awards Banquet at the Elks Lodge that night. The local race officials, sanctioned by the United States Snowmobile Association, wore bright-orange snowmobile suits with a patch that said "Miller High Life Snowmobiler."

At a Friday-evening parade through the streets of Brainerd, and during the day at the derby, the public-relations man from the largest distributor of Ski-Doos hauled behind his snowmobile a yellow sleigh that held Miss Minnesota, accompanied, for good measure, by Miss North Dakota—both of whom would alight occasionally to hand out Ski-Doo "Think Snow" buttons or Ski-Doo safety booklets. Miss Minnesota is retained for such duties through the Miss Minnesota Pageant at a straight hundred dollars a day (with special rates for appearances under two hours), and both she and Miss North Dakota appear at snowmobile functions exclusively for Ski-Doo—leaving Arctic Cat, a Minnesota company, to make do with Miss Wisconsin and Miss Michigan. At the Skeeburger Fest, the Johnson representative, in a friendly mood, asked Miss Minnesota if it would be in violation of her contract for him to pin one of his limited-supply

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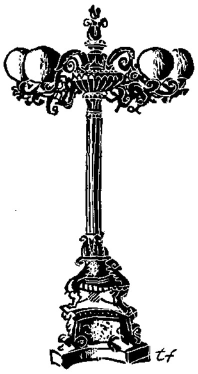
"LOVE is a Johnson Skee-Horse" buttons on her. She thought about it a moment, smiled pleasantly, and said it would be. The Awards Banquet guests included not only the Misses Minnesota and North Dakota but also Miss Brainerd, Miss Little Falls, Miss Park Rapids, and the Princess of Silver Bay—almost all of them with tiny crowns perched on their heads. But the star was Miss Minnesota. She is known in the state for having won the talent competition at the Miss America Pageant, playing the flute, and before the banquet ended the master of ceremonies announced, "She's going to perform her talent for us tonight." Having dressed for the banquet in a gown that was totally without brand identification, Miss Minnesota first reminded those present that she and Miss North Dakota were sponsored by Ski-Doo, although they both hoped everybody had a good time, no matter what kind of machine he drove. Then she played the flute. At a hundred a day, Miss Minnesota is considered a bargain.

BRAINERD is about a hundred and twenty miles north of Minneapolis and St. Paul, in what the snowmobile industry usually refers to as the Snowbelt—an area where the billboards are as likely to advertise Arctic Cats as Fords (on the Arctic Cats, imitation leopard-skin seat covers are standard rather than optional), where sporting-goods stores sell snowmobile racing stripes made of contact paper, and where some small towns average more than one snowmobile per family. In Brainerd, which has nearby lakes that make it a summer recreation center, the word snowmobile enthusiasts often use to describe what life was like in winter before snowmobiles came along is "hibernation." Anyone who listens to a few snowmobilers talk about how dismal existence was in the old days begins to find it amazing that they managed to survive until someone discovered that a revolving belt and skis and a one-cylinder motor will propel a small vehicle over the snow at thirty or forty miles an hour. "I grew up around here," the employee of a snowmobile distributor told me as we sat in a roadhouse one dark, cold night. "And in the winter the only sound was the Grain Belt beer sign creaking in the wind." I shivered.

To businessmen, an area of hibernating people amounts to a block of dormant consumers just waiting for the right product to bring them to life. In the Snowbelt, no testimony of a snowmobiler on how glorious it is to have something to do all winter is quite as rhapsodic as the testimony of a banker on how glorious it is to have something to give loans on all winter. Snowmobiling has been marketed not as a sport but as a culture—a way to turn the former hibernation period into a time of what snowmobile marketers often refer to as Family Fun. Once winter is considered fun, the rest follows automatically. People in the Snowbelt enjoy being outdoors in groups, and now they can enjoy being outdoors in groups all winter merely by purchasing snowmobiles, snowmobile clothing, snowmobile trailers, snowmobile oil, and a drink called Snowshoe Grog. They like competitive sports, so there are snowmobile derbies every weekend. People who like to hunt can get to the hunting grounds in a snowmobile. People who like to drink can go from roadhouse to roadhouse in a snowmobile. The only adjustment necessary is to the cold, and snowmobilers are militantly oblivious of the cold. They like to talk about how explorers have proved snowmobile suits to be warm in temperatures as low as thirty or forty below zero, and they often stand outside when they could just as easily stand inside—the way little boys with new boots go out of their way to splash through puddles.



Snowmobile manufacturers are quite aware that their customers are, for the most part, small-town people—people who might like to go on outings pulling their kids behind them in a sled attachment, people who are more likely to be the townies of summer resorts than the owners of summer houses, people who, in the words of one snowmobile promotion man, "might feel uncomfortable in a ski resort."

"You might call them the Silent Majority," a spokesman for the industry told me at the derby, as we stood chatting just outside a heated tent.

"About the noise . . ." I replied, raising my voice enough to be heard over the sound of two passing Ski-Doos.

"It's terrible," he said. "Awful. Our worst problem."

Like the manufacturers of anything else, manufacturers of snowmobiles are organized to protect their interests—the International Snowmobile Industry

Association has an executive secretary in Washington, the same man who serves as executive secretary of the American Golf Car Manufacturers Association, the Power Saw Manufacturers Association, and the Outdoor Power Equipment Institute—but even a trade association could never hope to persuade anybody that snowmobiles are anything but noisy. People in the industry admit that six or eight snowmobiles cutting through a back yard in the middle of the night can bring a homeowner leaping from his bed in the belief that, somehow, an anti-aircraft battery has just opened fire from his bedroom. They also admit—as they increase the power of some models to the point of being able to travel sixty miles an hour—that snowmobiles can be dangerous. On the theory that excesses could eventually result in a nasty backlash against Family Fun, the I.S.I.A. representative who makes the rounds of the Snowbelt legislatures acknowledges the need for legislation to prevent people from riding snowmobiles on highways or hunting from snowmobiles or using snowmobiles in populated areas late at night. He says his goal is "regulatory encouragement."

What nobody connected with snowmobiles will acknowledge is that the peaceful woods are being violated by snowmobiling—an idea they associate with people from big cities who know nothing about snowmobiles or woods. It is true that there is an automatic disdain for snowmobiles among the people I have always thought of as Abercrombie & Fitch Conservationists—sailing enthusiasts who complain about the noise the riffraff make with their outboards, people who build tasteful hundred-thousand-dollar houses on the unspoiled parts of the California coast and then talk about preserving the natural beauty of the area against the ugliness of tacky beach cottages. There are also serious conservationists who believe that, for a number of reasons, inaccessible woods ought to remain inaccessible, but their arguments have no effect on serious snowmobilers, who like to think that they are outdoorsmen and conservationists themselves. One snowmobiler I was talking with dismissed the idea that the noise of the machines frightens animals by saying that a snowmobile makes less noise in the woods than a chain saw. When I said that the comparison might not be the most felicitous to use with conservationists, he informed me that a chain saw attracts deer faster than a salt lick. Listening to a snowmobiler talk about the joy of riding through the woods at night, with

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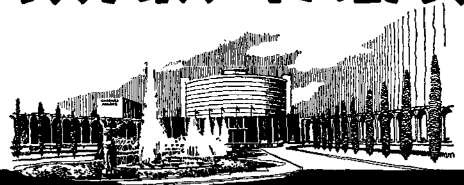

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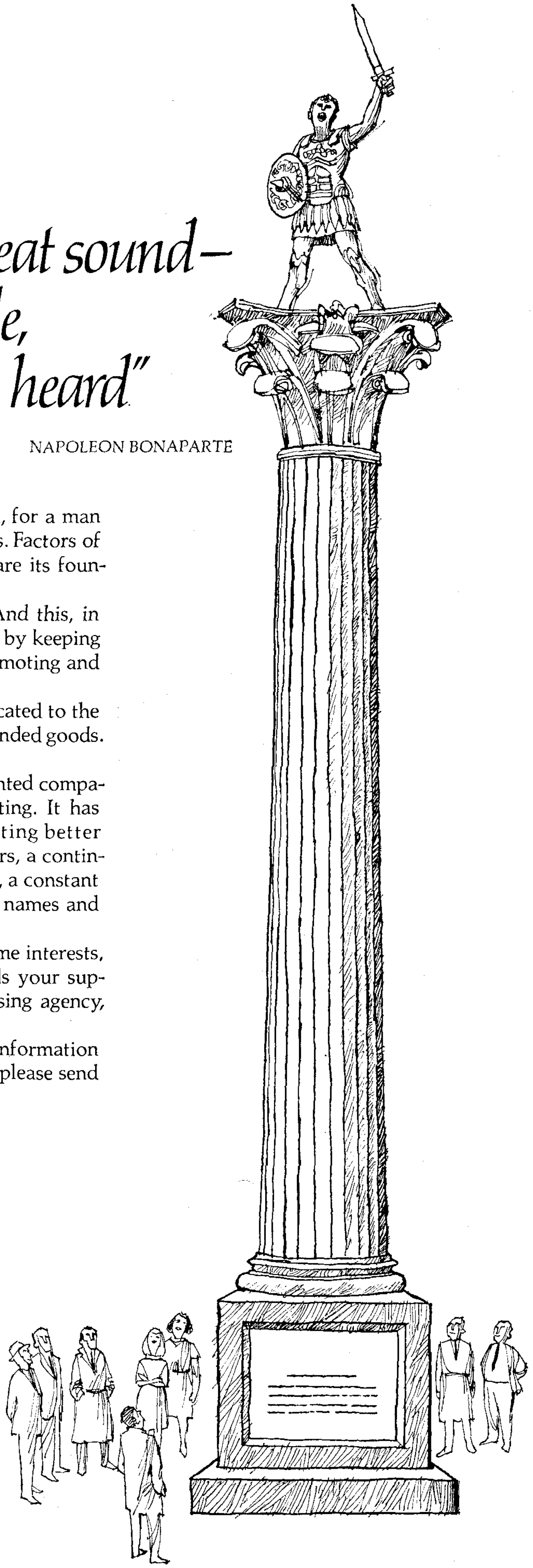

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the snow on the jack pines glistening in the moonlight, I found it hard to keep in mind that the scene would have to include the smell of gas fumes and the noise of an indoor go-cart race.

"I WOULDN'T have one of the things," a Brainerd citizen told me during a derby social hour at the Elks Lodge. "They just amount to a way of getting from one bar to the next, and I can get to a bar without a snowmobile." It is true that some people in Brainerd use the snowmobile as a kind of pub-crawl vehicle—the pubs in this case being the restaurants and bars on the nearby lake shores. But going to a bar with a group of snowmobilers—and snowmobilers seem to go to bars only in groups—is not at all the same as arriving in a car. One of the promotion men at the derby told me that, in his view, the success of snowmobiling is due partly to the secret yen middle-class people in places like upper Minnesota have for the life of motorcycle gangs. But a snowmobile group entering a Minnesota roadhouse also carries the mystique of the Western—the Cartwrights riding into town and coming into the bar together, part of a good, strong outdoor group. In a bar, snowmobilers usually keep their snowmobile suits on—just getting out of the top half and letting it hang over their belts behind them as they talk about the bumpiness of the trail on the way over or about the relative virtues of a Polaris and an Arctic Cat.

The Saturday night of the Paul Bunyan Derby, I was in a roadhouse near the race track. Its parking lot seemed to have as many snowmobiles as cars. A few couples from Fargo, North Dakota, were there—people who had driven over in their cars for the derby, pulling their snowmobiles behind them on trailers—and there were a lot of local people making the usual Saturday-night rounds in their snowmobiles. The place was jammed. A snowmobile promotion man I was with was talking about his company's spending a couple of hundred thousand dollars a year in racing, and about color-keying clothes to snowmobiles, and about putting out instructions to people on how to form snowmobile clubs. "Sometimes I think it's all a childish game," he said. "And sometimes I think we've rejuvenated these people." A lot of the snowmobilers were gathered around a piano bar. They were singing along with the piano player, and going over to the dance floor to jitterbug to the faster numbers, and drinking a lot of Grain Belt beer. —CALVIN TRILLIN

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Blessed Profanity

“M*A*S*H” is a marvellously unstable comedy, a tough, funny, and sophisticated burlesque of military attitudes that is at the same time a tale of chivalry. It's a sick joke, but it's also generous and romantic—an erratic, episodic film, full of the pleasures of the unexpected. I think it's the closest an American movie has come to the kind of constantly surprising mixture in “Shoot the Piano Player,” though “M*A*S*H” moves so fast that it's over before you have time to think of comparisons. While it's going on, you're busy listening to some of the best overlapping comic dialogue ever recorded. The picture has so much spirit that you keep laughing—and without discomfort, because all the targets *should* be laughed at. The laughter is at the horrors and absurdities of war, and, specifically, at people who flourish in the military bureaucracy. The title letters stand for Mobile Army Surgical Hospital; the heroes, played by Donald Sutherland and Elliott Gould, are combat surgeons patching up casualties a few miles from the front during the Korean war. They do their surgery in style, with humor; they're hip Galahads, saving lives while ragging the military bureaucracy. They are so quick to react to bull—and in startling, unpredictable ways—that the comedy is, at times, almost a poetic fantasy. There's a surreal innocence about the movie; though the setting makes it seem a “black” comedy, it's a cheery “black” comedy. The heroes win at everything. It's a modern kid's dream of glory: Holden Caulfield would, I think, approve of them. They're great surgeons, athletes, dashing men of the world, sexy, full of noblesse oblige, but ruthless to those with pretensions and lethal to hypocrites. They're so good at what they do that even the military brass admires them. They're winners in the war with the Army.

War comedies in the past have usually been about the little guys who foul things up and become heroes by accident (Chaplin in “Shoulder Arms,” Danny Kaye in “Up in Arms”). In that comedy tradition, the sad-sack recruit is too stupid to comprehend military ritual. These heroes are too smart to put up with it. Sutherland and Gould are more like an updated version of Edmund Lowe's and Victor McLaglen's Sergeant Quirt and Captain Flagg from “What Price Glory” and “The Cockeyed World”—movies in which the heroes retain their personal style and their camaraderie in the midst of blood and muck and the general insanity of war. One knows that though what goes on at this surgical station seems utterly crazy, it's only a small distortion of actual wartime situations. The pretty little helicopters delivering the bloody casualties are a surreal image, all right, but part of the authentic surrealism of modern warfare. The jokes the surgeons make about their butchershop work are a form of plain talk. The movie isn't naïve, but it isn't nihilistic, either. The surgery room looks insane and is presented as insane, but as the insanity in which we must preserve the values of sanity and function as sane men. An incompetent doctor is treated as a foul object; competence is one of the values the movie respects—even when it is demonstrated by a nurse (Sally Kellerman) who is a pompous fool. The heroes are always on the side of decency and sanity—that's why they're contemptuous of the bureaucracy. They are heroes *because* they're competent and sane and gallant, and in this insane situation their gallantry takes the form of scabrous comedy. The Quirt and Flagg films were considered highly profane in their day, and I am happy to say that “M*A*S*H,” taking full advantage of the new permissive rating system, is blessedly profane. I've rarely heard four-letter words used so exquisitely well in a movie, used with such efficacy and glee. I salute “M*A*S*H” for its contribution to the art of talking dirty.

The profanity, which is an extension of adolescent humor, is central to the idea of the movie. The silliness of adolescents—compulsively making jokes, seeing the ridiculous in everything—is what makes sanity possible here. The doctor who rejects adolescent behavior flips out. Adolescent pride in skills and games—in mixing a Martini or in devising a fishing lure or in golfing—keeps the men from becoming maniacs. Sutherland and Gould, and Tom Skerritt, as a third surgeon, and a lot of freakishly talented new-to-movies actors are relaxed and loose in their roles. Their style of acting underscores the point of the picture, which is that people who aren't hung up by pretensions, people who are loose and profane and have some empathy—people who can joke about anything—can function, and maybe even do something useful, in what may appear to be insane circumstances.

There's also a lot of slapstick in the movie, some of it a little like “Operation Mad Ball,” a fifties service comedy that had some great moments but was still tied to a sanctimonious approach to life and love. What holds the disparate elements of “M*A*S*H” together in the precarious balance that is the movie's chief charm is a free-for-all, throwaway attitude. The picture looks as if the people who made it had a good time, as if they played with it and improvised and took some chances. It's elegantly made, and yet it doesn't have that overplanned rigidity of so many Hollywood movies. The cinematography, by Harold E. Stine, is very fine—full of dust and muddy olive-green tones; it has immediacy and the clarity possible in Panavision. The editing and the sound engineering are surprisingly quick-witted. When the dialogue overlaps, you hear just what you should, but it doesn't seem all worked out and set; the sound seems to bounce off things so that the words just catch your ear. The throwaway stuff isn't really thrown away; it all helps to create the free, graceful atmosphere that sustains the movie and keeps it consistently funny. The director, Robert Altman, has a great feel for low-keyed American humor. With the help of Ring Lardner, Jr.'s, script (from a novel by a combat surgeon), Altman has made a real sport of a movie which combines traditional roustabout comedy with modern attitudes. As in other good comedies, there's often a mixture of what seems perfectly straight stuff and what seems incredible fantasy, and yet when we try to say which is which we can't. “M*A*S*H” affects us on a bewildering number of levels, like the Radio Tokyo versions of American songs on the camp loudspeaker system. All this may sound more like a testimonial than a review, but I don't know when I've had such a good time at a movie. Many of the best recent American movies leave you feeling that there's nothing to do but get stoned and die, that that's your proper fate as an American. This movie heals a breach in American movies: it's hip but it isn't hopeless. A surgical hospital where the doctors' hands are lost in chests and guts is certainly an unlikely subject for a comedy, but I think “M*A*S*H” is the best American war

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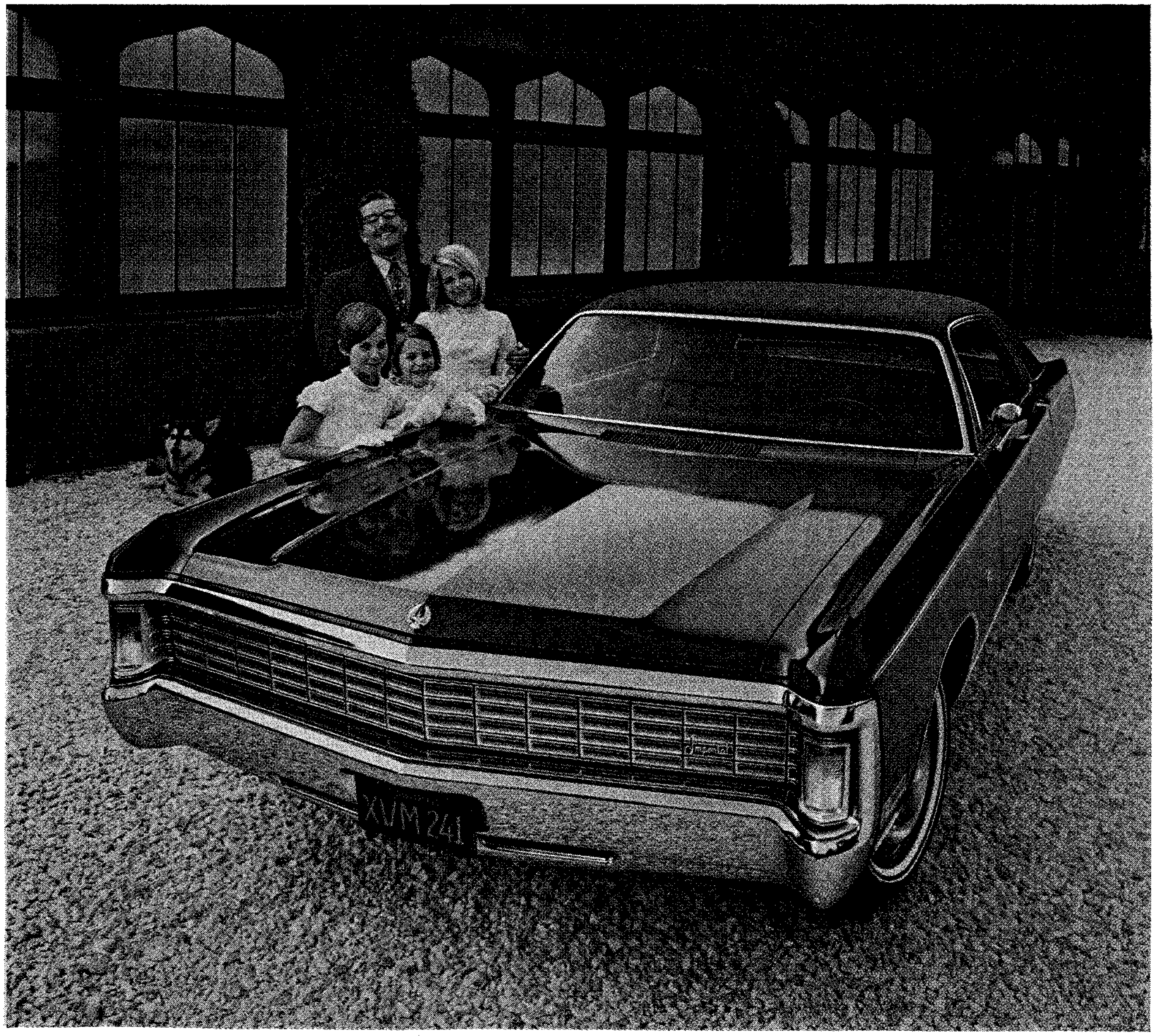

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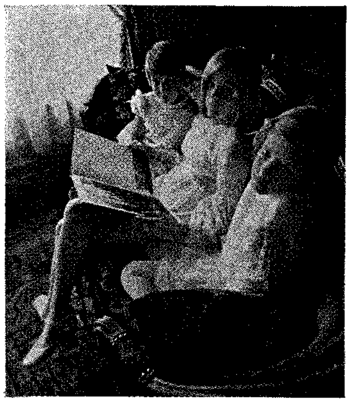

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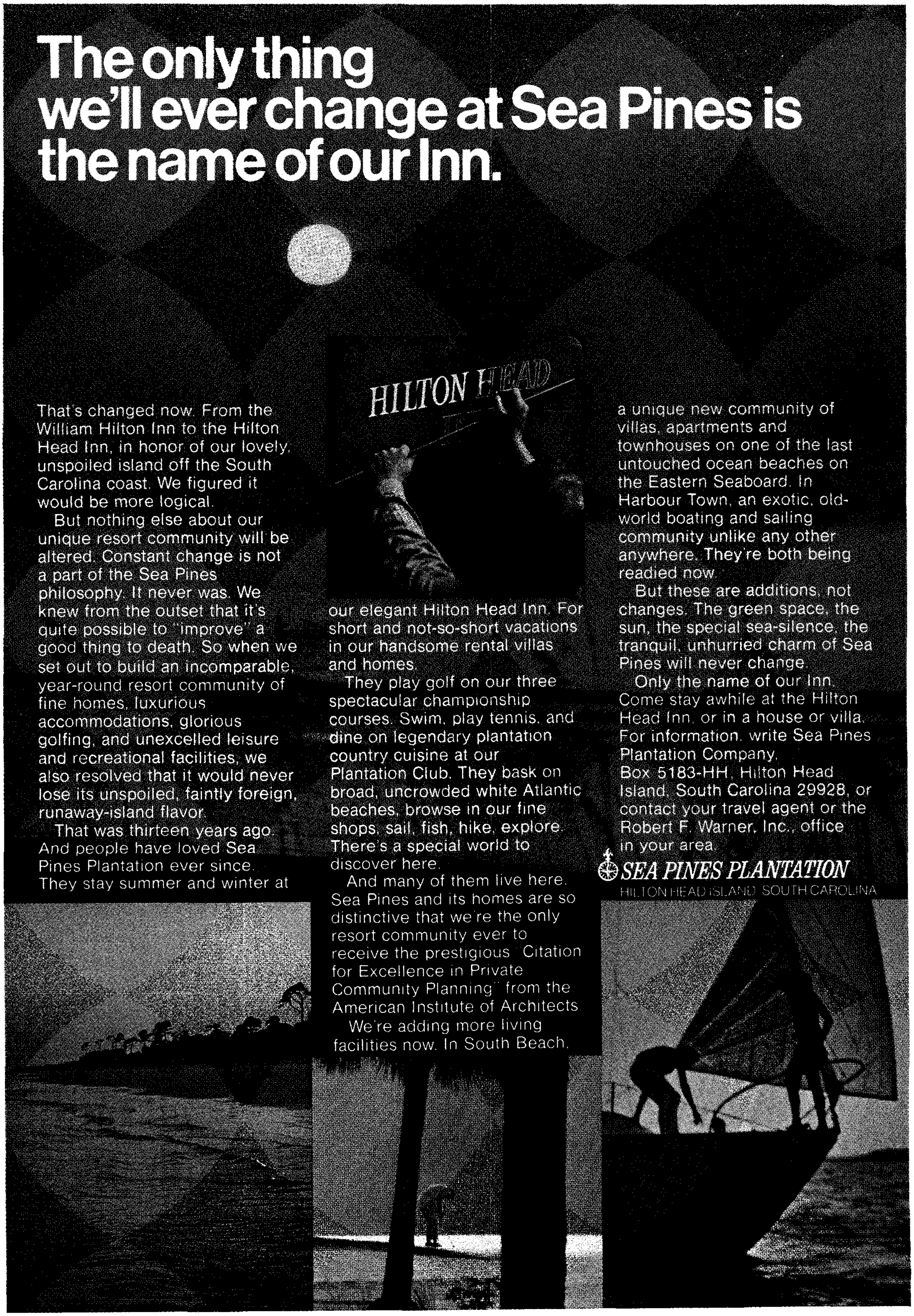

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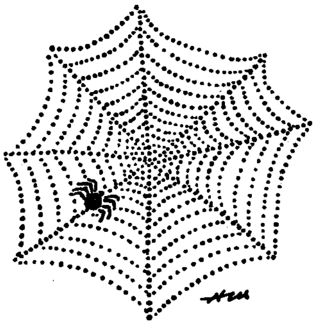
comedy since sound came in, and the sanest American movie of recent years.

"Anne of the Thousand Days" isn't exciting, but it's fairly civilized entertainment—well acted and with much sharper dialogue than the original Maxwell Anderson play. The movie is a companion piece to "A Man for All Seasons," dealing with the events that led Henry VIII to make himself head of the Church of England. As Henry, Richard Burton is rather good; he delivers his lines with considerable sureness and style, and yet his performance is colorless, with more craftsmanship than vitality. It's almost as if he *remembered* how to act but couldn't work up much enthusiasm or involvement. He seems too weary even for the way the role is conceived here. Henry in this version is a weak, tentative, somewhat apologetic monarch, a man willing to be deceived by his advisers if that will spare his conscience. This isn't unlikely, but it isn't dramatically satisfying. The whole point of historical drama is to make history spring to life by showing us the emotions of the people who determined the events. From line to line, "Anne of the Thousand Days" is intelligent, but the emotions that are supplied seem hypothetical and doubtful, and the conception lacks authority. Charles Laughton's image, in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," will probably remain stronger (even for those who see it only on television) than Burton's. Laughton's Henry was a greedy, vain man who could act out his impulses because he was king. Burton's Henry is less vain and greedy but also less human, and not a very impressive king, either. Burton and Genevieve Bujold, as Anne, don't seem big enough—their passions are not strong enough—for the events that Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn set in motion. You don't believe that Henry is going to fight Rome for this little girl.



In this version, Anne Boleyn is a clever, wily, sexually experienced young girl who keeps the King waiting for her sexual favors for six years—until he can marry her and make their children heirs to the throne. Genevieve Bujold works at the role with all her will and intelligence. Her readings are superb—really quite phenomenal when one considers that English is not her native language (and has been only recently acquired). She's a skillful actress, with remarkable technique, and she does wonders with the part, but she's too tight, too self-contained. One admires her as an actress, but one does not really warm to her. There is something lacking—that emotional, yielding, fluid, instinctive quality of the "born" actress that makes us want to see some actresses with much less technique, and often less intelligence, too. Irene Papas has a small, bad role in this movie, another of her suffering rejected wives, and her lines echo so many of her recent movies that she is almost ludicrous. Yet when Papas is on the screen one is drawn to her, and moved and carried away by her as one is never moved and carried away by Bujold. We are impressed by Bujold, but that's not what we go to movies for—to see a strong studied performance. She also lacks certain physical tools. Nature simply did not cast this girl in the heroic mold; she doesn't have the nose for tragedy. Her little pug face and her own temperament (which is calculating rather than fiery) should point her in a different direction. I think Genevieve Bujold could become a charming comedienne, because she has a witty command of technique, but whatever it is that makes a great emotional screen star she doesn't have.

Though the dialogue is epigrammatic and often much crisper than one anticipates, the script has a structural weakness: it does not convince us that, after all those years of waiting for Anne, Henry would turn against her when she gives birth to a daughter. Up to then, his passion for a son has not seemed stronger than his passion for her. His hostile reaction to Anne at the birth of Elizabeth comes as a shock and a surprising eccentricity. The birth scene is the turning point in the events here, for in this version Anne is not guilty of the adultery for which she is executed but is framed by Cromwell in order to oblige Henry, and yet this turning point is not satisfactorily explained. If she was not an adulteress, why didn't he give her more time to produce a son? Why did he fall out of love so quickly? The heart of the picture—Henry's crucial dissatisfaction with Anne once he has defied Rome, risked war, and disembowelled his friends to get her—is not accounted

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for, and so his character and her fate don't make much sense. And it's really not a very good story told this way; in the old Laughton film it was symmetrical and satisfying to see Henry discarding his Queen and going through the hell of overturning the Church to marry a young girl who immediately betrayed him. In this version, Henry seems to feel so little love for Anne once he's got her, and so little pain about killing her, that it's hard to believe he has much feeling of any kind. And that doesn't make for much of a historical drama.

Charles Jarrott, who directed, is inept at action and pageantry, and the picture is often static, but Jarrott is good with the actors and he keeps the issues and the dialogue intelligible. John Colicos, whose Cromwell is in the amusingly wicked tradition of Martin Kosleck's scheming Nazis, and Michael Hordern as Anne's father and Anthony Quayle as Wolsey all act away happily in their plummy roles. However, Jarrott's attempt at a big, lingering exit for Quayle fails to come off; it assumes that we feel more about Wolsey's loss of power than we do, and it's reminiscent of too many other fake "great moments" when the camera does for an actor what naughty hams all too often do for themselves on the stage. In this poorly lighted movie, there were times when I couldn't tell outdoors from indoors, or day from night; the last time I was similarly confused, the picture had been shot by the same cinematographer, Arthur Ibbetson.

The adapters did not eliminate all of Maxwell Anderson's glowing, fatuous hindsight. Miss Bujold is quite marvellous in some of those speeches that you know are supposed to make your skin tingle and your heart soar, such as Anne's speech of determination that Elizabeth will be queen and of pride that her own blood is well spent. At the end, there is an embarrassingly perfect visual equivalent of the Anderson "O bright ironic gods" style of dramaturgy: a final shot of Anne's posthumous triumph—the baby Elizabeth wandering about, deserted, as her foolish father, who doesn't know what *we* do, goes off to beget a male heir. You might try pinching yourself to work up a bit of tingle.

—PAULINE KAEL

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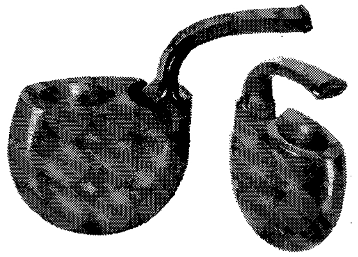

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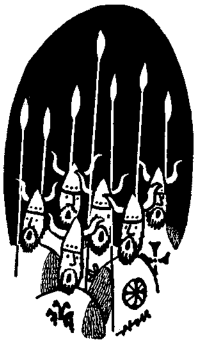
MUSICAL EVENTS

Out of the Mouths of Babes

A COUPLE of things bothered me about Leonard Bernstein's performance in Philharmonic Hall last Thursday night of Beethoven's opera "Fidelio," with a cast of student singers from the Juilliard School, along with the Philharmonic and the Juilliard Chorus. It doesn't seem to me that the Philharmonic is the place to present student singers. And to present them in an opera as horrifically difficult for its principal artists as "Fidelio" is inviting disaster. I have heard singers of great reputation and ability faltering in this opera. It is not for children. But, taking things as they were, I shall try to present an unbiassed report of what went on. The student singers, though some of them lacked the power and agility to cope with their roles, were exceedingly well trained. In fact, during the first act I thought they outdid Mr. Bernstein. The act appeared insufficiently rehearsed, the tone in the strings was coarse, and there were places where the horns missed their notes—something that I have found to be virtually always the fault of the conductor rather than that of the horn players. For all I could tell, the orchestra may have been reading its parts at sight. The second act went a great deal better. The tone of the orchestra improved, and there were no disasters. And since the second act of this curious opera is far superior to the first, there were some passages of beautiful music to listen to. As for the young singers, they all sang in tune, and their general style was well schooled. If I pick out one for special mention, it is because she handled the most exacting role in the opera with remarkable maturity, a considerable sense of its dramatic significance, and a voice that, though it is not equal as yet to, say, a Metropolitan "Fidelio," is nevertheless capable of full-bodied singing. This was Anita Darian, the Leonore of the evening, and an ex-kazoo player. She is a very promising young artist. She was a little deficient at the lower end of the enormous range of her part. But on the whole she sang convincingly. No doubt she will turn up in a professional company before long, I hope in some easier roles than this one. The chorus, trained by the admirable Abraham Kaplan, did quite well, and if the performance had many inadequacies, there were still enough episodes of strenuous and occasionally lyric music to provide a few moments of pleasure. "Fidelio" is not my favorite opera. It is theatrically clumsy, and most of its characters are stereotypes. But nothing by Beethoven can be entirely bad, and here and there, especially in the second act, the sublime Beethoven asserts himself fully and leaves you with something to remember. The performance was, of course, a concert affair, without scenery or props.



THE concert given in Carnegie Hall last Wednesday night by the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra offered a number of things for a critic's consideration. First, there was the soloist, Marilyn Horne, who was undoubtedly the reason for the packed auditorium. Second, there was the quality of the orchestra, which I had never heard before. Third, there was the work of the conductor, Henry Lewis, and, fourth, there was a peculiar composition by Donald Erb, called "The Seventh Trumpet," which was receiving its New York première. Let me begin in the middle of all this by commenting on the orchestra and its conductor. I was surprised by the smoothness and accuracy of the orchestra's playing. It is a first-rate ensemble, with no weaknesses that I could discover, and Mr. Lewis is therefore to be counted among the country's foremost orchestral trainers. But he is more than that. He is a maestro with a precise and effective beat, able to relax an orchestra as well as drive it. His sense of style is entirely dependable. In short, he is a conductor of distinction, and I look forward to future performances under his baton.

It is a mere two months since I last wrote, admiringly, about Miss Horne, who is Mr. Lewis's wife. The program the other night was arranged so as to give her plenty of room for spectacular singing of one sort and another. It included the whole second act of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice" and several episodes from Rossini's "L'Assedio di Corinto," more popularly known here as "The Siege of Corinth," in which she made quite a stir at La Scala last spring. In "Orfeo," she sang the role of Orpheus, while a talented young

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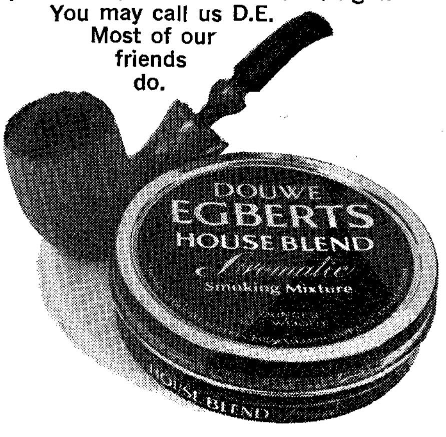

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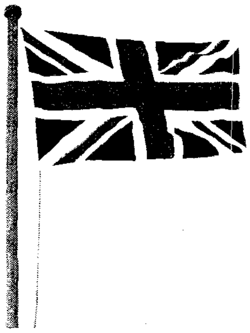

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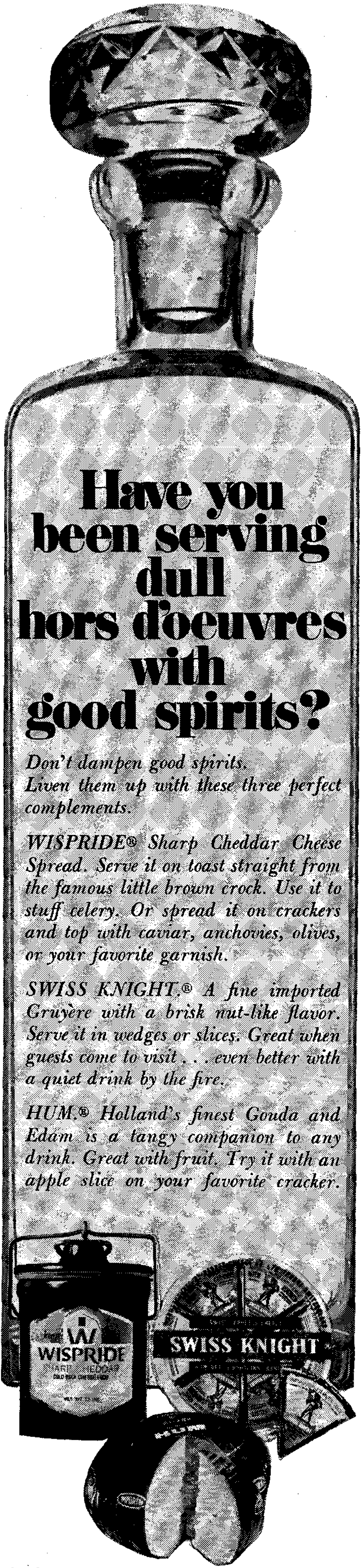
soprano named Joanne Bruno did the smaller part of Euridice. "Orfeo" contains very little in the way of the vocal fireworks that are Miss Horne's specialty. Here one was able to judge her capacities for the long line, for proper accent, and for dramatic inflection. She turned out to be just as memorable in this kind of music as she is in the more florid type. Her Orpheus was passionate, ringing, and beautifully phrased. I have rarely heard its equal in many years of concert- and opera-going. The Rossini excerpts included the hymn "Divin Profeta," from Act II, and "Non temer" and "E fia ver, mio Signor," from Act III, Scene 1. The "Divin Profeta" aria was followed by a tremendous ovation, and it was deserved. The aria showed Miss Horne at her most agile and accurate. The *fioritura* involved is frightening in its complexity, and she brought it off with absolute precision, managing at the same time to preserve understandable Italian enunciation—a thing that one does not always find among skilled *fioritura* singers. The effect was simply dazzling. Even that most difficult feat of vocalization, the descending chromatic scale, was tossed off with ease and accuracy. (Come to think of it, unless I am mistaken, the *ascending* chromatic scale is impossible to perform and is never written in florid vocal parts.) The perfection with which Miss Horne articulated all her coloratura passages can be matched by few, if any, other singers today. The big difficulty of the final numbers, "Non temer" and "E fia ver," lies in their demands on the range of the voice, and here, as I have remarked before, Miss Horne has no problems at all, since she can encompass soprano, mezzo, and contralto registers without a break and with a natural facility that makes her practically unique. It goes without saying that they were magnificently sung.

Then there was Mr. Erb's piece, its title, "The Seventh Trumpet," derived from that solemn source the Bible. It proved to be a noise composition. Generally, I find this type of composition a bore, and to me the whole repertoire of noise music, from Edgard Varèse and Leo Ornstein (Who's he? Well, he was very famous forty years ago) to John Cage, is no more significant musically than a sneeze. However, Mr. Erb has a remarkable ear for sound and a skilled command of orchestral writing, and his new work made quite an effect, though I wonder whether it was the effect he intended. The fact is that "The



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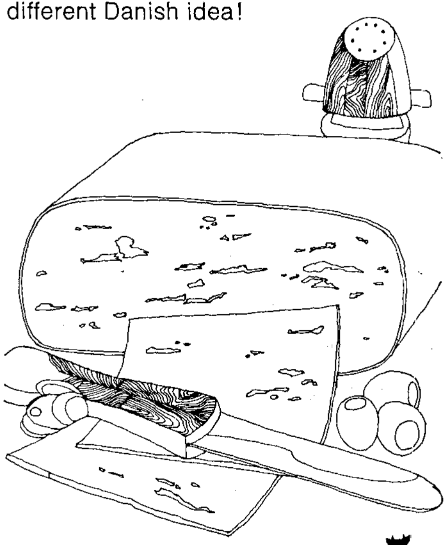

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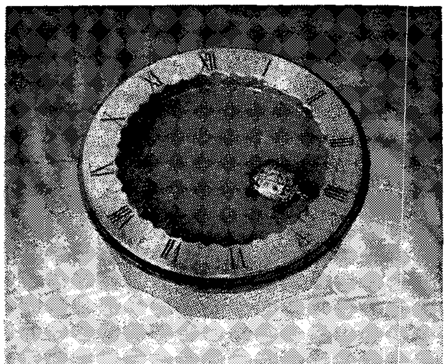

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Seventh Trumpet" is as hilarious as a Keystone Cops chase. It contains all sorts of unexpected convulsions of banging and swooping, along with musical equivalents for falling downstairs and bopping people over the head, and it undoubtedly took a great deal of imagination to create. The audience was overcome with laughter (it wasn't a very sophisticated audience for contemporary music), and even the orchestra burst into giggles from time to time. I think that Mr. Erb should change his Biblical title to a comic one. Anyhow, "The Seventh Trumpet" provided some wonderful slapstick comedy, and I suspect that it will become a big hit on symphony programs.

SOMETIMES a critic simply has bad luck. Such was mine when I attended the concert of the Moscow Philharmonic, under Kiril Kondrashin, in Philharmonic Hall last Tuesday evening. I should have picked another night, for this is a fine orchestra, which did not shine at its brightest on that occasion. I have written about this orchestra before—about the sombre sound of its woodwinds, the agile and pleasant sound of its horns, and about the absence from its string tone of that smoothness that some of our greatest orchestras have, this owing to the scarcity of fine stringed instruments in Russia, not to any lack of virtuosity on the part of the players themselves. It is a superb ensemble in matters of discipline, attack, and rhythm. Part of the trouble the other night was the program. Rachmaninoff's Third Symphony, with which it started, is a weak, rambling work that no orchestra or conductor can make eloquent. Then there was the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, with somebody named Valery Klimov in the solo part. Mr. Klimov is a violinist of heroic stage presence and very poor intonation. His slips in the latter department were the cause of some distress; if you can't play as simple and easy a thing as the Mendelssohn concerto in tune what will you sound like in more taxing music? The audience applauded wildly; perhaps it was thrilled by its feelings about Russian-American friendship. The concert ended with Gershwin's "An American in Paris," which the orchestra played with a genuine grasp of the American idiom.

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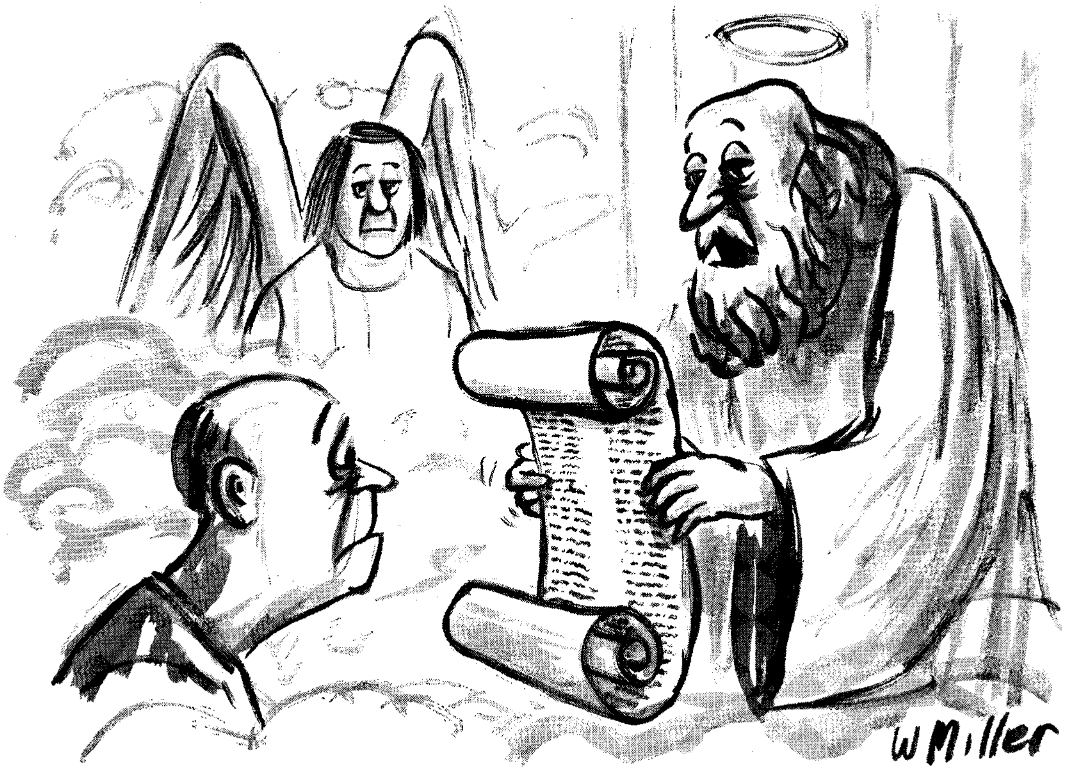
BOOKS

Enemies of the People

IN all the history of science there is no record of anything to equal what happened to Russian biology in the thirty years between 1934 and 1964. During this time—a time in which biology was making extraordinary advances—the whole science of modern biology was suppressed in Russia and vigorous efforts were made to erase it from the Russian mind. Textbooks were altered, biologists who were courageous enough to continue to try to teach and do research in real biology were persecuted or imprisoned. There were severe crises in Russian agriculture—crises that might have been alleviated by the use of modern biological techniques, among them the cultivation of hybrid varieties of corn and wheat, if such techniques had not been forbidden. In their place, an entire pseudo-science was erected and forced upon the Russian people practically at gunpoint by a fanatic, illiterate charlatan, Trofim Denisovich Lysenko, who had the complete confidence of both Stalin and Khrushchev. (It is likely that one of the key elements in the downfall of Khrushchev was the failure of Russian agriculture, and one of the first acts of the regime that replaced him was the denunciation of Lysenko and his followers, who held most of the important posts in biology and agriculture.) Much has been written about Lysenko, mainly by Western observers, and now a book by a distinguished Russian biologist, Zhores A. Medvedev, "The Rise and Fall of T. D. Lysenko" (Columbia; ten dollars), has appeared. (It has not been published in Russia.) In its controlled fury, it has all the literary qualities of an Orwellian polemic; in its revelations of the anguish of men and women whose only crime was that they could not teach things they knew to be false, it often matches the great Russian novels; as an object lesson in the methods of dictatorships, it may be one of the definitive modern masterpieces.

Dr. Medvedev's book—the Doctor, now forty-four, was once the director of the Laboratory of Molecular Radiobiology at the Institute of Medical Radiology, in Obninsk—was translated by I. Michael Lerner, a professor of genetics and once chairman of the department at the University of California at Berkeley. In a fascinating foreword to his excellent translation, Lerner gives us the history of the book:

> Although I know only a few personal facts, I should like to recount the history of my connection with this book. In 1961 I received a copy of a book, in Russian, by Y. M. Olenov, for review in *Science*. It dealt with population genetics and evolution, and its main purpose seemed to be to present the developments in these areas to the Soviet scientific community which, under Lysenko's regime, knew nothing of them. It was a good book: Engels was mentioned in it only once, and the whole tenor was not one of demagogic style (described so vividly by Medvedev) but rather that of an objective and scientific spirit. My review was entitled "The Blossoms of a Hundred Flowers of Soviet Genetics," echoing the statement of Chairman Mao. In response to my review, a postcard came to me from the Laboratory of Radiobiology in Obninsk (a hundred and ten kilometers from Moscow), informing me that I was talking through my hat—for every flower there are still a hundred weeds, it said. The writer of the card, Medvedev, turned out to be a young man of high intelligence, spirit, and courage, a Soviet patriot, and an active participant in the struggle against Lysenkoism described in this book. . . .
>
> Medvedev and I struck up a correspondence and, at the Mendelian celebration in Czechoslovakia in 1965 . . . managed to meet each other. [The celebration was in honor of the hundredth anniversary of Gregor Mendel's discovery of the laws of heredity; Mendel, who did his work in the gardens of a monastery courtyard in Brno, was a special target of Lysenko's propaganda, so Russian participation at this centennial was of particular importance.] He told me that he had been working since 1961 on a history of the whole sordid affair and showed me an outline of the book. I immediately volunteered to translate it when and if it was published in the U.S.S.R.
>
> Subsequently Medvedev informed me that publication was to be delayed, because the powers that be had decreed that 1967, being the fiftieth anniversary of the Revolution, was not a suitable time to bring out books critical of the Soviet regime.
>
> In the fall of 1967 I was instrumental in bringing to the United States a delegation of four Soviet geneticists (this was after Lysenko's fall), and at that time I discussed with them fully, frankly, and without reservations the prospects for doing the translation. To my utter amazement, at least some of the Soviet visitors assumed that I already had the manuscript in my possession and, as I found out later, one of them denounced Medvedev and me on their return. I have no



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first-hand information about what happened after the denunciation, but I do know that Medvedev must have been put in a highly embarrassing position, having been falsely accused of planning to pull a sort of scientific "Dr. Zhivago" or a Daniel-and-Sinyavsky attempt to publish his manuscript abroad without official sanction. He wrote suggesting that I request a copy of the manuscript from the publishing house of the Soviet Academy, with a view to translating it into English, and that I point out the obvious advantages of an authorized translation.... After several months of silence, I received a letter from the publishing house which indicated that the manuscript was not publishable in the U.S.S.R. and therefore I could not have a copy of it.

Meanwhile, through unofficial channels, I came into possession of a microfilm of the typescript. The author had circulated many copies of preliminary versions throughout the Soviet Union for the purpose of checking the accuracy of his account of the events described. The final Russian text, which provided the basis for the present translation, resulted from numerous revisions by the author, and has been approved by him as representing his current views. For obvious reasons, he did not see the translated, abridged, and edited manuscript before publication. It is hoped that he may one day see a copy of this book.

T. D. Lysenko, who had been experimenting with a project for planting peas as a cover for fields used as winter pastures, came to public notice in 1926. His experiments may or may not have had some value for agronomy, but at any rate they revealed some of the techniques that Lysenko was to make use of later in establishing his hold on Soviet science. Not contenting himself with the usual channels of scientific communication, he had managed to have himself made the feature of an article in *Pravda* entitled "The Fields in Winter." The author gave a graphic portrait:

> If one is to judge a man by first impression, Lysenko gives one the feeling of a toothache; God give him health, he has a dejected mien. Stingy of words and insignificant of face is he; all one remembers is his sullen look creeping along the earth as if, at very least, he were ready to do someone in. Only once did this barefoot scientist let a smile pass, and that was at mention of Poltava cherry dumplings with sugar and sour cream.

By 1929, Lysenko was well on his way with the "research" that ended in the destruction of the study of modern genetics in the Soviet Union. It began simply. Lysenko and his colleagues experimented to see what would happen to the seed of winter wheat if it were exposed to the cold and then planted in the spring. The experiments led Lysenko to the statement that the direct transformation of spring wheat into winter wheat, and vice versa, was possible—the process of "vernalization." His idea, which can be traced back to the pre-Darwinian French biologist J. B. de Lamarck, was that the adaptability of certain strains of spring wheat to winter conditions, and other characteristics, could be directly inherited by the offspring. This theory of "inheritance of acquired characteristics," which ran counter to every notion of modern genetics, became Lysenko's cause, and its acceptance, again at gunpoint, was forced upon Soviet biology. The issue is clear-cut. According to present-day biology, and, for that matter, to the biology universally accepted in the nineteen-twenties, heredity is controlled by the genes. A gene is a complex molecule whose structure determines the characteristics of the offspring of a given species. Such molecules can be altered (the process of mutation)—for example, by exposure to radiation or chemicals—and mutation produces abrupt and generally uncontrollable changes in the hereditary pattern. Mostly, these changes are "destructive;" the altered species that result cannot adapt to their environment and die out. Some mutations are beneficial, in that the altered species more readily adapts to its environment than its predecessor did, and this is how biological species "evolve." But the fact that a parent acquires a certain characteristic during its lifetime does *not* mean that the offspring will inherit this characteristic. An animal may lose a limb, and a plant a leaf, but their descendants will be perfectly whole. To deny this, which in essence was what Lysenko was proposing, forces one to deny the whole of modern biology.

Sometimes a genius—an Einstein—can propose a theory that runs counter to all the accepted scientific dogma of his era and be right. This is a rare phenomenon. Mostly, the iconoclasts turn out to be cranks. However, early in the thirties, Lysenko convinced Stalin that his biology was the *only* one consistent with Marxist political ideology, and by 1935 Lysenko was calling scientists who did not accept his theories "saboteurs" and "enemies of the people." Medvedev notes that after a speech by Lysenko that ended with "a class enemy is always an enemy whether he is a scientist or not," Stalin exclaimed "Bravo, Comrade Lysenko, bravo!" By 1936, there were two biologies in the Soviet Union—the state biology of Lysenko, and a truly scientific biology practiced by a decreasing number of Soviet scientists who were prepared to go to prison, or even die,

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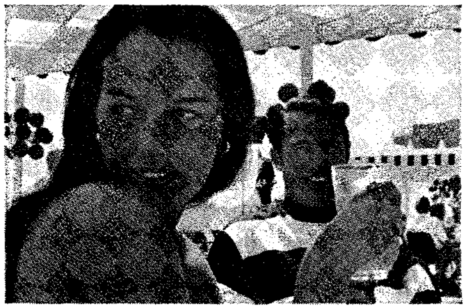
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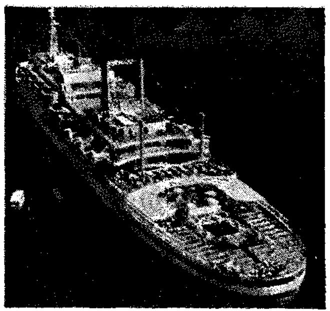
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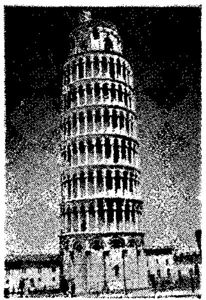
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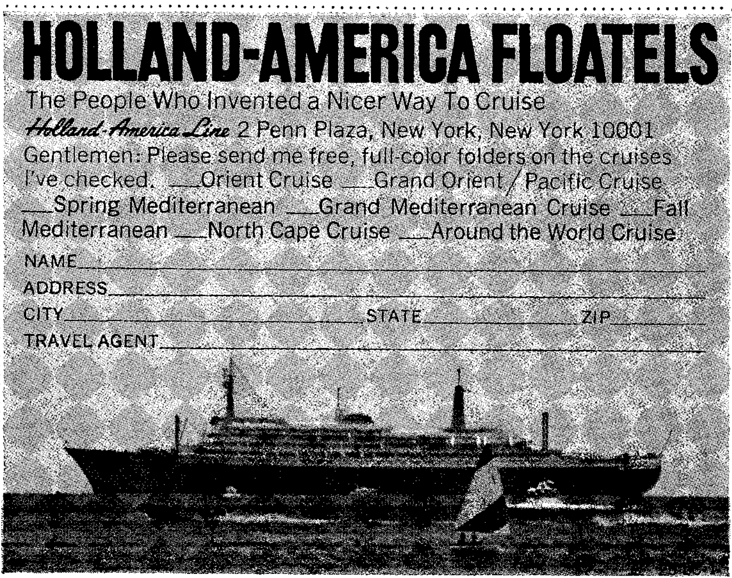

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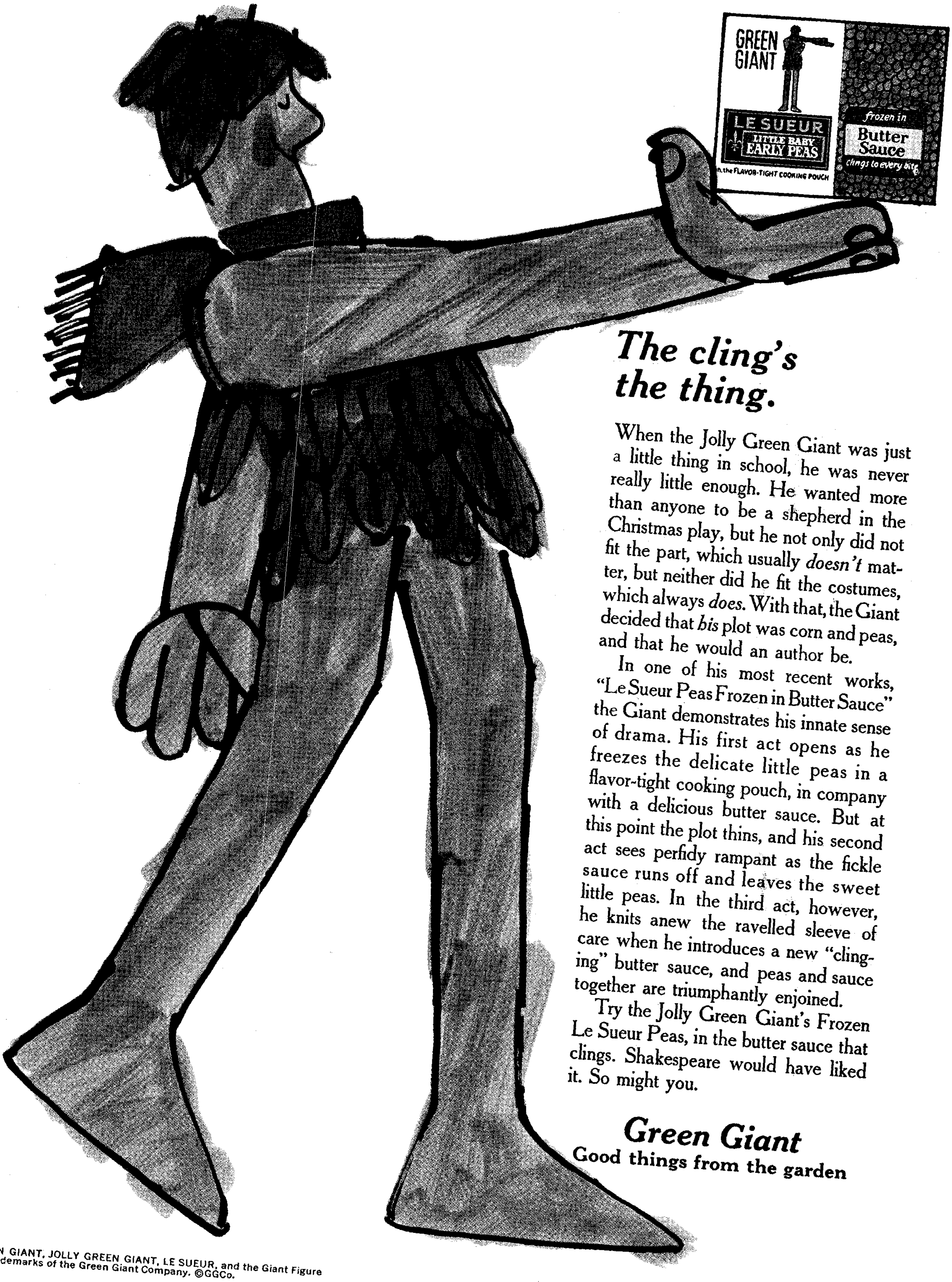

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In one of his most recent works, "Le Sueur Peas Frozen in Butter Sauce" the Giant demonstrates his innate sense of drama. His first act opens as he freezes the delicate little peas in a flavor-tight cooking pouch, in company with a delicious butter sauce. But at this point the plot thins, and his second act sees perfidy rampant as the fickle sauce runs off and leaves the sweet little peas. In the third act, however, he knits anew the ravelled sleeve of care when he introduces a new "clinging" butter sauce, and peas and sauce together are triumphantly enjoined.

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for what they knew to be the truth. Medvedev's book is filled with the names of Soviet scientists who simply would not give in to Lysenko, whatever the consequences. The most moving part of his account deals with the great Soviet biologist Nikolay Ivanovich Vavilov. Vavilov, a specialist in plant pathology, had set himself the task of developing for Soviet agriculture disease-resistant species of cultivated plants, and to this end he began the first broad study in the Soviet Union of applied plant genetics. Medvedev remarks:

> It was to further this work that Vavilov, in the middle twenties, initiated his famous expeditions to all corners of the Soviet Union and later to all principal centers of world agriculture. Over a short period of time about two hundred expeditions were organized. Their members investigated the agriculture and plant resources of sixty-five countries and brought to the Soviet Union over a hundred and fifty thousand plant varieties, forms, and species—all of the plant-breeding wealth created by mankind in its centuries-old history.

Vavilov, the most outstanding Russian geneticist, was instantly attacked by Lysenko and his followers, and in 1939 one of them wrote, "It so happened that, together with foreign plants, bourgeois theories and pseudo-scientific trends [i.e., modern genetic theory] infiltrated [Vavilov's] institute." Indeed, by this time Lysenko was trying to force Vavilov's resignation. Vavilov could not be silenced, and after one particularly acrimonious debate with him Lysenko remarked, "I say now that some kind of measures must be taken. . . . We shall have to depend on others, take another line, a line of administrative subordination." The "others" were, of course, the Soviet secret police. In August of 1940, Vavilov, on an expedition in the western Ukraine, was arrested. Medvedev describes Vavilov's last hours of freedom:

> Vavilov and his companions first went to Kiev. From there they went by car to Lvov and on to Chernovitsy. From there, in three overcrowded cars, Vavilov and a large group of local specialists proceeded toward the foothills to collect and study plants. One of the cars could not negociate the difficult road and turned back. On the way the occupants met a light car containing men in civilian clothes: "Where did Vavilov's car go?" asked one of them. "We need him urgently." "The road further on is not good, return with us to Chernovitsy. Vavilov should be back by 6 or 7 P.M., and that would be the fastest way to find him." "No, we must find him right away; a telegram came from Moscow; he is being recalled immediately."
>
> In the evening the other members of the expedition returned without Vavilov. He was taken so fast that his things were left in one of the cars. But late at night three men in civilian clothes came to fetch them. One of the members of the expedition started sorting out the bags piled up in the corner of the room, looking for Vavilov's. When it was located it was found to contain a big sheaf of spelt, a half-wild local type of wheat collected by Vavilov. It was later discovered to be a brand-new species. Thus, on his last day of service to his country, August 6, 1940, Vavilov made his last botanical-geographic discovery. And although it was modest, it still cannot be dropped from the history of science. And few scientists reading of it in a Vavilov memorial volume published in 1960 could have guessed that the date of this find is a date that scientists throughout the world will always recall with bitterness and pain.

On July 9, 1941, after a brief "trial," Vavilov was convicted of "belonging to a rightist conspiracy, spying for England, leadership of the Labor Peasant Party, sabotage in agriculture, links with white emigrés," and so on. He was sentenced to death, but the wife of Beria, the police chief of Soviet Russia, was a student of plant breeding, and her professor, D. N. Pryanishnikov, persuaded her to persuade Beria to spare Vavilov. He was sent to prison, where, on January 26, 1943, he died of undernourishment. Medvedev reveals a significant fact about Soviet sensibilities:

> At the end of 1942, Vavilov, who had mysteriously "disappeared" from the world science scene, was elected a foreign member of the Royal Society of London. When this information reached the N.K.V.D., the Vavilov file was urgently recalled for study. But it was too late. Life was slowly ebbing from a body exhausted by malnutrition, and it was impossible by then to save him. . . . This was the heaviest loss to Soviet science in the period of the personality cult.

Vavilov provided his own epitaph when he wrote, "We shall go to the pyre, we shall burn, but we shall not renounce our convictions."

During the war, the persecution of biologists temporarily abated. But by 1945 Lysenko had resumed his activities with renewed vigor. Now Medvedev himself finally became aware of what Lysenko was about:

> Up to then, not really knowing genetics, I had viewed the controversy in genetics and Darwinism as a real scientific debate in which, as it appeared to me, both sides deserved respect. [One of the more bizarre aspects of the affair was the treatment of Darwin. The followers of Lysenko conceived the notion that Darwin's work, which coincided, according to them, with the last flourishing of the capitalist society, represented the last bit of valid biology done in the West. Hence there ensued an all but incredible

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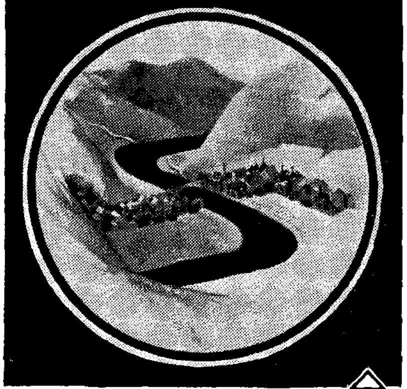

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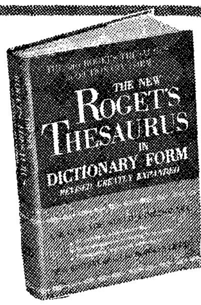

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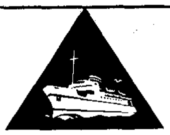

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debate, as to which group of Soviet biologists were the real representatives of the true "Darwinism."] But watching the renewal of the discussion on Darwinism, I understood that the aim of Lysenko and his followers was anything but elucidation of scientific truth. . . . It soon became apparent that the position of Lysenko and his followers was weak, far-fetched, and based on few facts. It really bordered on utter falsification of science. It also became clear that neither Lysenko nor his supporters were possessed of sufficient erudition to carry on the debate at the level of serious science.

In fact, by 1948 it appeared that Lysenko might be on his way out. However, once again, he went to Stalin, and a campaign was soon under way to examine every biology text and even the contents of every course in biology to make sure that it contained no mention of modern genetics; a biologist could be dismissed from his post if he even published a finding that happened to agree with a similar finding of a scientist in the West. Medvedev attended one of Lysenko's public lectures:

> An especially summoned brass band begins to play a triumphal march, under the sounds of which Lysenko proceeds through the hailing rows to the rostrum to begin his first lecture. Seeing gray-haired scientists in the front rows of the audience, Lysenko exclaims with exaltation: "Aha! You came to relearn?" I remember little of the content of the lecture—only the assertion that a horse is alive only in interaction with the environment; without interaction it is no longer a horse but a cadaver of a horse; that, when different birds are fed hairy caterpillars, cuckoos hatch from their eggs . . . etc. etc.

Whatever Stalin's death may have meant for other intellectual disciplines in the Soviet Union, it effected little change in the climate for biology. Khrushchev was a confirmed Lysenkoist, and until 1964, when he was deposed, true biology remained a forbidden, clandestine activity in the Soviet Union. It was only after 1964 that the full extent of the methods of Lysenkoism were revealed. (It turned out that the "data" Lysenko had gathered to support his theories about the collective farms were largely false, and that farmers using his methods had suffered such enormous losses that a crisis in Soviet agriculture ensued.) A desperate effort began to "rehabilitate" Russian biology. New textbooks were needed, and whole research establishments were created almost overnight. The day before Khrushchev was deposed, the noted geneticist I. A. Rapoport received a call from a high official in Soviet agriculture, which he assumed was to announce his dismissal from his job but which turned out to be a command to

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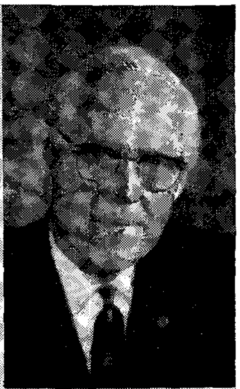

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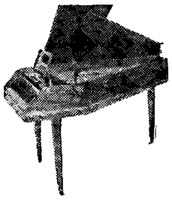

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prepare, within twenty-four hours, a popular article for a Soviet newspaper on the achievements of modern genetics. Medvedev reports:

> Rapoport replied that he could not complete such a serious article so fast, and that in any case the newspaper, noted for its pogrom publications and Lysenko sympathies, would hardly be likely to publish it.

His caller informed Rapoport that he would receive all the secretarial help he needed and that the article would indeed be published. In thirty hours, Rapoport produced his article, and a week later it appeared, more or less as he had written it; what he had said in praise of Mendel was, however, deleted.

Medvedev does not really explain how men like Rapoport, or indeed him himself, were able to keep abreast of modern genetics during the Lysenko regime. One can only imagine the many acts of courage that this must have required. The damage Lysenkoism caused will be felt in Soviet science and agriculture for decades. Medvedev does indicate that Lysenkoism has been largely eliminated from Soviet biology, but the fate of Medvedev's book in the Soviet Union is one indication that the struggle for intellectual freedom in Russia is far from over, and there are other indications. Mr. Lerner has reported since the publication of the book, that a new scientific purge may be imminent. However, a Western reader of Medvedev's book should not indulge in self-congratulation. Every country has its potential Lysenkos, entirely too willing to convert intellectual debates over controversial and difficult issues into denunciations of the "enemies of the people." We can only hope that if the need arises, we, too, can produce, in large numbers, people with the character, the intellectual honesty, and the moral courage of Medvedev to carry on the struggle for truth.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ANGELL, PEARL AND LITTLE GOD, by Winston Graham (Doubleday). Mr. Graham has given us a great big glittery entertainment about life among the affluent and the would-be affluent in present-day London. Wilfred Angell, a plump, self-indulgent solicitor of forty-nine, marries a beautiful, uneducated, and rather nice-natured shopgirl of twenty. Her name is Pearl, and she is just as much surprised to find her-

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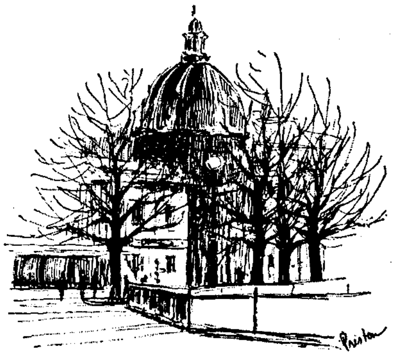

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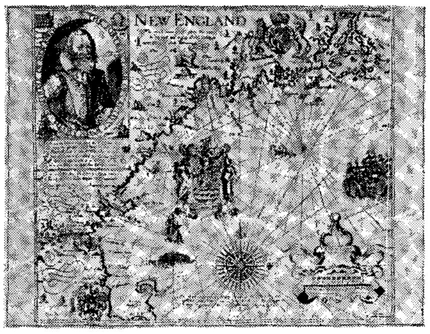

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self married to Wilfred as he is to find himself married to her. He has always been a bachelor. His friends are astounded, and so are hers, but the really unpleasant surprise is reserved for Little God, a tiny, handsome, extra-virile featherweight boxer who has been in violent pursuit of Pearl. Little God wants to rape Pearl and maybe someday marry her. Anyway, he is determined to make her his own, and when he hears that she has escaped him he picks up a big flowerpot (with a fern growing in it) and throws it right through a front window in her father's humble suburban dwelling. That's the sort of temper Little God has. Pearl has more sense. She buys herself a few new clothes and settles down in Angell's charming mews house, where she is surrounded by his excellent collection of paintings, old silver, old china, old furnishings, and valuable old rugs. She is beginning to be perfectly contented when one day she opens the door to find Little God standing on the step. After that, we dive headlong into the kind of tiny maelstrom that results when beautiful young people who are poor and who like money try to outwit their crafty elders who have money. The scene is very London: shops, theatres, restaurants, everything. A Literary Guild choice.

NOTE: Random House has published "Blind Love and Other Stories," by V. S. Pritchett, of which a number first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

KING: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY, by David L. Lewis (Praeger). The author is a young black historian—say, half a generation younger than Martin Luther King, Jr. He tells us that he undertook this work with serious doubts about his subject, and even greater doubts about Christianity—and especially about Southern Negro churches. But research changed Dr. Lewis's qualms into respect for King, if not for Christ. He does not think that King was always right. (But King's mistakes appear mainly to have been Christian mistakes, like trusting.) Dr. Lewis believes that the latter part of King's career, when his vision encompassed helping all the poor and ending war—when King saw relationships between racism and other forms of evil—was even more promising than the beginning. The book teaches white readers a lot about Southern Negro life, and about conflicts among Negroes from all sections over techniques for achieving equality. In spite of Dr. Lewis's own religious belief, or lack of it, his work shows King to have been a rarity: an exceptionally good man—more a saint than a politician—and it is a question whether such a person is not more valuable (and more fascinating) for who he was than for what he accomplished.

THE AFFAIR OF THE POISONS, by Frances Mossiker (Knopf). Mme. de Montespan, the scintillating, overweening mistress of Louis XIV, may or may not have used magical charms and aphrodisiacs to maintain her hold on the King as his affections waned. Some villainous hand (in English employ, perhaps) may or may not have attempted to add a lethal poison to the Marquise's decoctions (if there were any) for His Majesty. (At all events, Mrs. Mossiker assures us, most seventeenth-century aphrodisiacs were chemically ineffectual.) No one will ever know what the Marquise did, because the King destroyed some of the evidence uncovered at the trials of a terrifying collection of Parisian devil worshippers, poisoners, and abortionists, who were intimately, though covertly, linked with members of the grandest court of its day. Mrs. Mossiker deals with one of those episodes when history really approaches melodrama, and she writes in both genres very well. In one impressive respect she goes far beyond melodrama: she has a great understanding of the character of seventeenth-century individuals—people very different from modern men and women, but, thanks to the author, comprehensible and, though scarcely likable, engrossing.

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IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[*From the Weyauwega (Wis.) Chronicle*]

ORDINANCE NUMBER 121

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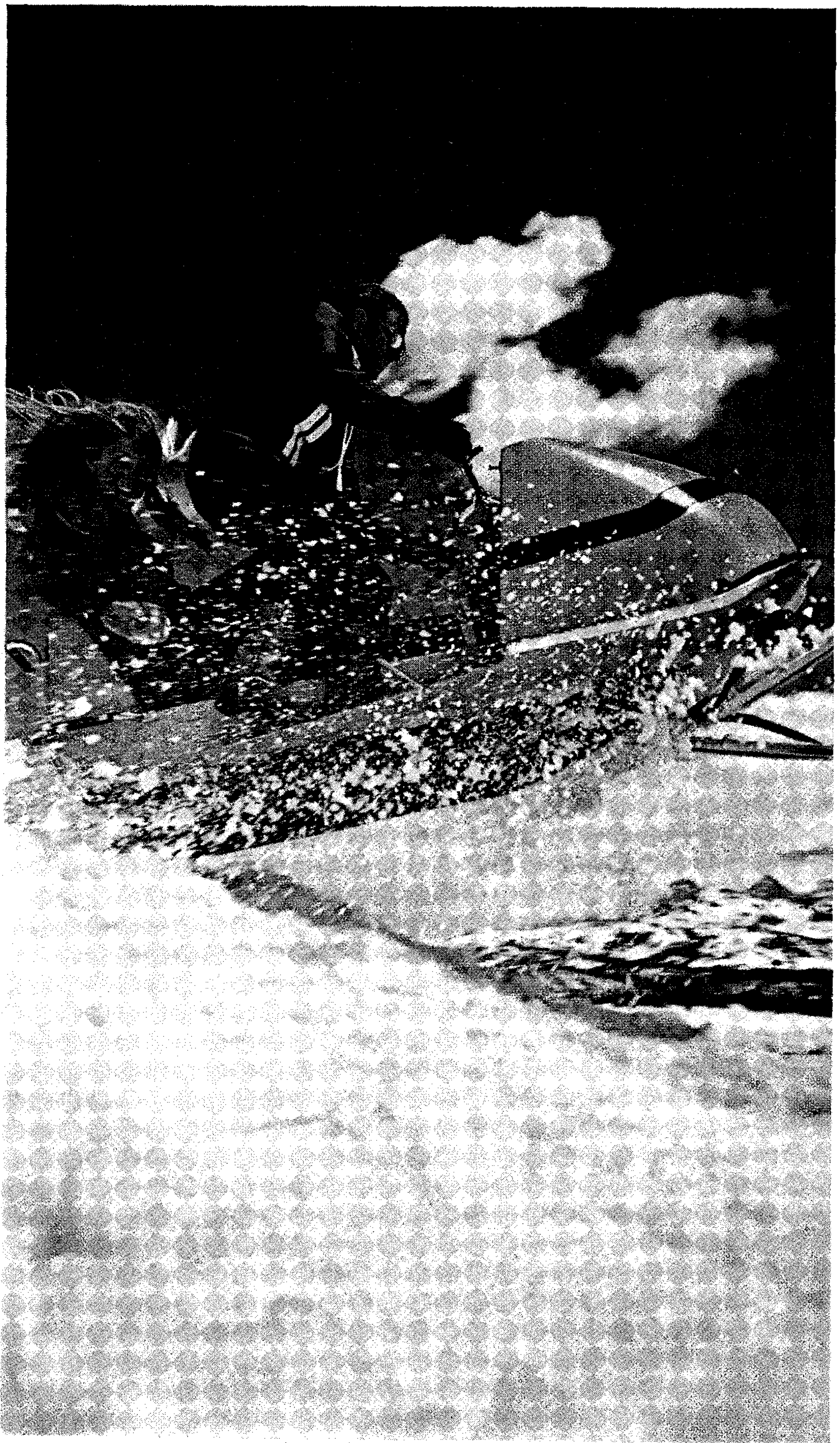

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